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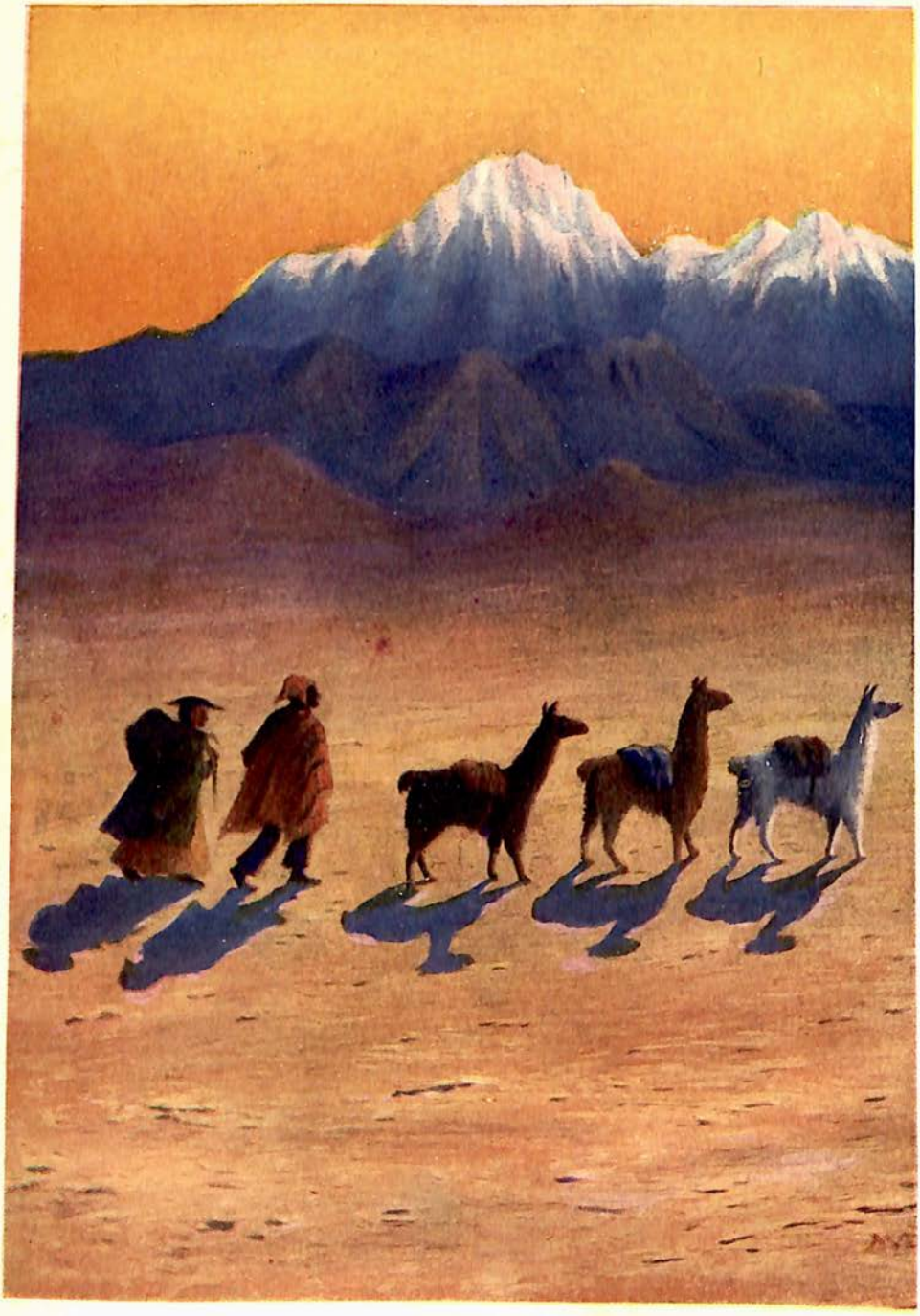

UNDER PERUVIAN SKIES

By

A. HYATT VERRILL

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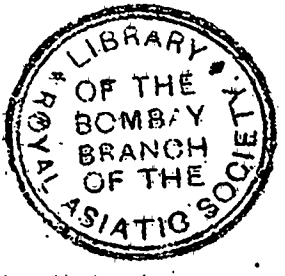
"THIRTY YEARS IN THE JUNGLE," "LOST TREASURES,"

"OLD CIVILIZATIONS OF THE NEW WORLD," ETC.



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INTRODUCTION

IN the minds of many if not most persons, Peru is associated with Incas, llamas, and the Andes. Its name arouses memories of half-forgotten bits of history—of Pizarro, the Conquest; possibly of more recent events regarding some dispute over a remote spot known as Tacna and Arica. And there are a few individuals who, having invested in stocks, are aware that a British company, known as the Peruvian Corporation, has a railway in Peru, and that the country produces copper, oil, cotton, and some other commodities.

But very few really know anything about the Land of the Llama. It would come as a distinct surprise to the majority of persons to learn that Peru is larger than most of Europe with the exception of Russia; that Great Britain and Ireland, Austria, Switzerland, Portugal, Czecho-Slovakia, Estonia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Lithuania, Poland, Roumania, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Spain all could be placed in Peru and still leave enough space to accommodate a considerable portion of France and Germany.

It would come as a still greater surprise to learn that Peru is one of the richest countries in the world in natural resources; that it contains vast deposits of practically every known metal; that it stands high in the ranks of nations in the production of copper, lead, silver, gold, antimony, and is first in the production of vanadium; that its oil deposits are among the largest in the world; that it contains the largest known coal reserves; that as a producer of cotton and sugar it is among the first six nations in point of exports, and that its wealth in valuable cabinet and dye woods is incalculable. Moreover, Peru boasts of the highest of standard gauge railways in the world. It has more miles of established air lines and spends more money on air transportation than any other country in proportion to its population, and although its coasts are washed by the Pacific Ocean it possesses a port reached by way of the Atlantic—the port of Iquitos at the head of steamship navigation on the Amazon.

And we must not forget that Peru was inhabited by the most highly civilized race in the Western Hemisphere, that the oldest

remains of prehistoric civilizations in America—and probably in the world—are within the boundaries of Peru, and that, at the time of the conquest of the Incans by the Spaniards, Peru contained the greatest accumulation of gold and precious stones that the world had ever known.

All these facts, and many more, are intensely interesting; but their place is more properly in a guide book or a history of Peru, rather than in the present volume which is not intended as a guide book, a history or a treatise on Peru. Yet in a manner it combines all, for it is an account of my experiences in Peru during ten years devoted to explorations, to ethnological studies among the aborigines, and to archæological researches and excavations. During this period I have travelled over the greater portion of Peru and have visited many of the more remote and least known districts. Hence the book contains much of travel, a deal in regard to the fauna, the flora, the geography and the character of the country; interesting and unusual incidents and experiences; a little adventure, and a great deal regarding the mysterious prehistoric remains of past races and forgotten civilizations—the Incas and their amazing communistic empire, and the present-day aborigines.

In this connection it may be well to call attention to the difficulty encountered in using a fitting term when referring to these people. Both the terms "Indian" and "Red Indian" are misnomers. The aboriginal inhabitants of America were neither Indians nor were they red, and the aborigines of South America are wholly distinct from those of North America in so many respects that it is most unfortunate that it is often necessary to refer to them by using the same racial name. Hence, to avoid confusion, I have used the terms "Aborigines," "Incans" or "Quichuas" when referring to the majority of the aboriginal inhabitants of Peru. They are often referred to as "Incas," but this is wholly incorrect and misleading. There never was a race or a tribe of that name. The term "Inca" means a king or ruler, literally "of the sun," for the Incas claimed to be direct descendants of the son of the sun, Manko Kapak, the traditional first Inca. It would be just as incorrect to call the British "Kings," the French "Presidents," the Persians "Shahs" as to speak of the aborigines of Peru as "Incas."

But as all the present-day aborigines—other than the savage tribes of the trans-Andean jungles known collectively as "Chunchos"—are descendants of tribes once under the rule of the Incas, it is perfectly justifiable to refer to them as Incans. And as the Quichua language was compulsory throughout the

Inca Empire and was spoken by all of its inhabitants, even though they belonged to innumerable tribes and sub-tribes, it is permissible to refer to them all as Quichuas.

As even an explorer and an archæologist must dwell at times in cities and among civilized white people, and as many of Peru's cities and their inhabitants are most interesting and often are unusual and strange to Anglo-Saxon eyes and point of view, I have included chapters dealing with the towns and their people—the most delightful of all Latin-Americans in my estimation.

From the lowliest to the highest, from the pure-blooded aborigine and the Cholo to the most blue-blooded descendants of the grandees and *conquistadors*, I have found them uniformly courteous, hospitable and anxious to do all within their power for the stranger in their land. They are, as they themselves would phrase it, *muy simpatico*, a term which has no equivalent in English but implies everything that is desirable and admirable in human character.

Personally I like Peru and the Peruvians immensely. Though the country is largely made up of stupendous, almost terrible mountains and vast barren deserts, yet there is something fascinating about it—something that grips and lures one. And it is particularly fascinating to the archæologically inclined, for Peru is the greatest archæological treasure-house on earth.

Yet Peru is by no means all Andes and deserts. There are many verdant valleys, many great rivers and lakes. There are hundreds of thousands of acres of green pastures, of growing crops where the seemingly sterile deserts have been made to blosom—like the proverbial rose—by irrigation. And there are many thousands of square miles of vast forests, of steaming tropical jungles, an almost impenetrable wilderness inhabited by savage beasts and savage unknown tribes of men.

Perhaps it is the very contrast between the wastes of deserts, the endless awe-inspiring mountains, the majestic snow-clad peaks, and the teeming, up-to-date, modern and wholly delightful capital that makes Lima such a fascinating city. For Lima *is* fascinating, and there is no other city in South America, and few others in the entire world, that can be compared to Lima in many respects.

Possibly I may be prejudiced in my point of view and in my estimation of Peru, of Lima and of the Peruvians. Perhaps, having found so much of personal and scientific interest, having met so many charming, interesting and unusual people, having absorbed so much of the Peruvian atmosphere, and having lived for so long in Peru, I have become rather pro-Peruvian. But I

have every reason to be so, for during my many years' residence in the country, and during my travels from one end to the other of the republic, I have never yet met with any discourtesy, any unpleasantness nor anything other than every consideration and whole-hearted co-operation on the part of the Peruvians. And in all my forty years and more of wanderings in far places I have never found a more fascinating and interesting country than Peru.

Others might form very different opinions. It is all a matter of individual experiences, individual preference and taste. But I hope that, at all events, those who may read this book will at least find interest and entertainment in its pages.

Finally, let us not forget that we are indebted to Peru—and to its aborigines—for a multitude of those things which make life worth while and without which our own civilization would be in sorry plight indeed. The humble but most indispensable potato originated in Peru, and thousands of years before the inhabitants of Britain had attained to the glimmerings of primitive culture, the aborigines of Peru had developed scores of varieties of the potato and had brought the valuable tubers to a high state of perfection. Maize, not very popular in England but of incalculable value to the world, was also indigenous to Peru and had been cultivated by the Incans and pre-Incans for countless centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards. Quinine, likewise a native of Peru and used medicinally by the aborigines, has saved thousands, yes, millions, of human lives. Cocaine—one of the greatest of blessings as well as one of the greatest curses of mankind—is derived from the coca shrub found in its wild state in Peru. The lima bean, the Palta or Aguacate, or as it is more commonly though incorrectly called, the Alligator Pear, is a Peruvian fruit; and there are innumerable other fruits, vegetables and medicinal plants that were unknown to Europeans until after the conquest of Peru. Even the lover of flowers owes many of the garden favourites to the ancient Peruvians and their passionate fondness for flowering plants. The heliotrope, the Peruvian lily, the flaming poinsetta and many more were widely cultivated and brought to perfection by the Incas and their more ancient predecessors. Peru gave the world alpaca wool and the chinchilla, the vicuña and the llama.

And what would our zoos, our small boys and our trippers do without the humble " monkey nut " or peanut which was first introduced from Peru, and which was munched with as much gusto by the Peruvians five thousand years ago as by our own people on a bank holiday?

PRONUNCIATION OF QUICHUA NAMES AND WORDS

A great many—I might say most—of the names of towns, rivers, and other localities in Peru are Quichua, and in writing the book I have found it necessary or advisable to use a number of Quichua words. Although I have spelled these more or less phonetically, still it is hopeless to attempt to convey their exact pronunciation by the English alphabet. I have therefore adopted the method of combining our letters with those of the Spanish, and a few rules in regard to the pronunciation as indicated by the nearest equivalents in printed letters are essential.

All vowels have the soft, broad, Spanish sound, but *O* and *U*, as well as *E* and *I*, may be used indiscriminately without in the least affecting the meaning or pronunciation of the words, for in Quichua these four vowels are scarcely pronounced and vary in different localities. Thus *QUIPO* or *QUIPU; TAMBO* or *TAMBU*, are equally correct, as are *TECSE* or *TICSI; CHASPI* or *CHASPE*, etc.

Double *L* (ll) is pronounced much like the Spanish (*ELYAY*), but with more of the distinct *L* sound.

K is a harsh guttural more like *K-Y!* Thus *MANKO* is pronounced more as if spelled *MANKYO* or even *MANKAQO*. In some cases a softer sound is used, and this I have indicated by *C* which has about the same sound as the English *K*. Thus *INCA* is pronounced as if spelled *INKA* or even *INKGA*. *C* before *H*, however, has the same sound as *SH* in English.

S has the ordinary English sound except when final. It is then pronounced like our *YS*. Also, the final *S* does *not* signify the plural in Quichua, but means *CALLED* or *KNOWN* as in *HUARA-S*. In the Quichua the plural is indicated by the suffix *CUNA* (*KUNA*) meaning *MANY* or more than one. Thus the plural of *PACHA* would be *PACHA-CUNA*, of *HUAKO, HUAKO-CUNA*, etc. But for simplicity I use the *S* as the plural, thus anglicizing the words to some extent.

QUI, QUE have the Spanish sounds of *KEY, KAY*, etc.

J and *H* are almost silent. The use of these letters is really the Spanish idea of pronunciation, for Quichua words in their pure form being with a true vowel sound although nowadays usually pronounced and written as if preceded by the Spanish *J* or *H*. Thus *AMAUTU* as used to-day would be *JAMAUTU*, while *JUNIN* in pure Quichua would be *UNIN*.

U has the Spanish sound of *OO*.

W and *V* are interchangeable, their pronunciation being better expressed by the Spanish *HUI* or *HUE* than by the English letters.

Many, in fact most, Quichua words of more than one syllable are pronounced as if hyphenated. In spoken Quichua the words sound as if broken or chopped up—a sort of staccato effect—due to this distinct separation of the syllables.

In Quichua *every* letter should be pronounced; there are no diphthongs.

In addition to the numerous Quichua place-names in Peru there are many which, although nominally Spanish, are in reality merely the Spanishized versions or corruptions of Quichua names. *Lima*, for example, is a corruption of *Rimac*. In other cases the original Quichua names have been supplanted by the Spanish equivalents. In most cases the Quichua names are descriptive once their meanings are known. Thus *PAMPA*, a floor. *INCA*, of the sun. *CUZCO*, a cool place. *RUMICOLA* a stony district. *CUYUNI*, a place of tremblings (earthquakes). *RUPAINUNI*, a hot place. *HUATUCANI*, a maze. *CHACANI*, a place to bar or stop. *CUTICHINI*, the place to turn, etc.

UNDER PERUVIAN SKIES

CHAPTER I

FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE WORLD TO THE CITY OF THE KINGS[1]

IT is most fitting that the visitor to Peru should journey by way of the Isthmus of Panama. From a mountain-peak in Panama, Balboa first looked upon the waters of the Pacific. From Panama, Pizarro set forth on his conquest of Peru. Across the Isthmus by way of the ancient "Gold Road" was carried the vast treasure looted from the Incas and the incalculable wealth won from Peruvian mines. From Panama also, sailed Bartholomew Sharp, that "great sea-artist" and famed buccaneer, together with Ringrose the pilot, Dampier the pirate-naturalist and all those other daring British freebooters who, in the *Most Blessed Trinity*, cruised up and down the Pacific looting and sacking towns, sinking galleons and playing merry havoc with the Dons, until at last they rounded Cape Horn and sailed triumphantly back to the West Indies, thus completing the most marvellous voyage in all the annals of the buccaneers. From Panama too, the first steamships on the Pacific set sail, or rather steamed, and carried many an adventurous voyager to Peru. And in the hey-day of Spain's power in the New World the "Kingdom of Peru" included Panama within its far-flung boundaries. Most appropriately did Bolivar call Panama "The Bridge of the World."

Perchance I am more romantically inclined than most, for always, as I sail southward from Panama towards that mysterious land that lured Pizarro and Almagro and Padre de Luque on their quest for gold and conquest, I experience a delightful thrill and can revisualize the pot-bellied old ships and stately

[1] So named by Pizarro who called Lima CIUDAD DE LOS REYES (City of Kings), owing to the fact that the town was founded by him on January 18, 1535, in the interval between Christmas and the Spanish feast of "Pascua de Reyes" (the Epiphany). Not named in honour of the Spanish kings as is generally supposed.

ornate galleons that once wallowed back and forth through these waters laden with gold and gems, swarming with fierce-faced buccaneers, crowded with mail-clad ruthless Spaniards. And as the Isthmus is left astern and the mountains of Darien and the hazy Pearl Islands fade into the distance, I find myself wondering what those old voyagers must have thought when they found air and sea becoming steadily colder instead of warmer as they neared the equator. It is a strange enough sensation even to us with all our latter-day knowledge of ocean currents and the whys and wherefores of such paradoxical conditions. But the daring seamen of Pizarro's day and later must have been puzzled and even a bit terrified, and they must have felt that this unknown sea was a most topsy-turvy place; a supernatural ocean filled with devils, and perilous indeed. The wonder is that the first navigators to brave the Pacific did not turn back, for to encounter such conditions must, to their ignorant and superstitious minds, have seemed most mysterious and bespeaking unknown dangers far greater than those faced by Columbus.

Though we know that the Humboldt Current sweeping up from the Antarctic is responsible for the state of affairs, yet I invariably find the phenomenon both interesting and unreal as the sky loses its tropic brilliancy and becomes grey, dull and lowering, as the azure sea gives place to a grey-green ocean, and a chill penetrating wind feels as though it were blowing from across a vast ice-field. It is interesting to speculate on what changes would follow were the Humboldt Current to alter its course, if an earthquake chanced to raise the bottom of the sea for a few hundred feet between the coast of Chile and Juan Fernandez Island. It would not need much of a quake—as quakes go in South America—and not much of an upheaval of the ocean's bed to deflect the greater portion of the cold water and cause it to lose itself in the vastness of the mid-Pacific.

Once this was done the moisture-laden winds would reach the western slopes of the Andes. Heavy rains would fall, vegetation would clothe the barren hills and deserts. Great rivers would come plunging down the mountain-sides, villages and towns would be swept away, the adobe buildings would be melted into mud and the arid coast would become covered with jungles. In a surprisingly short time the entire west coast of South America would be luxuriantly green, for the deserts are wonderfully fertile and need only water to transform their arid wastes to rich agricultural lands. Wherever they are irrigated they are covered with fields and gardens, with cotton, cane, tobacco and alfalfa, and it is a common saying in Peru that if one throws a

bucket of water on the desert a tree will grow. This is scarcely an exaggeration. All along the railway lines, wherever there is a water-tank there is an oasis, green with shrubs and trees and palms, and the pipe-lines, carrying the water from the distant glacial lakes and rivers, may be traced for miles across the deserts by the greenery that has sprung up wherever there is the slightest leakage.

On one occasion when I spoke of the changes that would follow an alteration in the Humboldt Current, someone asked: "How could vegetation spring up in a desert where it has never rained for a thousand years or so, where there can be no seeds to germinate?" But there *are* seeds, incredible as it may seem. Doctor Berry, a scientist employed at Talara, one of the most arid spots on the coast, made a microscopic examination of the desert sand and discovered that—to a depth of fifteen feet (and perhaps more)—there were alternate layers of barren sand and sand containing innumerable seeds. The lowest were fossilized, thus proving beyond question that—for countless ages—there had been periods of rainless years and years when for a time the climate altered and rains fell and plants grew, and that these periods had been sufficiently frequent to permit the seeds to germinate. And as if to prove this, in 1925 the currents *did* shift for a time, and from Chile to northern Peru rains fell and as if by magic the deserts and mountain-sides became clothed with green. About Talara wild vines and brush grew breast high and afforded a jungle-like retreat for wild doves and other game birds.

But the abnormal conditions endured for only a short time, which was most fortunate for the inhabitants. Villages had been washed away, bridges destroyed, railways cut off, power plants put out of commission. Along the shores dead fishes by millions were cast up by the waves, victims of the sudden changes in the temperature of the sea and, as a result, the immense flocks of sea-birds, whose guano has always formed one of Peru's chief sources of revenue, were unable to secure their accustomed food and perished by thousands, leaving the guano islands almost deserted.

Probably, even in Pizarro's time, the climate was warmer and rain fell more often than to-day, for many localities that De Soto and other chroniclers of the conquest mentioned as being luxuriantly verdured are now bare, sere deserts and even more barren mountains. Certainly, in earlier times, in Inca days, much of Peru that is now waste sand and bleak bare mountains was well watered and intensively cultivated. Throughout Peru there

are ancient Incan terraces covering mountain-sides for thousands of feet above any source of present-day water, and far above the cultivated terraced gardens of the living aborigines. Also, in many of the Incan and pre-Incan cemeteries and ruined towns, where now is only drifting sand, excavations reveal the roots of good-sized trees, of grass and maize and cultivated plants, while in the Sahara-like desert of Atacama, one of the native industries is mining the sand-covered trunks and limbs of algorobo trees which are used for fuel and timber.

Very probably it was the gradual change in climate and the cessation of rains that led to the Incans and their predecessors developing their amazing irrigation systems which were the most extensive and elaborate in the world until recently. Even to-day many of the vast sugar and cotton estates depend for water upon the irrigation ditches and canals constructed by the aborigines thousands of years ago, and which not infrequently conduct the precious water for hundreds of miles across mountains and deserts.

But the most extensive of all these is as nothing in comparison to the stupendous irrigation project now being carried out by the Peruvian Government near Lambayeque. To irrigate thousands of square miles of desert land water actually is being brought from the headwaters of the Amazon! To accomplish this a tunnel nearly fourteen miles in length is being driven through the Andes.

But from the sea, no one would dream that there was a green growing thing on Peru's desert coast. Very desolate indeed it appears; a dreary, repellent coast with dull-brown mountains, like crinkled wrapping-paper, rising in tier after tier to the clouds. Seamed, scarred, austere, with never a touch of green or a sign of life, they appear like a dead world. But as the sun sinks towards the rim of the Pacific the serrated summits and jagged peaks take on a thousand wonderful colours—pink, gold, purple and flaming red, and develop an unreal marvellous beauty. It is but a fleeting loveliness, however; as though the land were a veiled woman who for an instant had lifted the sombre folds that conceal her features and then, embarrassed at having unwittingly revealed her charms, had masked her face more completely than before.

But what an historically romantic coast it is! One day the ship passes a lonely rock-bound island, its summit covered with dull, grey-green scrub above which looms a solitary lighthouse. An uninviting, uninteresting spot it seems, yet it was here that Sir Francis Drake—*El Draco* of the red beard—anchored the *Golden*

MAP OF PERU SHOWING LOCALITIES MENTIONED. NUMERALS INDICATE CHAPTERS

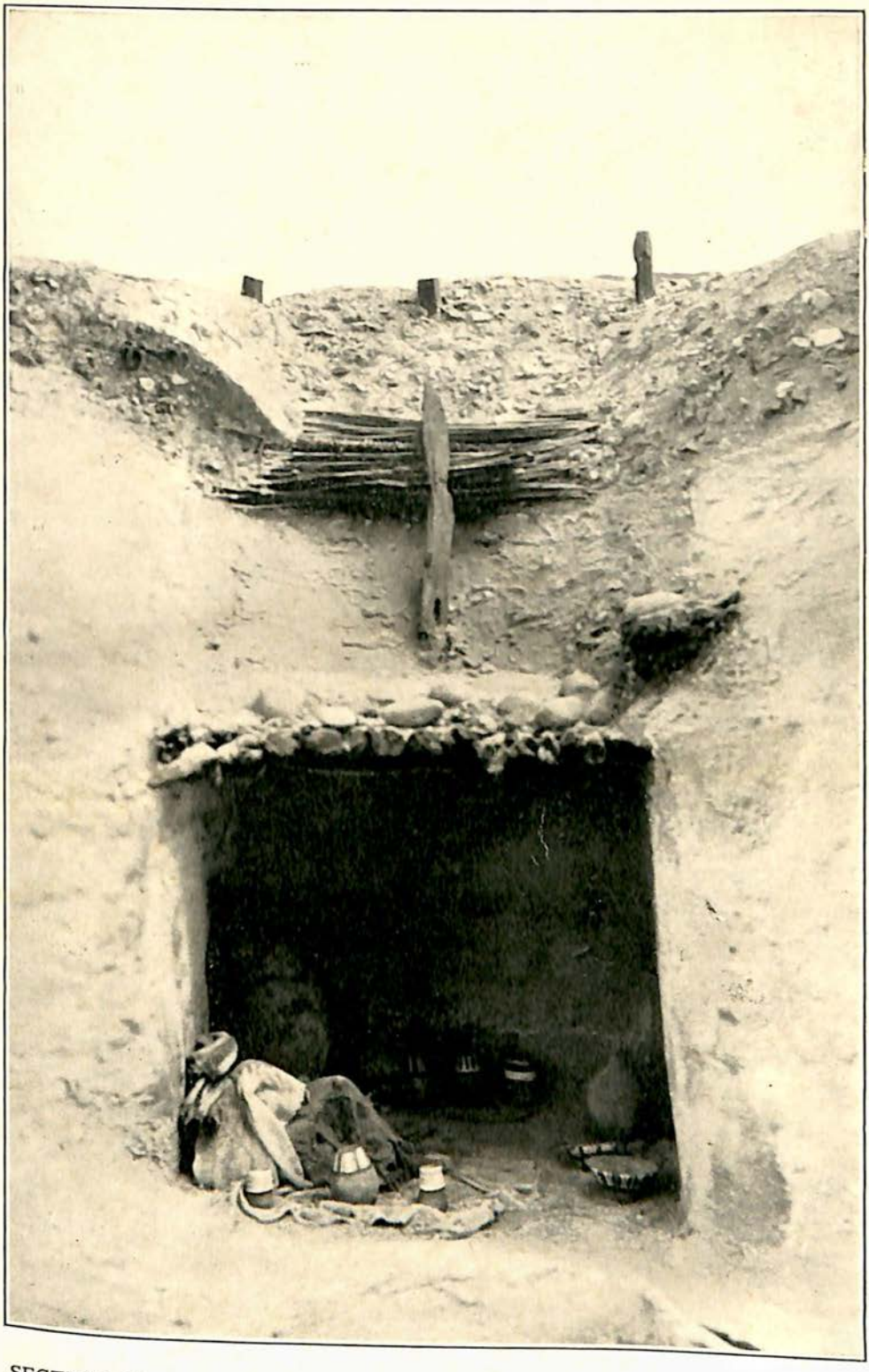
Hind after his capture of the bullion-laden *Cacafuego*, and in the shelter of the island's harbour divided the looted wealth of the Dons—dealing out silver and gold to the men by the bucketful. Finally, finding his ship too overburdened with precious metal for safety, Red Beard with a grand gesture jettisoned some forty-five tons of silver, tossing pieces of eight and plate and ingots into the sea, where, as far as anyone knows to the contrary, they still lie. To be sure, Sharp's men, when they dropped into the island's harbour a few years later, spent a day fishing for Drake's treasure. But their tallowed leads brought up only a few hundred pieces of eight and they sailed forth on more remunerative ventures, leaving the Island of Plate, as it was called in commemoration of Drake's jettisoned fortune, to the sea-birds and the sea-lions.

Not far distant from this historic spot, where the long Pacific rollers break in white combers on ugly black reefs, there lies an even greater treasure, for here, back in the times when King Charles of England was striving to regain the throne, a ship went down with some ten million pieces of eight (about two million pounds) that had been sent by the faithful Catholics of Peru to aid the British monarch. And further on is Tumbes, where Pizarro and his men first set foot on Peruvian soil and found the wild tales of the Incan Empire and its wealth of gold and gems borne out, and of course helped themselves to all they could find. Yes, it is all an historic coast where every harbour and every village was once the stage for ruthless slaughter, for robbery and oppression, for conquest and piracy, and whence untold fortunes in precious metals and more precious stones were shipped to swell the coffers of Spain.

Yet of all this stretch of barren coast no spot is more redolent of Peru's early history, no spot possessed such incredible wealth as the district about Salavery, the first Peruvian port touched at by the ships of the P.S.N.C. lines.

Salavery itself is nothing to boast of and nestles on a narrow strip of flat land between the desert and the sea, with great jagged, bare mountains rearing their rocky heights thousands of feet behind the port and in the glow of the setting sun transcendingly beautiful with ever-changing colours.

But only a short distance from the squalid little port is the rich and verdant valley of Trujillo with its fields of cane and cotton, its groves of trees, its pastures of alfalfa and its ancient picturesque city founded by Pizarro himself. Though founded by the conqueror and named in honour of his native town in Spain, little of the original Trujillo remains, for during the five



SECTION OF A PREHISTORIC GRAVE, SHOWING MUMMIES AND POTTERY WITHIN

centuries and more of its existence the city has been shaken time and time again by devastating earthquakes. On February 14, 1619, it was totally destroyed and every house in the town was crumbled to dust within the space of a single minute. On January 6, 1725, over one-half of the town was razed, and again in 1739 an enormous amount of damage resulted from a severe quake. And when there have been no earth tremors to tumble their homes about their ears, the Trujillanos have suffered from phenomenal rains which have dissolved the adobe buildings, transforming them to their original mud, and have proved almost as destructive as the earthquakes—though not so fatal.

In a quaint old volume entitled *Verdad Historia de Trujillo*, written by the Treasurer of Peru in 1632, the author—who apparently was far ahead of his times and was something of a scientist as well as a treasurer—gives very detailed descriptions of the earthquakes and floods that had beset the city, and he devotes many pages to a dissertation on the reasons and causes of these disastrous events. Remarkably enough, his assumptions and conclusions are exactly in accordance with the latest scientific theories. But the most interesting portion of this *True History of Trujillo* is the chapter dealing with the ancient, the immeasurably ancient, city of Chan-Chan, and the vast treasures that—up to the time the book was written—had been obtained from the graves of its long-dead inhabitants.

Few ruined cities of pre-Spanish days in Peru are more remarkable or more fascinating than Chan-Chan a few miles from Trujillo. And considering the havoc wrought by earthquakes, by rains, by the ruthless hands of vandals and treasure-seekers, by archæologists, and finally by the unprecedented rainfall of 1925, the ancient city is still in a remarkably good state of preservation.

No one knows now long ago Chan-Chan was founded. For ages it was the capital of the Chimu kingdom and the residence of the ruler or Chimu-Kamak (literally the Grand Chimu), and for as many ages before the Chimu dynasty it had been a city of the still more ancient Moujik people. Just who the Chimus were, whence they came or what their race, are matters at which we cannot even guess. But that they were a highly cultured and civilized race is obvious from the mute testimonials they left behind. At first glance, the ruins of Chan-Chan present the appearance of a vast, confused mass of fallen and standing walls, blocks of adobe and piles of debris. But a closer examination reveals the outlines of streets, broad avenues, houses, courtyards

and gardens, all originally laid out with mathematical skill and accuracy.

Looming high above the lesser structures are the ruins of immense palaces with imposing façades, walls, and *patios*, while the dry bed of an irrigation canal, that once supplied the city with water, may be traced to its source at the Moche River several miles distant. No stone was used in building this immense city whose ruins cover hundreds of acres, neither were the walls and buildings of ordinary adobe. Instead, the Chimus and their predecessors employed a cement-like clay mixed with gravel which hardened to form a material of great strength and durability, a material which has withstood earthquakes, floods, winds and human hands for countless centuries. Even the ornamental work, that in places covered immense areas of the surfaces of the walls, had been but little affected by the elements prior to the last rains in 1925. Mainly these are geometrical designs, sharp-edged and in low relief and were very obviously produced by means of moulds or stamps when the material was soft. Also, in the days when Chan-Chan was inhabited, they were painted in bright colours, traces of which still remain.

That the roofless buildings were once roofed is evident, for niches designed to support roof timbers are in the inward sloping walls, and several hand-hewn timbers have been found. Moreover, pottery models of the houses, as well as paintings on vessels, are frequently found in the graves of Chan-Chan, and these show the buildings roofed with beams and thatch. In their day the Chan-Chan edifices must have been both colourful and attractive. Indeed, Doctor Julio Tello, the curator of the Archæological Museum in Lima—and himself a full-blooded aborigine—has built his residence in Miraflores in the form of an exact reproduction of a Chan-Chan house as depicted on Moujik pottery—only varying it to the extent of adding a second story.

In its present state it is difficult to visualize Chan-Chan as it was. But it must have been a magnificent city with its shaded avenues, its immense *plazas*, its huge public and private baths, its richly decorated buildings, its imposing temples and palaces, its incalculable wealth in gold and silver and its throngs of bright-robed, gold-laden, richly-clothed people.

From the ruins themselves little idea can be gained regarding the culture, the arts, the customs and the civilization of the Chimus. But from the countless graves that have been opened, from the mummies and the articles contained in the tombs or *huacas*, it is possible to learn a great deal regarding the arts and

lives of the inhabitants of the city. Their wood-carving was excellent, their pottery magnificent and remarkable for the abundance of human and animal figures and the fidelity with which the human faces and human expressions were depicted. Their textiles were wonderfully fine and beautifully woven. They made gorgeous costumes entirely composed of feathers, and they excelled in working copper, silver and gold.

No other prehistoric American race ever equalled the Chimus as metal craftsmen. They wrought huge vessels, bowls, vessels and utensils of solid gold and of gold alloyed with silver and with copper; objects of great beauty of form, magnificently chased, embossed and carved or decorated by open fretwork.

They cast, hammered and welded bronze into weapons, utensils and ornaments. They drew metal into wire, and they even possessed some lost art of plating one metal with another. Many of their copper masks are as perfectly plated with gold as though done by the electrolytic process; there are copper objects plated with silver, and copper bells with metal as thin as paper, so thin it seems impossible that they could have been cast or hammered, and appearing far more as if produced by depositing a copper solution on a wax or similar form.

But it is the Chimu pottery that tells the story of the Chimu race. For some unknown reason—perhaps to use as records—the Chimus made countless "effigy" or "portrait" jars. These—beautifully modelled—show life-like figures of every plant, bird, reptile, insect, crustacean, mammal, fruit and fish found in the country. Others show human beings at various tasks: at play, dancing, hunting, fishing, diving for pearls, cooking. Others represent men and women suffering from various ailments; with limbs amputated, with various surgical operations performed. There are malformations and human freaks, and there are endless numbers of portraits, evidently made from life, of men and women so accurately modelled that even imperfections—such as moles, warts, etc.—are depicted, while others are obviously caricatures.

Most amazing of all, among these I found a few showing a strange and remarkable figure. The figure of a seated man, a man with a calm and placid face, with a flowing beard and moustache, with distinctively Hebraic features and wearing an eared skull-cap—exactly like those shown on carvings on sculptured figures found in Babylon and elsewhere in the East. As these bearded effigies are obviously as much portraits as any of the other jars, it must be assumed that at some remote period—about three thousand years ago as nearly as it can be estimated—

there *was* a bearded individual with Hebraic features in Peru. At once the question arises, did some man or men of the Hebrews visit South America in those far-off times? Did he or they teach the aborigines much of their arts, their culture, their civilization and their religion? Was the "Plumed Serpent" or "Quetzalcoatl" of the Aztecs, the "Feathered Snake" or "Kukulcan" of the Mayas, the "Bearded God" or "Wira-Kocha" of the pre-Incas of Peru a real individual, a visitor from over the seas—from Phœnicia, Chaldea or Ur? Perhaps we may never know. But among the Mexicans, the Mayas and the pre-Incan and Incan people of Peru there was a persistent, universally believed tradition of a bearded white man who visited their lands, taught them their civilizations and religions and then mysteriously disappeared. The tradition tells of this bearded god having reached Mexico and Yucatan in a "magic ship," and the tradition of the first Inca—"Manko Kapak"—having appeared from Lake Titicaca and having declared himself the "Son of the Sun," all bear out the theory of some member or members of the Hebraic race having reached the New World ages before Columbus. And there are striking similarities between the pre-Incan, the Incan, the Aztec and the Mayan religions and the ancient Hebraic faith, while throughout Peru there are place-names, as well as words in the Quichua language, that are almost identical with the old Hebrew. That the ancient Peruvians considered the bearded man's beard, his features and his odd-eared cap most highly important is proved by the fact that even where the representations of "Wira-Kocha" have been conventionalized to a jaguar head, the beard, moustache and tabs on the cap are invariably retained.

But the average person is far more interested and thrilled with tales of gold and treasure-trove than with discussions regarding the mythology of the pre-Incans, and for hundreds of years Chan-Chan has been a veritable treasure-trove. Indeed, for four centuries, the search for precious metal has been one of the chief industries of the people in the vicinity of the ruined Chimu capital, and this treasure-seeking has been one of the chief factors in the destruction of the city. How much treasure has been taken from Chimu graves will never be known. But the one-time Treasurer of Trujillo, Don Miguel Feyjoo de Sosa, in his *Verdad Historia de Trujillo* already mentioned, throws some illuminating light upon the matter. As "Corregidor and Treasurer-in-Chief of the Tribunal and Royal Commission," he was in a position to know how much gold and silver had been found—and reported—for under Spanish law one-fifth or a

OUTLINE OF PERU SHOWING COMPARATIVE AREA OF EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

quinta of all treasure-trove belonged to the king. To be sure, it is highly probable—in fact certain—that a comparatively small portion of treasure found was reported. Yet Don Miguel says: "In the Royal Account Books it is recorded that Garcia Gutierrez de Toledo, son of Don Alonso Gutierrez Nieto, paid, as His Majesty's fifths, on various occasions during the year 1576, fifty-eight thousand five-hundred and twenty-seven (58,527) *castellanos* in gold from one *huaca* distant a league from the city close to the road that leads to Guanchaco (Salavery). And in the year 1592 he paid *quintas* amounting to twenty-seven thousand and twenty *castellanos* in gold (2702) on various figures of fishes, animals, etc., that were taken from the same spot (now known as the Huaca de Toledo). And it is popularly reported that what was taken was much in excess of that for which the *quintas* were paid. In the year 1550, the Caçique of Manciche, Don Antonio Chayhuac, who had been baptized a Christian and was a legitimate descendant of the Chimu king, Chumuncauchu, told the Spaniards of a *huaca* called Yomayoc-goan, near the ruined palace called Regulo, on the condition that they would give him a portion of any treasures they obtained in order that he might use it to alleviate the aborigines. The sum he received for the treasure was twenty-five thousand *pesos*, the whole amount having been forty-two thousand one hundred and eighty-seven *pesos* and four *reales*, all of which was expended in this vicinity, greatly adding thereby to the prosperity of the province."

As the gold *castellano* was approximately equivalent to a sovereign, the lucky Don Garcia Gutierrez must have found treasure worth at least £292,635 during the year 1576, and treasure to the value of £135,100 in 1592, and, as the chronicler remarks, we may be quite sure he did *not* report all that he found.

When we remember that the above is the record of only three separate years out of centuries, and that only a small portion of the graves about Chan-Chan have been excavated, we can obtain some idea of the vast quantities of treasure the Chimus possessed. Moreover, the Spaniards under Pizarro robbed the inhabitants of Chan-Chan of hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of gold, silver, pearls and gems when they visited the city, while, a few decades previously, the unfortunate Chimus had been mulcted of their most precious possessions by the conquering Inca, Yupanqui.

From time immemorial the Chimus and the Incan people had been hereditary enemies, and when Inca Yupanqui ascended the

throne of Cuzco, one of his first undertakings was to lead an army against the Chimus. The Chimus were not, however, a race easily to be conquered. Under Chimu Kapak they fought long and valiantly and with their forces occupying an immense fort in a most strategic position they commanded the route to Chan-Chan and for months held the Incan hosts in check. But where force of arms failed strategy won. The Inca diverted the stream from which the Chimus secured their water and threatened, unless they surrendered, to turn off the sunshine as well. To the superstitious Chimus such a feat appeared quite possible to a "son of the sun," and no more remarkable than to have turned off their water. So they promptly capitulated.

Their king was made prisoner and exiled to a distant portion of Peru; the capital was stripped, almost depopulated, its inhabitants were scattered far and wide, and the Chimus ceased to exist as a separate race and became mere units in the vast socialistic Incan Empire.

Standing to-day amid the silent ruins of the once great capital of an ancient forgotten race, one cannot fail to be impressed. Here, so long ago that one can scarcely conceive of the ages that have passed, men and women lived and toiled, hated and loved, were born and died, and attained to heights of art, culture and civilization that they doubtless believed never could be equalled or excelled. Here, between the Andes and the sea, they built their great city, reared their palaces and temples, irrigated their lands, raised their crops, worshipped their gods, fought their battles, made their discoveries, developed their arts, invented processes and had their social life, their sports, their politics and their problems. Among them were those who were idolized as great men. There were priests and kings, warriors and heroes, eminent surgeons, famed statesmen, artists and sculptors; captains of industry and finance, musicians and dancers, bards and singers, perhaps even lawyers and profiteers. Perchance, among them, were those who shook their heads and prophesied the downfall of a community which had attained to such heights. But the majority, no doubt, strove and struggled onward and felt there was no limit to their progress.

Then, almost in a day, they were wiped out. All they had accomplished through thousands of years of ceaseless effort was demolished at one blow by men of whose very existence they had been in ignorance. Their arts, their civilization, their ideals, their organization were destroyed, thrown aside, forgotten.

To-day their existence is only a memory shrouded in the mists of centuries. Their history, their origin, their race are all

unsolved mysteries, and their greatest works are crumbling ruins.

Where they tilled their fields with implements of stone and bronze, snorting motor-tractors drag gangs of steel ploughs. Along the roads they trod with sandal-shod feet automobiles rush with screeching sirens. Across the valley they knew and loved so well steel rails glisten in the sun and a locomotive hauls its burden of loaded waggons. And from the cloud-flecked sky an aeroplane swoops roaring down and comes to rest in the courtyard where once the Grand Chimu, arrayed in all his glory, reviewed his plume-decked troops.

Standing here in the shadows of walls that were ancient at the time of the Trojan War, with the screech of a locomotive whistle echoing through the valley, with a motor-car parked in an angle of a temple wall, and with the Chimus' public square used as a landing field for mail-carrying aeroplanes, who can foresee, who dares to say, what fate may be in store for our own civilization, what changes will have taken place in our own great cities five thousand or even one thousand years hence?

CHAPTER II

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

SOUTHWARD from Salavery lie many ports, important spots as shipping points for Peru's vast crops of the famous Tagus cotton, for sugar and for other products, but seldom touched at by the large steamers, and, from the passing ship, invisible amid the endless brown hills and ochre-coloured deserts. Often, as the vessel steams steadily southward, it passes numerous small islands; bare, white, desolate-looking spots, but sources of inestimable wealth to Peru, for these are the guano islands. Always, in their vicinity, are vast numbers of the denizens of the islets, the guano birds. Several species nest and roost upon the islands and annually add their contributions to the accumulated guano that has been steadily piling up for thousands of years. There are brown pelicans, several species of gulls, black cormorants, noddy terns and several species of booby gannets. But by far the greater number, and most important of all, are the white-breasted Peruvian cormorants or *guanays*—the most valuable birds in the world, as one leading ornithologist termed them.

How many countless millions of sea-fowl inhabit the islands and coasts of Peru no one can estimate, for their numbers are inconceivable, though, since the rains of 1925 that destroyed their food and caused them to die by wholesale, there are few compared to their numbers prior to that year.

In groups, files, endless lines, enormous flocks, they fill the air and in places transform the surface of the sea to a solid black mass. Often, as they wing to and from their feeding-grounds, they actually darken the sky and from a distance appear like dense clouds, and it is not unusual to see a single line of these birds, flying five or six abreast, extending for miles and taking an hour to pass a given point.

Also, along this stretch of coast, are many sea-lions, great schools of porpoises and usually a whale or two. But they are all doomed. The sea-lions, until recently considered worthless and hence unmolested, are tame and show no fear of passing

ships; but now a company has commenced hunting the creatures for their hides and oil and very soon the Peruvian sea-lions will be a thing of the past. Already the whales, once abundant, are scarce and shy, for whaling vessels from stations along the coast have hunted the great mammals relentlessly and with harpoon-guns, explosive bombs—even with aeroplane scouts—they have transformed the once adventurous whaling industry into a mere butchery.

During the Peruvian winter—from June until December—fogs are frequent, I might say constant, along this coast, and very often the voyager sees no sign of land from the time Salavery is left astern until the ship drops anchor in Callao harbour.

It was during the winter, with Peru at its worst, that I first visited the country, and it was black night when the *Essequibo*, feeling her way cautiously through the fog, finally came to anchor at Callao amid a score of steamships, majestic square-riggers, and trim war vessels. To the west the bold bare hills of San Lorenzo—Peru's submarine station and prison for political prisoners—loomed dimly through the mist, with the faintly twinkling lights of the penal settlement on Fronton Island beyond, while shoreward the fog glowed ruddily with the reflection of the myriad lights of Callao and Lima.

It happened to be Independence Day in Peru and all the world was on a holiday, or rather a series of holidays, for merry-making is one of the things the Peruvians never do by halves and five days had been allotted for the occasion, owing to the fact that it also was the centenary of the battle of Ayacucho, the final victory that won freedom for Peru.

Warships of every maritime nation had come to help the Peruvians celebrate. Every vessel in port was ablaze with lights, and merry-making ashore was in full swing. But neither the lights, the hilarity, nor the holiday spirit could entirely dispel the impression of sadness and depression that seems always to prevail during the winter with its constant drizzle. But once ashore and the shortcomings of Peru's, or better Lima's, climate were forgotten. The streets were thronged with people, noisy with motor-cars, trucks, trams and trains, ablaze with lights, festooned with bunting, gaudy with the flags of every nation and the white and scarlet banner of Peru. Festoons of multicoloured lights by thousands spanned avenues and streets and covered buildings and were formed into triumphal arches and strung along the fronds of the palm trees in the *plazas*. There was music, laughter, singing and dancing on every side.

But with morning I looked upon a drab grey world, a land of monotones. The surrounding mountains under lowering grey clouds were grey; deep-grey adobe walls stretched endlessly everywhere; adobe buildings in process of building were grey; even the vegetation had a greyish tinge, and wherever the bare earth showed it, too, was grey.

Such was my first impression of Peru. No doubt, had I left the country within a few days as do most visitors, and had I not viewed it under different conditions, or had I not remained long enough to get beneath the surface of Peru's skin, so to speak, I would have remained for ever prejudiced against the country and its climate.

Fortunately I remained. Fortunately I saw Peru under very different conditions, and also I soon discovered that Lima—or more properly the Rimac Valley—has a winter climate all its own, and that—by travelling a few miles out of the valley—the world would be found filled with sunshine, for Lima's misty, chilly veil is a local affair.

Despite the depressing greyness and the damp chill air the natives were as gay, as effervescent and as joyous as only Latin-Americans on a holiday can be.

Yet the Peruvians are never as noisy and obtrusive as most Latins. Seldom do the women's voices grate harshly on one's ears with the peacock-like notes so common to their neighbours. They are not as low nor as soft as we of the north might wish, but they are not—unless excited—keyed up to the high pitch of their sisters of other South American republics, a fact due perhaps to the blood of the most aristocratic and cultured families of old Spain which flows in their veins and the by no means negligible admixture of blood of the soft-voiced aborigines.

Also, doubtless due to their climate, the Peruvians are a far more wide-awake and energetic race than the majority of Latin-Americans. A business street in Lima during the day reminds one of a street in London, Paris or New York rather than in South America.

Everywhere are clanging tram-cars, huge buses, multitudes of automobiles and lorries, while the narrow sidewalks are thronged with men and women, all hurrying along as if bent on the most urgent and important missions, and all dressed in the latest modes and styles of Europe and the United States.

But it must be confessed that in their process of modernization the Peruvians, or at least those of the capital, have lost much of the outward courtesy and politeness of the other Latins, and

they crowd and jostle and push one another aside with as little consideration as do our people on a bank holiday.

In striking contrast to these busy well-dressed throngs are the aborigines and Cholos (half-breeds). Silent, stoical, clinging tenaciously to their native dress, they are quite apart from though forming an integral and most important part of the whole. The men, in rough homespun garments of wool, with sandals on feet and broad-brimmed hats on heads and with tattered *ponchos* over shoulders, are seen here and there, peddling curios of native make, wooden toys, woollen socks and blankets, baskets and *ponchos*. Far more numerous are the women. Mounted on ponies or burros, with jangling milk-tins or bags of produce, they jog through the congested traffic, looking neither to right nor to left.

Bending under great burdens of vegetables, fruits or native handiwork they trudge along, giving no heed to their surroundings. Squatted on the sidewalks with their stock-in-trade of peanuts, fruit and *dulces* spread on gay-hued rugs before them, they sit motionless from dawn until dark and far into the night. Clad in their native costumes they form gay splashes of colour against the dull walls and stand out conspicuously amid the passing crowds. Mauves, reds and blues are the favourite hues for the *mantas* about their shoulders, their voluminous skirts and their beribboned blouses. No two are alike in colour scheme, but all possess that strange faculty of the American aborigine for combining contrasting colours so they appear harmonious; and all are alike in the accumulation of dust and dirt that half conceals the colour of their skin and softens the gaudy tints of their garments.

Also, practically every woman carries a tiny mite of humanity swaddled in a pouch-like fold of a *poncho* or in a strip of cloth slung on her back. All, too, wear the hopeless, pathetic expression of a conquered, subjugated race, though their faces may vary from copper-brown to palest olive according to their tribe and the varying proportions of white and Quichua blood in their veins.

Some are practically pure-blooded aborigines from the outlying districts and the mountains, but the majority one sees in Lima are of the mixed or Cholo type and are city dwellers. Unfortunately too, the bright costumes, the sandals, the *poncho* and the *manta* are rapidly giving place to ragged, bedraggled garments of conventional type, while sanitary laws and rules are putting an end to exposing edibles upon the sidewalks.

To me there is something inexpressibly pathetic and sad

about these Quichuas and Cholos of Lima's streets; these descendants of Incans who eke out a precarious livelihood by selling a few *centavos'* worth of peanuts, oranges or lottery tickets at the feet of an alien race in a land where once their people ruled in splendour and built great cities and reached a civilization that was centuries old before the first European set foot on Peruvian soil.

What, I have often wondered, are the thoughts of these silent, unobtrusive vendors of petty wares? What is passing through their minds behind their mask-like faces as, for hour after hour, day after day, they sit like inanimate figures about the *plazas*, the busy streets and in the noisy market-place while the tide of humanity ebbs and flows about them? Do they ponder on the past, on the tragedy of their race, on the perfidy and treachery of the Spaniards, the ruthlessness of the Dons whom they trusted and welcomed as friends? Do they recall the legends, the traditions, the folk-lore and the poetry of their race and the curse of the betrayed Inca? Or do they, by some sort of self-hypnosis, live once again in the past, seeing nothing of the present, nothing of their modern surroundings, nothing of the hurrying crowds? Instead of great office buildings and department stores, do they see Incan palaces and temples? In place of buses and tram-cars, do they see plodding llama trains? Do they visualize loose-robed, sandalled Incans supplanting the gloved, trousered, perfumed men and the modish, short-skirted, rouge-lipped women passing in kaleidoscopic procession before them?

Who can say? Who can fathom the thoughts or the psychology of an aborigine? But the chances are that no such thoughts or fancies ever enter their heads, for the Quichuas one sees in Lima know little and care less about the history of their race, and few of them even speak their native dialect. No, the probabilities are that their minds are absolute blanks most of the time, and that any thoughts they may have are of the cost of living and the profits they may make if they dispose of their slender stock.

In Lima these people occupy a not unimportant place in the social economy of the city and are essential to the business and industrial life of the capital. The women hold a monopoly of the peanut trade, as well as being the milk vendors, the principal fruit-sellers and vegetable peddlers, and the huge public market would be a deserted, sorry place indeed were it not for the Cholos and Quichuas within and without it.

As in all Latin-American cities the market is a most interesting spot. Not only are there all the thousand-and-one familiar kinds

of fruit and vegetables of both the tropical and temperate zones, the cackling fowls, the quacking ducks, the flowers and the myriad other articles seen in every South American market. In Lima's market one may see some most extraordinary and unusual things. Nowhere else on earth are there so many and such strange varieties of the potato. In Peru, the original home of the lowly "spud," the natives, through centuries of cultivation, have developed varieties that are scarcely recognizable as potatoes. They are golden-yellow, pink as blush roses, pale lilac and blue, spotted and striped, parti-coloured and streaked; round and oblong, crenated and cylindrical; smooth-skinned and as warty as toads. No one seems to know just how many distinct kinds there are in Peru, but there was an ancient Incan belief that whenever a person was trepanned a new variety of potato would be discovered. And oddly enough there is no other spot where there are such numbers of trepanned skulls and no other spot where there are so many varieties of the white potato.

In the Lima market, also, guinea-pigs are prominent among the poultry, hares and rabbits offered for sale, for from time immemorial—from so far back in the dim past that the creature's original wild ancestor is not known—the Peruvian aborigines have bred guinea-pigs for their edible qualities, and they are still great favourites among the Peruvians.

And everywhere are the babies, carried on hips or on backs, crawling about underfoot, nursing unconcernedly as their mothers wait on customers and haggle over prices, or slumbering peacefully among rags, flies and discarded vegetables and fruit beneath stands and benches. There is no fear of race suicide in Peru, and that any of these Cholo kiddies survive speaks volumes for the hardiness of their race.

But it is outside the market that the Quichuas and Cholos hold full sway. Squatting on the pavement between donkeys, horses, motor-trucks, automobiles and pedestrians; with their wares spread everywhere without visible order or dividing lines; with their solemn-faced progeny swaddled on their backs, the women carry on a brisk trade in vegetables, fruits, pottery, baskets and produce. It is little less than a miracle that they are not trampled upon or crushed, or that their possessions are not scattered to the four winds by the feet of beasts and humans and the wheels of vehicles on every side.

Here, too, the men are numerous. Stalwart Cholo porters staggering about under huge loads. Short stocky Incans with keen eyes, fine features, aquiline noses and rosy-red cheeks

telling of high altitudes. Men from the mountain-heights who have plodded for scores of miles to come to town to sell alpaca and llama wool rugs, *ponchos*, caps, socks, scarfs and gloves, woven on primitive hand-looms in Andean villages. Others are offering captive birds and parrots, while others are vending the dried leaves of the coca shrub so essential to the aborigines of the mountains. Without the coca the mountain aborigine could not live. Rolled into a tiny pellet with a bit of lime and slowly masticated the coca seems to possess almost magical powers. With only the coca to sustain him the mountain Quichua will carry a heavy load from morning to night, traversing terrible trails over frightful grades without stopping to eat. When chewing the coca the aborigine seems to be impervious to hunger and to fatigue, and it doesn't appear to harm him in the least—aside from blackening and ruining his teeth. The minute quantity of cocaine obtained by masticating a few leaves is too small to have the effects of a drug, and it is something of a mystery as to why the leaves should possess such remarkable powers. But the fact remains that it does, and the people appear to thrive on it. At all events they show none of the symptoms of drug addicts, and they often live to a ripe old age even though they begin chewing the leaves as soon as they possess teeth.

The Lima market, like the majority of the older as well as many of the more modern buildings, is made of mud, constructed of adobe, a mixture of mud, sand and chopped straw or manure dried in the sun. To me one of the most interesting and surprising features of the great busy up-to-date city is the marvellous extent to which adobe construction has been and still is being used. In many other lands adobe is widely employed for building purposes, but nowhere else in the world has it been used so widely or for such ambitious specimens of architecture as in Peru. Here mud has been glorified. That some of the immense, elaborate and often magnificent buildings in Lima could have been constructed from adobe seems incredible. Largest of all, the largest adobe building in the world, is the immense cathedral facing the Plaza de Armas and famed as containing the alleged bones of Pizarro ; a wonderful edifice covering an entire square and the largest church if not the largest single building in all Latin-America. Occupying fully as large an area, but much smaller in bulk, is the Palace, also dating from Pizarro's time and likewise of adobe. Wonderful as an example of perfect Colonial Spanish architecture is the Torre Tagle Palace, also built of mud. Scores of other adobe buildings are everywhere ; buildings that have withstood earthquakes, conflagrations, wear and

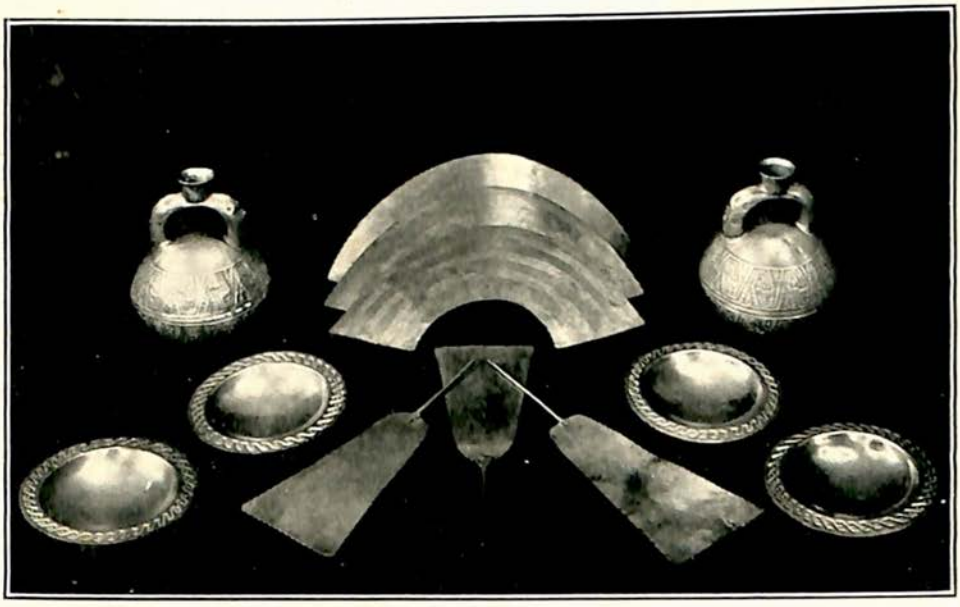
tear—everything but severe rains—for four centuries, and which, barring a downpour, will probably endure for four centuries more. But even more surprising than these are the modern adobe structures. Probably the best example of an up-to-date mud construction in the whole country is the great Rimac Apartment House, three stories in height, with lifts and every modern device and convenience and elaborately ornate, yet all of adobe. And there are magnificent residences galore built of the same lowly material.

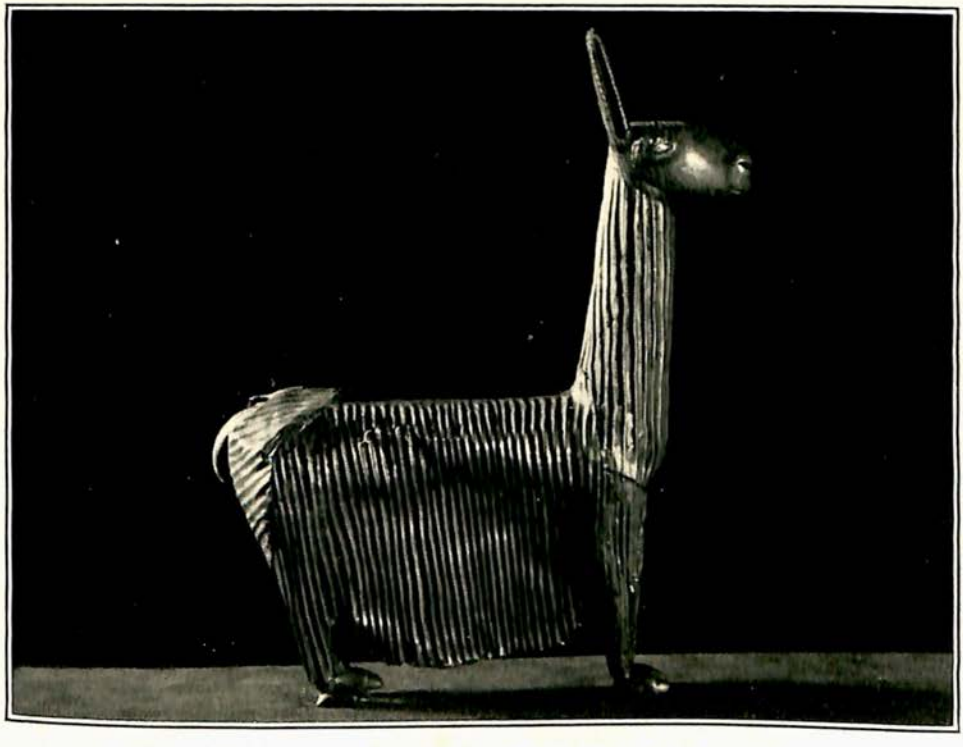
Long before the coming of the Spaniards, the Incans had learned the art of rearing mighty structures of adobe, and the Dons were quick to see the advantages of using this cheap and abundant material so conveniently at hand.

In any country less dry than the Pacific coast of Peru adobe would be worse than useless. A single torrential shower might, and probably would, dissolve the buildings, and the churches, the palaces and the business blocks, the theatres and the humble tenements would mingle in a vast sea of oozy mud. In various localities, as at Trujillo, such disasters *have* occurred and buildings have melted and collapsed like snow houses in the sunshine. But as no rains worthy of the name have fallen in Lima within historic times the inhabitants have little to worry about on that score. However, they believe in preparedness, and as adobe buildings when exposed to rain usually collapse through the softening of their lower walls where the water spatters up, practically all the adobe structures in Lima and its environs—even including the cathedral—are protected by a coating of cement or concrete extending for several feet above the earth.

Originally the customary method of building an adobe structure was merely to pile up adobe bricks, plastering them with mud, and trusting entirely to the thickness of the walls for strength. But to-day reinforced adobe is the rule. The framework may be made of wood, steel, fibre-board, canes or even bricks, which is then filled in and covered with adobe bricks and mud, much as a concrete building would be erected. The building process is the acme of economy and simplicity, for the crude materials are everywhere. The earth, dug from the plot of land and mixed with water and trash, is all that is required.

When a house lot is purchased in Lima or its vicinity, the purchaser buys the material for his house at the same time. Everywhere about the suburbs the most conspicuous features of the landscape are the endless walls and piles of adobe bricks, ugly but typical of the country, and most utilitarian, for these





PREHISTORIC GOLD OBJECTS

walls serve a triple purpose. They fence in the lands from which they are made; when a building is to be erected the bricks composing the surrounding walls are used in building it, and meanwhile the artisans and labourers employed at the work dwell with their families in tiny burrow-like homes formed by extracting a few hundred bricks from the walls. Often, where a large adobe building is in course of construction, one may see, not only the homes of the workmen roughly built from the convenient bricks, but coffee-stands, restaurants, and temporary shops all formed from the supply of adobes to be used.

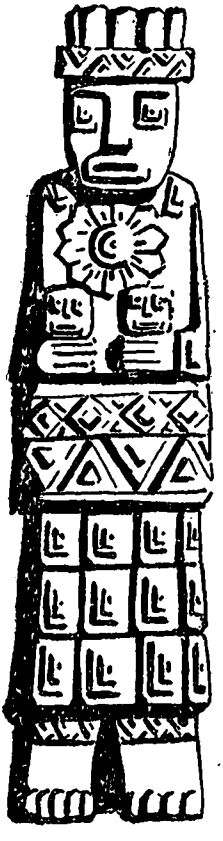
But it must not be thought that all of Lima's buildings are of adobe. Practically all the modern business blocks, the great office buildings, the banks, the club-houses, the theatres and cinemas, the palatial Hotel Bolivar and the £200,000 Country Club are of reinforced concrete construction.

Few cities in the world, few countries have progressed as rapidly as have Lima and Peru during the past decade. Practically every thoroughfare in and about the city is of concrete or asphalt. Two magnificent motor highways connect Lima with Callao, while a third follows the shore from Callao to the residential suburb of Miraflores. The splendid Avenida Leguia connects Miraflores with Lima, and a perfect concrete highway extends on to Barranco and Chorillos. Another extends from Lima for thirty-five miles to Chosica, three thousand feet above the sea in the foothills of the Andes, and good roads extend for long distances to outlying towns. To-day it is possible to travel by regular buses or by automobiles from Lima to Ica and Pisco in the south and to Trujillo in the north, though the outlying roads are far from being "good."

Four years ago scarcely a street in Lima was paved, or if paved was paved with rough uneven cobbles and traffic got along as best it might. To-day the city contains nearly two hundred miles of asphalt and concrete highways and traffic is as well regulated as in any city of Europe or the United States.

Neither has beauty been forgotten in Lima's onward rush of progress. Many new and beautiful parks and *plazas* have been constructed, and trees and flowering shrubs have been planted along every highway, for the Peruvians are passionately fond of flowers, and everywhere—especially in the suburbs of the city—are smooth green lawns and gardens ablaze with blossoms. Roses of hundreds of varieties and of enormous size are everywhere. Heliotropes, natives of Peru, grow to the size of small trees, and the dahlias would put our exhibits to shame. Sweet peas cover houses to their roofs, and everywhere the geraniums run riot.

Ablaze with flowers of every hue they trail over walls and porches, over trees and palms, over rubbish piles and outhouses, over heaps of adobe bricks and mantle all with a blanket of scarlet, pink and rose. In Peru the vegetation of the temperate and tropical zones mingle. Palms and willows, poplars and bananas, Araucanian pines and cicads, cypresses and palmettoes grow side by side. Here man has fought and conquered the desert, for Lima—or rather the Valley of the Rimac wherein the city stands—is but an oasis in a waste of sand and rocky hills. Only by irrigation is it possible to rear a bush, flower, tree or blade of grass. Surely if credit is due to him who has made two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, then greatly indeed should the Peruvians be honoured for having caused countless things to grow where none grew before.



CHAPTER III

CABBAGES AND KINGS

WITH the advent of summer a wonderful transformation takes place in the Rimac Valley. Gone are the dull-grey, lowering skies; gone the everlasting drizzle, the chilly depressing air. From a cloudless sky the sun beams down upon Lima and its environs; the air is as mild and balmy as June in the north, and the sunsets are the most gorgeously beautiful of spectacles.

The City of the Kings is like a butterfly just emerged from its dull-grey chrysalis. The endless mud walls are flecked with light and shade and take on a soft pink tint; the buildings, of cream, blue, pink or lilac fairly glow; the bare austere mountain-sides are softly golden in the sunlight and deepest mauve in the ravines, and the people are gay, happy and as light-hearted as only Latins can be.

Compared with the Latin-Americans of the more tropical republics, the Peruvians are, however, a very superior and more admirable race. Possibly they are a bit behind the Chileans in some lines of progress and endeavour; but as a whole they are fully as progressive and are, in many respects, preferable. At least, such is my opinion and experience. Also, compared with their more aggressive neighbours to the south, they are docile, law-abiding, peaceful and democratic. Which is exactly what might be expected from their blood and ancestry. The mass of the people are of Quichua or partly Quichua descent, while the white blood—either pure or when mixed with that of the aborigines—is that of the flower of Spain's ancient aristocracy. The tribes ruled by the Incas were docile, timid and peaceful, and the Spanish settlers of Peru's early days were largely educated, courtly gentlemen. The aborigines of Chile, on the other hand, were nomadic, haughty, warlike and were never really conquered by the Spaniards, while Chile's white settlers were largely soldiers of fortune, adventurers, ne'er-do-wells and worse. In fact, a very large percentage of them were men sent out of Peru for that country's good.

Many of the ancestral traits and characters still prevail in the

present-day inhabitants of the two republics, while the infusion of other blood has also had a great effect. In Peru this is mainly Italian, French, British and North American, whereas in Chile it has been largely Teutonic and Slavic. As a result the Peruvians are more reserved, polite, friendly and hospitable than the Chileans with their brusque, suspicious, obtrusive, pompous and often downright hostile manners.

Among the labouring classes the differences are even more obvious and striking. The Peruvian labourer is either an aborigine or a Cholo, and is the meekest, mildest, most easy-going of men, whereas the labourer of Chile is the "Roto," a cruel, turbulent, quarrelsome, thieving and even murderous type of Spanish ancestry, whose forbears were the convicts, gutter-sweepings and mercenary soldiery who swarmed to Chile in the old days.

It has been said that one method of distinguishing a Peruvian from a Chilean is to slap his face. If he apologizes he is a Peruvian, but if he promptly retaliates with a blow he is a Chilean.

But I do not advise anyone to take this literally and try the test. The Peruvian may be peace-loving and quiet; but he is no cringing, servile, timid man to be insulted with impunity. Time and time again the Peruvians have proved themselves valiant fighters when fighting was called for, and the army, composed largely of Cholos and pure-blooded Quichuas, is wonderfully well trained and efficient. I was conversing recently with a military attaché of one of the Great Powers who had been observing the manœuvres of the Peruvian troops in the interior. He declared enthusiastically that never, in all his experience, had he seen better drilled and trained soldiers, more perfect co-operation between the various divisions or greater individual efficiency. Particularly he was impressed with the ability of the Peruvian troops to overcome seemingly insurmountable obstacles, to scale precipices and establish batteries on apparently unscalable mountains, to carry on in the rarefied air of high altitudes and to endure long marches and rapid advances across burning deserts. Rather oddly, too, the Peruvian Cholos and aborigines make good sailors. Yet it is not so very strange that these men, born and raised on deserts or mountain-heights, should take to the sea, for the Incan races were the only American aborigines who had learned to use sails before the arrival of Europeans. In their unsinkable reed boats, equipped with huge matting sails, they journeyed far out to sea and even made voyages to Central America. Pizarro and his men were tremendously amazed to encounter one of these craft many miles

1. A BUSINESS STREET (CALLE UNION) IN LIMA

2. THE COLON THEATRE, BOLIVAR HOTEL AND OTHER BUILDINGS ON PLAZA SAN MARTIN, LIMA

off the Peruvian coast and at first mistook it for another Spanish vessel, for nowhere else in the New World had they found the natives using sailing craft. Also, it is highly probable—and in my opinion certain—that the ancestors of most if not all of the Peruvian aborigines reached South America by crossing the ocean from the mid-Pacific islands. So very probably a long-dormant love of the sea and a natural tendency towards a seafaring life runs in the veins of the native Peruvians. However that may be, under the United States naval officers employed by Peru, the brown-skinned aborigines and Cholos are a smart, efficient and sailorly lot of tars. Even the cable ships on the Peruvian station employ these natives, and the commander of one of these assured me that he had never found any race of men so quick to learn the duties of seamen or the by no means simple intricacies of cable-laying and repairing.

As police the Cholos and Quichuas are always neat, snappy and efficient, whether serving on the municipal force with khaki and scarlet uniforms, or as members of the rural guards patrolling the outlying country. And they always are polite, courteous and obliging, especially to strangers.

Apparently the Lima police are employed principally to conduct and regulate traffic, to patrol the thoroughfares when the President goes from place to place and to be of service to strangers in the city. Very often, if a person asks a Lima policeman for directions to a certain spot, the officer will leave his post and personally conduct the enquirer to the desired destination. And, wonder of wonders, he seldom will accept any recompense for his courtesy and trouble. In times of strikes —which are of quite frequent occurrence nowadays—the police prove most useful. Their training includes the operation of tram-cars and motor vehicles, and during a recent strike of the operators of public vehicles policemen quickly filled the strikers' places and ended the trouble in short order.

As workmen and labourers, even as skilled artisans and mechanics, the Peruvians are by no means to be despised, and after having had a long experience with lazy, incompetent so-called native labour in Panama and elsewhere in Latin America, it always does my heart good to watch the toilers in Lima's streets and fields. Not only does the Peruvian labourer work far more steadily than the average Latin American, but while he works he works with a will and with a strength and energy, as well as with an amount of real intelligence, totally lacking in the labourer of more northern South American and Central American lands.

He is a far more robust, a healthier and an altogether superior man, and with a very little training he can handle a machine tool, a drill, a concrete mixer, an engine or even electrical devices to good advantage and without wrecking them. Many of these men are born mechanics and are very versatile and adept at learning almost any trade, from repairing automobiles to constructing reinforced concrete buildings. Possibly, in fact probably, the labouring class of Peru is superior in its way, and along its own lines, to the business class. In order to earn a few *soles* a day, the labourer works like a Trojan during working hours, or if on piece-work, as are the adobe brickmakers, he labours steadily and industriously from dawn until dark, and often on Sundays and holidays as well, in order to add to his slender income.

On the other hand, the native business man has short hours; he closes his place of business on the slightest provocation and on every possible holiday, and he never appears to care a jot whether or not he does business. Never have I seen a place where the tradesmen seem to care so little about making a sale. Indeed, the average shopkeeper acts as if it were a great condescension on his part to serve a customer. Often he will declare he has not the desired article rather than trouble himself by hunting it up, or even to take it from a shelf in plain sight. In many respects the Peruvian idea of conducting a business is truly unique. To clean out old stock at a cut price would be little short of heresy according to Peruvian ideas; and if the stock is limited the shopkeeper takes the point of view that it is better policy and far less trouble to sell a few articles at an exorbitant price rather than to dispose of a number at a reasonable figure. The fact that the price demanded may discourage potential purchasers does not trouble the seller in the least. Rather, he prefers that it should, for in that case he does not need to replenish his stock, and moreover, he has less work to do serving customers. As a result of this attitude prices on nearly everything are almost prohibitive, for in order to maintain themselves the merchants are accustomed to making a profit of several hundred per cent. Also, the duties are extremely high, while the number of well-to-do purchasers is very limited.

Of course the foregoing does not apply to the larger establishments, the firms of good standing and reputation, the department stores, the commission merchants, the institutions doing a foreign trade or to the *gringo* merchants.

And here it may be well to call attention to the fact that the term *gringo*, as applied to a foreigner, is not used in either a

derogatory or a contemptuous sense in Peru. It is employed merely to distinguish a foreigner, and more especially a Briton or a North American, from a native or a Latin.

In private life the Peruvians—of the better class at least—have advanced far beyond most Spanish Americans, especially in respect to the freedom of the women, and the majority of girls, even of the highest classes, have practically as much liberty as those of England or the United States. Many have been educated abroad and have imbibed British or North American ideas, and they mingle freely and on almost equal terms with the opposite sex in public. They walk and drive about unattended and unchaperoned. They flock to dances, parties, teas, bridge games and other social affairs as untrammelled by obsolete conventions as their northern sisters. They smoke and drink in public; they use lip-sticks, powder and rouge freely, and at La Punta—the city's miniature Lido—they appear in the scantiest of bathing costumes and frolic and splash about, loll on the beach or parade the Malecon perfectly at ease among the men.

Yet less than a decade ago no respectable girl would have dared to appear in public unless accompanied by a chaperon or *dueña*, and any girl who had dared to smoke in public or had been so brazen as to walk or drive with a man not a member of her family, would have been socially ostracized for ever. And, a few years earlier, it was considered not only immodest but downright indecent for any Peruvian woman to be seen on the street unless swathed in black from head to foot and with her face heavily veiled and completely concealed save for one eye!

But to-day! The Rue de la Paix, Regent Street, Fifth Avenue have nothing on Lima when it comes to women's dress. As a rule the Limeñas follow the modes of Paris rather than those of London or New York, and the display of sheer hosiery—and the contents thereof—on Lima's streets would be almost shocking, even in these days, were it not so admirable. There is no denying that the Limeñas, even of somewhat mature years, believe thoroughly that the public should know that they possess legs. And as these extremities are, with few exceptions, most shapely appendages, and as the Peruvian females as a whole are really beautiful creatures, why should anyone object?

Unfortunately the Peruvian girls try to improve upon nature by means of paint, powder and bleached hair. This is a great, a really tragic mistake. Seldom do their eyes need added black; their lips are naturally vivid enough and to spare; their complexions are as flawless as their figures, and their lustrous brown

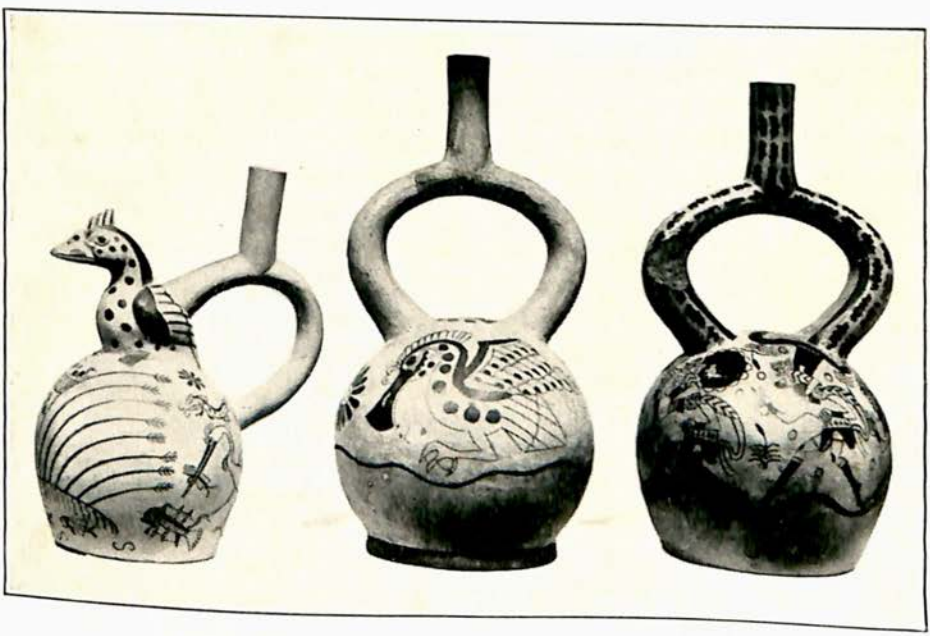
or black hair requires no artificial aid. *Au naturel* a Peruvian girl of the better class is a sight to gladden sore eyes, as the Americans say. But with coloured hair, powder and rouge she becomes a mere painted doll indistinguishable from the *demi-mondaine* in appearance.

Apparently, however, neither the female nor the male of the species cares how ridiculous she or he may appear, provided they are exact counterparts of the impossible beings depicted on the pages of the Parisian fashion magazines.

The woman, in paint, powder and dyed or bleached hair, with a skin-tight skirt that ends far above her knees, and teetering along on preposterously high-heeled shoes, is no more of a monstrosity than her male relative in flapping, bell-bottomed trousers, lavender spats, and yellow gloves; with a monocle glued in one eye, a malacca stick that might serve as a bludgeon on one hand, and reeking of heavy perfume. To the middle-class Peruvians, dress is paramount. They judge the social status, the families, the salaries and the intellects of their fellows by their clothing, and they know they will be judged in the same manner. Of course, they are aware that friends and acquaintances are not hoodwinked by apparel, any more than they are deluded by the others' raiment. But there is always the hope that strangers may be impressed. Often, a poorly paid clerk will array himself like a stage millionaire and will stroll up and down the Calle Union, or will sip chocolate or smoke high-priced cigarettes in the Palais Concert, and be absolutely, supremely happy even though he has not the wherewithal to purchase meals for the coming week. Likewise his feminine compeers, over-dressed and over-painted, will parade the streets and pause before the windows of the most exclusive shops, feeling they are the observed of all observers and desirous of nothing more.

Indeed, it is doubtful if, by some sort of self-hypnosis or auto-suggestion, they do not believe, for the moment, that they are all that they seem. For much the same reasons whenever a steamship arrives or departs, or when a train halts at a station, people will flock aboard, crowding aisles or decks, fairly beaming with delight and as excited as if embarking for a world tour. Not that they have the least intention of going on a journey, but merely for the thrill of pretending to be passengers and to make others believe they are travellers.

After all this sort of thing is a most innocent and harmless form of amusement, and if the Peruvian youth obtains any satisfaction from this rather childish sort of posing, why should we criticize or find fault? For that matter childishness is



ANCIENT PERUVIAN POTTERY

1 and 3. Moujik and Chimu pottery from Chan-Chan. 2. Chavin pottery.

rather typical of Latin-Americans, and it is no more marked among the Peruvians than among their neighbours. In many respects too, it is one of their most delightful and admirable traits. We of the north are over prone to take life and other matters far too seriously, to grow old—mentally if not physically—too early in life, and to frown upon spontaneity and a juvenile excess of spirits and enthusiasm. But the Latins, though they mature at an early age and appear old at what we would consider the prime of life, remain merely grown-up boys and girls in many ways. A man may be a statesman, a merchant, a captain of industry, a jurist or a general; a leader in his line; a man of the soundest and most profound judgment and serious thought; but he will take delight and find joy in incidents and matters which would scarcely amuse a North American or British boy in his teens.

One often sees a group of Peruvians talking together, lowering their voices to hoarse whispers one moment, almost shouting the next, gesticulating excitedly, emphasizing their words, until one feels convinced they are plotting a revolution or are about to break out into open hostilities. But the chances are they are merely discussing the merits of certain cigars, the proper manner of preparing some national dish, or the features of a movie comedy.

They will devote an inordinate amount of time and a vast quantity of breath discussing some trivial and utterly frivolous matter, which, nine times out of ten, never can be definitely settled. Once, when waiting for a friend who was tinkering with his car in a garage on a holiday, I overheard two of the employees talking. They were apparently engaged in a heated argument over some most vital matter. I listened attentively and to my amazement I discovered that they were merely discussing my friend.

"Why should he work on a holiday?" demanded one.

"*Quién sabe?* Perhaps he has to," replied the other.

"But perhaps he doesn't. *Pues*, it may be he desires to do so."

"Possibly he has a wife to support."

"Or children."

"And perhaps he has not, but is in debt."

"No, *amigo*, but I think he has a *mama*."

"But it may be that he has not."

"At any rate he is a *gringo*."

"Maybe he is a Chileno."

"No, he is a German more likely."

"Or perhaps an Englishman."

"No, I think him a North American."

"Well, a *gringo* at any rate."

"Yes, and they are all mad."

This appeared to settle it, and shrugging shoulders expressively, as though to indicate that the ways of *gringos* were past all understanding, the two began a new argument over an equally trivial matter.

Possibly it would be well for us to pattern ourselves more after the Peruvians in as far as their temperament is concerned. And then again it might be a great mistake, for seldom will Latin character and Anglo-Saxon methods go hand in hand. Indeed, it is very largely this combination that is the trouble with the Peruvians, or rather, I might say, that causes strangers to criticize them and find fault with Peruvian ways.

They have tried to follow our lead in progress, development and business, and have failed utterly to qualify in many ways because they are mentally and psychologically different from us.

With open arms they have welcomed British and North American capital. They have seen North Americans, British and others develop their resources, build up their cities, construct their roads, increase their prosperity, make fortunes out of industries and business. They have admired, envied and have tried to follow in the *gringos'* footsteps.

"We have a wonderful country," they say to themselves. "A great capital, a chance of big business. The *gringos* are making money in our country. Let us do as they do and we, too, will be rich and up-to-date."

So they erect fine buildings, build mansions, open shops with every modern idea from plate-glass show windows to electric signs and alluring display; put up hotels and apartments; purchase motor-cars and invest in mines, farms, factories and industries. But they have overlooked the one great factor in Anglo-Saxon progress and success. They do not, cannot, realize that the *gringo* mind goes with *gringo* energy, inventiveness and progress; that our methods, minds and point of view have developed along with everything else; that our brains, our ideas, are as quickly and readily altered by requirements as the models of our automobiles or our machines. The *gringo* brain is adaptable. The *gringo* thinks in terms of to-day or to-morrow, while the Peruvian thinks in the manner of yesterday or of generations ago. In a thousand-and-one ways he *is* adaptable. He may alter his houses, his buildings, his army and navy, his transportation, his clothing and his social customs, even his private life, to keep pace with modern conditions; but he cannot alter his line of thought, his psychology. Though he dwells in a home equipped with North American sanitary plumbing and electric lights; though he drives the latest of motor-cars;

though he dresses and eats and lives as much like a *gringo* as possible; though his business is as much with foreigners as with natives, and even though he may speak English fluently and may have visited Europe and the United States, still he thinks like a Peruvian and his mind is fettered by traditions, age-old customs and conventions.

It is not his fault. He can no more alter these ingrown ideas than he can change his stature or the colour of his eyes. In short, the mentality, or perhaps better, the mental attitude of the average Peruvian has not kept pace with the country's material progress and development, and while, under foreign capital and supervision, his land has raced onward to keep pace with the twentieth century, he has been left behind, floundering mentally in the dust of centuries ago.

Few Peruvian merchants can be made to see the advantages of large sales and small profits as compared with small sales and large profits. Few can grasp the principles of keeping stock-in-trade moving and money in circulation. Few can appreciate the losses entailed by unduly high overhead expenses or losses of interest on money invested in idle stock. It is largely owing to these reasons that the industries, shops and business of Peru, and more particularly of Lima, are rapidly falling into the hands of foreigners, and that everywhere, even in the most remote districts, the retail trade is becoming a monopoly of John Chinaman.

Neither can the bulk of the Peruvians—even those of the intelligent class—be made to realize that the most important member of the community, from an economic standpoint, is the husbandman; that the country's true prosperity and position in the world is measured by the status and condition, by the thrift and *per capita* wealth of the farmer and the working man. Ninety per cent of the Peruvian farmers, and a very large percentage of the working classes, are aborigines, and the comparatively few Peruvians of pure Spanish blood, as well as the Mestizos and Cholos, despise the aborigines and look down upon them. They speak of them disparagingly and loudly and assertively deny a taint of their blood in their own veins, even though their faces and skins may speak eloquently and undeniably of the strain. It is a point of vew inherited from the old Dons who maltreated, despoiled, massacred, robbed and enslaved the natives, and until recently the Peruvian aborigines were little better off than when cowed and beaten slaves under the old Spanish regime. But recently very important steps have been taken to better the aboriginal farmers' condition. Ex-president Leguia was one of the few Peruvians

who had a good word or a kindly thought for the three or four million descendants of the Incas dwelling in Peru, and he did and urged everything in his power to improve their status, their living conditions, their farming methods and their efficiency.

Under the new order of things vast areas of idle land were confiscated by the Government and divided and re-allotted among aborigines and their families who, formerly, were compelled to pay outrageous rentals for tiny plots of stony land. They were, to all intents and purposes, slaves of the landed proprietors who permitted them to cultivate minute areas of the worst land or to graze flocks of sheep on the poorest pasturage for one or two days each week in return for labouring the rest of the time without pay.

Already a vast improvement is evident, and land which for years had remained unproductive is now under cultivation and is producing abundant crops for the aboriginal farmers.

Much the same treatment and attitude accorded the pure aborigines apply equally to the Cholos, or those in whose veins flows a large proportion of aboriginal blood. While the Cholos and the white men look down upon the pure blood, the latter and the white men regard the Cholos as inferior beings. But the Cholos are far better able to look after their own interests than are their full-blooded aboriginal neighbours, and they are far too important members of Peru's social and economic machinery, and too well aware of that importance, to permit them to be maltreated, exploited or ignored. Scarcely a wheel would turn in Peru, not a crop would be raised, not a ton of ore mined, not a road built; hardly a train, tram-car or motor-bus would be operated; not a street cleaned nor a store or office swept; not a ship's cargo unloaded should the Cholos and the aborigines refuse to work. More, were the Cholos to strike *en masse* or were they suddenly wiped out, there would be scarcely a servant left in homes, hardly a meal cooked, and the inhabitants would starve for lack of food raised, brought to market, and prepared by the despised race. For that matter, should such a condition arise, Peru's army and navy, her police force and a large proportion of the governmental staffs would be practically non-existent, for the pure white, or ostensibly white, population of Peru amounts barely to thirty per cent of the population.

CHAPTER IV

THE PALACE BREWERY

THERE is good beer in Peru, excellent beer of local brewing, and much appreciated by the Peruvians—who are a thirsty if temperate race—as well as by foreign residents and visitors from other lands. Whatever may be the arguments for or against beer, it must be admitted that it is a thirst assuager and in a dry and dusty land where water is not always of the best, or is non-existent, beer fills a want that nothing else can supply.

Whatever its value as a beverage may be, beer, nevertheless, has always been regarded as a somewhat plebeian and a decidedly unromantic beverage as compared to wine and spirits, and, if I may use the simile, holding much the same position in relation to the juice of the grape as the toil-stained working man bears to the luxury-pampered capitalist.

But in Lima there is one brand of beer which is fairly bubbling with romance, and which is brewed in surroundings such as no champagne can boast. Indeed, if the origin of birth determines station and precedence, then this particular beer must be the peer of all, for it is the only beer in the world that is brewed in a palace. Not in an ordinary palace at that, but in the former home of a viceroy of Peru; in the noble residence of the proud old hidalgo who for years held sway over that vast kingdom wrested from the Incas. Three centuries and more have passed since this great, rambling thick-walled palace was reared by the labour of toiling slaves. More like a fortress than a home, the viceregal palace was built beyond the rushing Rimac River, in the then fashionable residential quarter of the city, and far from lowly houses and busy shops. Surrounded by wide acres of tilled lands and orchards of fruit and olive trees, in the shadow of the austere brown hills, and protected by the guns of the adobe forts clinging like the mud nests of wasps to the hill-side, it was aloof, set apart and wellnigh as unapproachable as the Viceroy himself. Spacious and cool was the *patio*, set with flowers and palms and with a fountain in its centre; and spacious and cool were the huge chambers with their great beams of carved cedar, their

elaborately-carved, low-lintelled doors, and their tiny iron-grilled windows. Evidently, too, the proud old Don, who had been sent out by the King of Spain to rule this richest of lands in the New World, was a devoted and loving husband, for as much care was given to the apartments to be occupied by his bride as to the viceregal offices and the state suite. And when the charming, if somewhat pampered and spoiled, mistress of the palace regretted that the burbling river was not within easy reach of her ears and eyes, the obliging lord of New Spain forthwith met the difficulty by diverting a portion of the stream and conducting it by an artificial channel through the very centre of the palace. Perhaps it was fortunate that his bride did not pine for the roar of ocean surges, in which case he might have brought the sea to the very portals of the palace, for money meant nothing to him, and with countless slaves to do his bidding almost any feat was possible.

When at last the viceregal home was completed it was a very grand and imposing edifice indeed. It occupied an entire square; its jutting balconies were of richly-carved cedar and mahogany; its gratings and grills were of beautiful hand-forged iron. There was the magnificent *patio*, broad, winding stone stairways, and, topping all, was a flat earth roof large enough for a parade-ground. Here, no doubt, the Viceroy and his señora were accustomed to sit in the cool of the evenings, watching the red sun sink behind humpbacked San Lorenzo Island across the bay; gazing over the flat-roofed adobe town towards the cloud-hung Andes; admiring the even rows of blooming fruit trees in the palace orchard, or perchance thinking, a bit wistfully, of far-off Spain and of friends in the homeland. We can picture them there: the stern-faced old Don in silken hose and velvet doublet, his jewel-hilted rapier laid aside, his steel casque and coat of mail discarded for the time being; and she in her rich satins and brocades, her hair piled high upon her head, and veiled in a cobwebby mantilla of priceless lace. Perhaps it was from this point of vantage on the palace roof that the two saw the broad-sailed ships of the dreaded buccaneers in the offing. Perchance from here they saw the smoke rising from the ruins of Callao and heard the distant boom of cannon as battle raged between Spanish soldiery and the wild and reckless sea-rovers of Sharp and Coxon or Raveneau de Lussan.

But far more probably the Viceroy was in the thick of the fight, leading his men, his sword flashing, his beard bristling, as he shouted orders and oaths and urged the terrified soldiers to greater efforts. Far more likely, too, that the señora knelt

trembling before the jewel-bedecked shrine within the thick walls of her rooms and poured out fervent prayers for the safety of her husband and herself, and prayed equally as fervently for the wholesale death and destruction—as well as everlasting damnation—of the French and British invaders.

Unquestionably the Viceroy, being an ambitious man and a most loyal and patriotic subject of the King, foresaw a great future for Lima and himself. He would, no doubt, lead his dark-eyed bride up the winding stairs to the roof, and would point out with pride the improvements taking place in the city under his jurisdiction. He would show her the towers of the cathedral nearing completion, the dome of San Augustin church with the workmen's stagings being removed now that the wonderfully-sculptured façade was done; would show her the fronds of palm trees peeping above the low buildings about the Plaza de Armas; the streets being paved with round stones from the river-bed, the new stone bridge of San Luis Rey being erected across the Rimac to replace that old-time structure recently fallen with loss of life; and, nearer at hand, almost at their feet in fact, the little shady, statue-filled Plaza de Descalzos just being laid out.

And as the sun slipped into the Pacific and lights twinkled in the town, and the Southern Cross blazed in the velvet-black sky, the viceregal mask would be put aside and the stern-faced old grandee would become a mere man and lover. Holding her hand, and with a stolen caress under cover of the darkness—he would build castles in the air and plan great things for their future and the home they would have in their beloved Spain when his official duties were ended.

But there was one thing that neither he nor she nor anyone else could foresee; no, not even the wrinkled, century-old Incan witch who dwelt in her cave there on the rock-strewn side of San Cristobal hill. Not even she could have foretold or imagined that, in times to come, the palatial home of the Viceroy would be used as a brewery; that beneath the roof whereon they passed so many delightful hours, machinery would rattle and roar and great vats of beer would bubble and froth, and that thousands of dozens of bottles would be filled in order that the teeming people of Peru might assuage their thirst.

Neither could these regal occupants of the palace—nor the old Incan seeress—have imagined the sights that would greet their wondering eyes could they but stand to-day upon the palace roof and gaze across the sea of buildings which is Lima. Many a familiar landmark would they recognize. The vast yellow

Cathedral, the churches of San Augustin, San Francisco, Santo Domingo, and La Merced; the Plaza de Armas and the bridge spanning the Rimac. But the palms now tower high above the *plaza*. The bridge—of steel and concrete—bears tram-cars and automobiles. Railway tracks and snorting locomotives line the river bank. The orchard behind the palace has vanished. The park is thronged with people such as the Viceroy and his wife could never have visualized, and where, in their time, a few candles glimmered through the night, a sea of electric lights illuminates the sky until the brilliance of the Southern Cross is dimmed.

But in the march of progress and the growth of Lima, in the strange turn of the wheel of Fate that has transformed the Viceroy's palace into a brewery, much of the old has been retained. Gone are the outjutting, carved balconies from whose latticed casements the mistress of the palace watched the passing coaches and sedan-chairs, perchance mischievously flirting a bit with handsome cavaliers on prancing steeds. The ornate furniture and priceless furnishings have vanished. The gardens and orchard have disappeared, and in their places is a corral for mules, a garage for motor-trucks and sheds for waggons. The great hall, wherein many a levee and state ball were held, now groans under the weight of automatic bottling machines and Diesel oil-engines. The immense iron-studded doors that could have withstood a siege, and the ornate grillwork of portals and windows, have gone. The huge courtyard, wherein men-at-arms in helmets and armour were ever ready for a summons to attack or defend, is filled with busy workmen loading cases of bottles on to motor-trucks.

But the little *patio*, the private garden of the Viceroy's wife, the flower-filled plot wherein she could pass her time in seclusion and quiet, still remains much as it was in the days of mail-clad men and stately galleons. On one side a broadly-arched entrance with massive doors leads to a suite of rooms with tiny grated windows and heavily-timbered ceilings. A flight of stairs, worn into hollows by centuries of use, leads to the gallery about the main courtyard. And opposite these are doors like the bulkheads of a ship that give entrance to the garden from rooms ornate in their carved woodwork, but which are now piled high with sacks of malt and barley.

Perhaps the gnarled and twisted giant vines that clamber up the ancient walls and pour masses of bloom, like a cataract of crimson, over the gallery rails, were planted and trained on their first timid, uncertain way by the high-bred Donna herself. For all

FEATHER COAT AND HEAD-DRESS FROM A CHAN-CHAN MUMMY

we know, her dainty fingers plucked rose buds from the same tree-like bushes that bend under their load of blossoms to-day. And certainly the mighty palm, towering like a granite column in the centre of the *patio*, was a good-sized tree in the days when the brewery was a palace.

Also, the broad earthen roof still remains just as it was in the days of long ago, and at that end which, in the time of the Viceroy, overlooked the orchard, are upjutting ornamental chimneys bearing the emblazoned escutcheons of Castile and Leon in bold relief.

Even the stream, that to please his lady's whim was diverted by the Viceroy, still runs through the place; but like everything else it has been put to practical use and now serves to turn a waterwheel instead of turning the home-sick señora's thoughts to the flashing Guadalquivir.

And if we are to believe those who should know, the former occupants of the palace frequently revisit their old home. Perhaps the old Don cannot rest easily in his grave, knowing that his regal palace is now a brewery. Perchance the Donna's spirit wanders back to the tiny garden she loved so well in life. Or it may be that even a grandee of Old Spain knew good beer and, in ghostly form, loves the scent of malt and the odour of yeasty brew. At any rate, a most hard-headed, practical and wholly unimaginative British official of the brewery declares most seriously that the place *is* haunted. He even affirms that, when seated alone at night in the former palace engaged in work within the old Viceroy's office, he has been tapped on the arm by invisible ghostly fingers and has heard the sounds of footsteps in the room.

Perhaps, after all, the stern old Don was a convivial soul. Maybe his spirit is a bit lonely and even welcomes the companionship of a member of the race he hated so cordially during his life. Or possibly his ghost is thirsty, but being the ghost of a punctiliously honest man, it hesitates to help itself and is trying its best to ask for a glass of beer.

CHAPTER V

THE LOVE NEST OF A VICEROY

TO me Lima's greatest charms are its buildings, so redolent of romance, of Peru's colourful and turbulent past, so haunted by ghosts of long-dead Spanish cavaliers, adventurers and delightfully quixotic rascals, and the countless legends and traditions that have been woven about them all.

Many of these are based on fact, being merely elaborated and somewhat embroidered tales of actual events with a bit of extraneous romance and glamour added for good measure, while others, no doubt, are purely fictional and imaginary though bringing in names of persons and places that really existed. Scarcely an old building exists in Lima that does not have a tradition or two connected with it, for in viceregal days intrigue and romance, drama and tragedy were rife in Lima. The Viceroys' power was little less than that of the King of Spain himself; they ruled supreme in Peru, their wealth was prodigious, for Peru was the richest known country in the world at the time, their courts equalled those of Europe and often excelled them in magnificence. The City of the Kings fairly swarmed with the nobility, the hidalgos and grandees of Spain, with courtiers and courtesans, with wily priests and famous generals, with soldiers and slaves. Money flowed like water, duels were of daily—I might almost say hourly—occurrence; there was little law save that carried in a scabbard at every man's side; the dreaded Inquisition flourished and *autos-de fé* enlivened every *fiesta*. Such an environment, with love affairs, political plots, religious persecutions, quarrels and murders; dark deeds and espionage; with human passions and inhuman cruelties given free rein, was fertile soil for the growth of countless tales, of rumour and gossip, of legends and traditions.

And of them all perhaps the most romantic and interesting—as well as the most accurate historically—is that which is woven about the love nest of a famous Viceroy.

At the foot of the Calle San Germain in the outskirts of Lima is an ancient building used as a barracks for police and soldiery.

It is in a rather squalid section of the city of to-day—a place of small, cheap shops, ill-smelling native restaurants, miserable homes of poor people; a section seldom visited by strangers or the better class of Lima's inhabitants.

But in the past the district was the most fashionable, the most desirable and the most select neighbourhood in the capital. Only the elect and the very wealthy could afford to dwell there—the grandees, the nobility and families bearing the proudest names of Old Spain. It was a residential suburb of open spaces and gardens, of mansions and regal homes. And of all these the palatial building at the foot of Calle San Germain was the most elaborate, the most richly furnished and the most costly. It was, in fact, the love nest of a Viceroy, of no less a man than Don Manuel Amat, perhaps the most famous or infamous of the Spanish rulers of Peru.

Doubtless the Viceroy had many an affair of the heart; no doubt his lady-loves were numerous, for he was almost as famous for his amours as for his wealth and bravery, and he made love as readily and as assiduously as he waged war. But of all his inamoratas only one is remembered; only one has had her name handed down through the centuries, and although, according to tradition, she was only a Chola, yet she was the Viceroy's favourite.

No one seems to know exactly whence she came or how the great Amat met or won her. Perchance he took her forcibly and much against her will from among the countless vanquished natives, or perhaps, in some mountain village, her charms attracted him and he won her heart in true cavalier fashion. Or again, as some claim, she may have been an actress and Don Manuel may first have seen her in a theatre in Lima, just as many a man since then has met his fate and his affinity upon the stage. This would be a more probable even though a less romantic story; but as innumerable tales have been woven about her and as no two agree in regard to her origin, anyone is at liberty to believe that which suits him the best.[1]

Regardless of who she was, where, when or how the Viceroy may have found her, whatever may have been the manner of his wooing, there is no doubt, no question that he was madly, passionately infatuated with this daughter of a race that had been so ruthlessly destroyed and despoiled, and that was so greatly despised by the Spaniards.

[1] According to some versions of the tradition, she was a Spanish actress; but I have been unable to find confirmation of this, and the nickname bestowed upon her would seem to bear out the claim that she was a Chola or an aborigine.

Nothing was too good for her, no riches too great to lavish upon her, and on the outskits of the city the Viceroy built a charming *quinta* or country house for his sweetheart. It was, for its day, a wonderful place. The rambling buildings, massively built of stone, formed a vast rectangle enclosing gardens and groves. The heavy timbers were of aromatic cedar. The walls that faced the huge *patio* were elaborately frescoed and covered with costly mural paintings. The spacious rooms were floored with the most expensive tiles and were rich with carvings and colour. Statues adorned the garden, and in the centre of the courtyard was a miniature lake with floating artificial islands covered with growing flowers and shrubs.

Evidently, however, this charming and lovely spot did not suit either the Viceroy or his mistress. Possibly it was too far from the centre of the city. Perhaps it was a trifle lonely, or perchance Don Manuel felt it was unworthy of a Viceroy's favourite. At all events, he summoned architects and labourers; the most skilled artists and sculptors; the most famed painters and decorators, and ordered a house to be built which would surpass anything previously erected in Peru.

When, in the course of due time, the building was completed it was a most beautiful and wondrous thing; a veritable palace, a mansion that excited the admiration and marvel of all. Surrounding an acre and more of rich level land was a high wall thick enough to withstand a siege. In the side fronting on Calle San Germain was a great arched gateway with ponderous iron-studded gates like those of a fortress, opening upon a great paved, rectangular courtyard. Facing this gate was the house—immense, spacious, pierced with many windows; with out-jutting rounded balconies like Roman chariots in form, and with a broad hallway extending from front to rear and affording a vista of magnificent gardens beyond. Up from the paved front court a flight of broad, low stone steps led to the front entrance, and formed a bridge across a ten-foot moat or canal filled with burbling, running water that issued from beneath one of the enclosing walls and vanished under another. On the side nearest the house this moat was terraced, and from these terraces jets of water played high in air and fell in prismatic spray, with a soft, dreamy tinkle, on to the cool wet stones. At tremendous expense and labour the water had been led by an underground canal from the distant river. Hidden from view behind the wall was a huge waterwheel which operated the pumps that supplied the fountains, ground the meal for the household's use and performed various other tasks, and

from which the water flowed through the moat before the house.

Here, with the massive gates closed against possible intruders on their privacy, the Viceroy and his lady-love were wont to disport themselves on moonlit nights, bathing and splashing in the fountains or swimming in the water of the canal quite untrammelled by conventions or by superfluous garments.

The interior of the house was the most lavishly fitted and furnished of all the many palatial residences in Lima. To make their ascent easier for his sweetheart, the Viceroy had seen to it that the steps of the stairways were low and broad. The rooms were lofty and airy, the walls covered with priceless hand-painted paper; the ceilings were decorated by artists of the greatest fame and the floors were of polished mahogany or the most costly Spanish tiles. Above the windows and doors, as well as forming mouldings about the rooms, were intricate, elaborate carvings covered with heavy pure gold-leaf. Enormous candelabra of solid gold and cut crystal twinkled and flashed with myriads of lights. The furniture, hand-made and carved, was white and gold upholstered in the richest of gold brocades, and some of the pieces were most cleverly built into the walls to form a portion of the woodwork. Over the wide portal of the grand *sala* was Amat's coat-of-arms, and at one end of this immense room two huge mirrors in gold frames were set into the walls and extended from floor to ceiling.

From the front windows of this great apartment one could overlook the moat and fountains, the paved court and the city beyond the outer wall. And to make the vista even more attractive, the inner surfaces of the wall were covered with mural paintings. At the rear of the *sala* was a wide veranda with settees and carved benches, and shaded with bougainvilleas ablaze with mauve and scarlet flowers. Over the iron-grilled windows opening on to this were the emblazoned coats-of-arms of Spain and Peru, and at one end of the porch was a magnificent shrine adorned with gold and jewels and provided with twin doors of mother-of-pearl, their inner surfaces bearing religious paintings by a Spanish master.

But by far the most attractive feature of this princely establishment was the immense garden on which the Viceroy had expended the utmost care and a king's ransom. Surrounding it were high walls, their inner surfaces forming a series of arches like a colonnade, and joining at the farther end in a deep, wide niche beautifully frescoed and enclosing a silver sundial on a sculptured marble pedestal.

Grouped about this were comfortable carved benches reached by low marble steps, the whole embowered with flowering, sweet-scented vines. Straight from the rear entrance to the main hallway a broad, pebbled pathway led to this bower, so that a person approaching the front of the house had an uninterrupted view through the hall and garden to the frescoed recess and sundial at the foot of the garden. And so cleverly had this been designed and painted that the vista appeared to extend for a vast distance, and the niche in the wall seemed to be cut in the slope of the mountain that rose beyond and was silhouetted against the arching blue sky. On either side of the central path were wide flower-beds edged with blooming shrubs, shade trees and palms, and divided by smooth paths. Every flower known to Spain and to the New World—and to most of the Old—was there. Jasmines from cuttings brought from the gardens of the Alhambra; roses from Seville; pansies and violets, forget-me-nots and pinks; primroses from English downs and broom from British heaths; camellias from the Riviera and flaming poinsettias from the Mexican tablelands. There were tulips, hyacinths and narcissus from Flanders; fleurs-de-lis from France; geraniums from Morocco and Algiers; crotons from the Antilles; gorse from the Scotch moors; tube roses and lilies, flowering vines from Andean heights, and orchids from the jungles of the Amazon. Hollyhocks and stocks, asters and wall-flowers, heliotrope and mignonette filled the air with their perfumes as one walked along the paths beneath stately Araucanian pines, fan-leaved palms, gorgeous poincianas, laurels and poplars. Here and there amid the riot of flowers and verdure were gaily-painted summer-houses of fretwork as delicate as lace, and each bearing upon the summit of its roof the golden crescent of Amat.

In the very centre of the garden were two great circular baths of cut stone, half concealed amid the shrubbery, and with a vine-covered arbour shading them and the nearby pathway. At one side was a dainty little dressing-room wherein the mistress of it all might disrobe for a plunge in the crystalline water dotted with fallen petals and surrounded with hidden cages filled with birds whose music filled the flower-scented air. Here too, in a gnarled and twisted olive tree, a cosy little cottage had been built among the branches—a veritable love-nest, where only the mating birds might play the parts of Peeping Toms.

In all New Spain there was no garden to equal this, and here, at the end of the day, Don Manuel would stroll with his Chola

love. Forgetting that he was the Viceroy, and casting aside official cares, worries and problems, he would potter about among the flowers and feed the birds or bathe in the great stone pool. Many hours the two would spend, seated on a bench in the niche at the garden's end.

Whispering endearing Spanish diminutives they would watch the shadow of the silver gnomon creep slowly around the polished dial as the sun dropped towards the Pacific, until at last velvet night veiled the garden and the stars twinkled in the black sky and insects trilled in the shrubbery. Then, as the air close to the moist earth became damp and chill, the two would rise, and holding her hand the Viceroy would help her to scramble up the gnarled old olive tree to the bower amid the branches. Then only the trill of the insects, the plaintive call of a night-bird, and the far-off cry of the *sereño* making his rounds would break the silence of the garden.

But on many nights the house would be ablaze with lights. Link-bearers would light the way for sedan-chairs entering the great gateway; coloured lanterns would gleam above the garden paths, and laughter, music and sounds of revelry would drown the burble of water, the splash of fountains and the night-birds' cries.

Within the great *sala* would be periwigged and beruffled cavaliers in satin and silk, grandees in velvet with gleaming jewel-studded orders on their breasts, bluff, fiercely-bewhiskered captains and generals in gorgeous uniforms, ladies arustle with brocades and lace, blazing with gems and with powdered coiffures piled high upon their heads. But the richest, the most elaborate of their gowns were but tawdry, paltry garments beside those of the Viceroy's favourite. Her jewels outshone those of her guests as the sun outshines the moon, and her beauty, her dusky skin and blue-black hair made the powdered, rouged grand-dames appear like caricatures.

Though she was only a Chola girl and Don Manuel's mistress, yet she queened it over all, for the Viceroy's word was law, his invitation was a command, and none dared say him nay nor decline to attend his entertainments. Moreover, were not his wines the finest that the cellars of Old Spain could supply? Were not his feasts worthy of Lucullus? Were not the favours and the presents he bestowed worth some sacrifices of conventions and propriety?

Of course tongues had wagged. Ordinary peccadilloes, even in a viceroy, might have been overlooked; they were expected of all men and Don Manuel was only human. But a Chola!

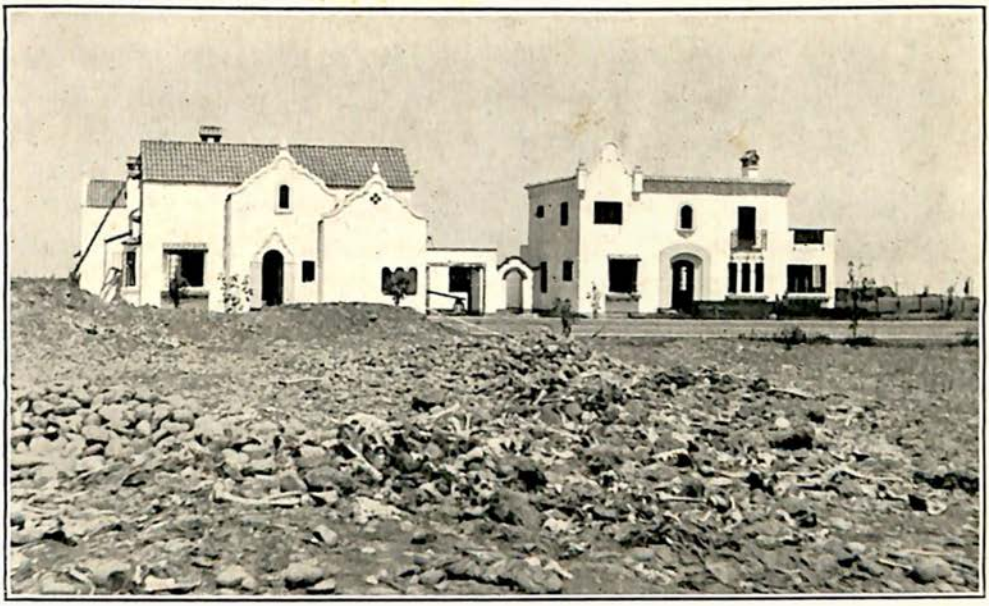
It had grated upon the tender sensibilities of Amat's friends—the proud hidalgos, the grandees and their titled wives—to think that the greatest of them all should have selected a member of a despised and enslaved race for his mistress. And as he bestowed priceless gifts upon her, loaded her with gems and jewels and expended fortunes upon the two homes erected for her, envy and jealousy were added to criticism and disapproval. Of course nothing was said openly. No word of scandal or of disparagement had been spoken in Don Manuel's hearing, for the Viceroy's hand was heavy, his reprisals swift, and heads—both official and corporeal—were liable to fall if his anger was aroused. But behind his back, in palaces and in homes, in *salas* and on the streets, gossip had been rife. Stout old dowagers had sniffed and Dons had passed *risqué* jokes, while the young gallants and foppish dandies—who ever aped their betters and strove to be in fashion by following the Viceroy's lead—searched native villages and sought Chola sweethearts for themselves.

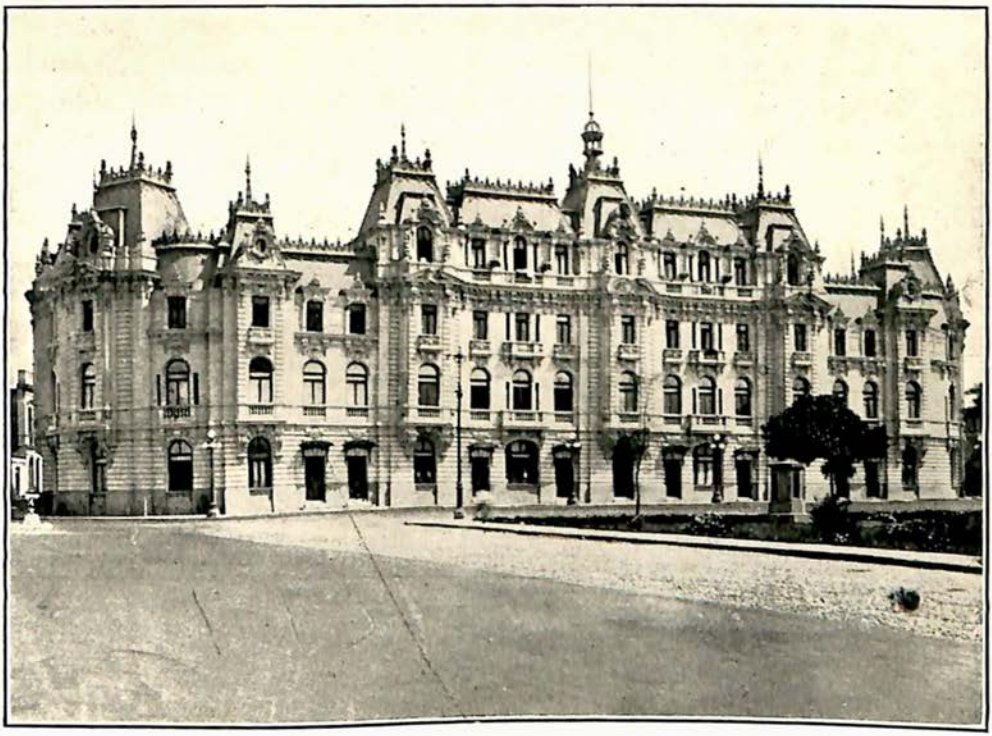
There had been abundant cause for gossip, censure and envy. Amat had found neither ears, eyes nor time for the high-bred, demure daughters of proud old Castilian families, and hopefully scheming mothers had seen their chances for match-making vanish. He had devoted all his time to his favourite. He had appeared with her in public. He had recklessly broken engagements and appointments and had absented himself from official functions in order to be with her. And he had amazed and alarmed even the spendthrift Spaniards by his reckless expenditures.

Officials had raved, padres had remonstrated, señoritas had sighed and pouted. Generals had stormed and ambassadors had kicked their heels and had endlessly awaited the Viceroy's pleasure, while the common people and the Cholos had laughed and joked and had felt highly honoured by Don Manuel's choice.

Unquestionably the Viceroy knew very well what was being said and done, and, equally certainly, he didn't care a snap of his viceregal fingers. He was a despot in Peru ; he could imprison, exile, execute when and whom he chose, and he feared neither God, saint nor devil.

When the Jesuit friars, secure as they thought in their power and their church, became a trifle threatening, Don Manuel promptly expulsed the Order from Peru on the alleged grounds that they were interfering with his government. But as he could not very well punish every individual, and could not single out anyone in particular as the chief scandal-monger, he merely ignored the gossip and closed his ears to it.





1. THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. MODERN HOMES ERECTED OVER INCAN GRAVES

Chapter XII.

2. A MUD PALACE. THE RIMAC APARTMENT HOUSE

Chapter II.

Always there are plenty of hangers-on about a court—whether that of a potentate or a Viceroy—who are only too eager and ready to carry tales to their ruler in the hopes of thereby winning favours. And it was one of these who at length brought matters to a head.

Fawning and cringing, this tattle-tale related things he had heard, and into Don Manuel's ears he poured a story of how some wag had coined a far from complimentary nickname for the Viceroy's sweetheart.

Don Manuel listened, his eyes blazing, his teeth gritted, as the fellow—trembling at his own audacity—repeated what he had heard.

Then, so suddenly that the tale-bearer sprang back in terror, the Viceroy threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"*Caramba!*" he exclaimed. "Of a truth it is a good joke! So 'tis 'Perra Choli' (Chola dog) they call my little one! Perra Choli! By the saints it has a pretty sound! Long have I sought to find a fitting pet name for her, but now it comes to me ready-made. *Por Dios,* yes! Henceforth shall she be known to all the world as Perra Choli. And——" with a sudden vehemence, and bringing his fist crashing upon the table—"let he or she who dares speak that name otherwise than with respect. Aye, mark my words well——" leaning forward he fairly hissed the words—"she shall be the envy of all Peru. The proudest in Lima shall pay homage to her, and long after these prattling, smug-faced hypocrites have died and have been forgotten, the name and memory of Perra Choli shall live on. Now get you gone and tell your friends of the words you have had from the lips of Don Manuel Amat!"

Centuries have passed since that day. The *quinta* that first sheltered the Viceroy's favourite is crumbling, decayed, hardly more than a ruin. Its sunken lake with the floating islands is dry and serves as a poultry yard. Its frescoed walls are chipped, defaced and broken, and the mural paintings have been obliterated. The roof sags, the statuary is broken; the tile court is torn up and the spacious, once beautifully-decorated rooms have been divided and partitioned into kennel-like apartments occupied by Mestizo labourers and their frowsy women.

But the later love nest of the Viceroy is in better repair. Before the impressive façade with its graceful rounded balconies and broad steps, the stream yet flows from the clattering water-wheel through the stone moat, and the fountains sparkle as brightly in the sunshine as in the long ago when the mistress of the palace disported herself in the falling spray. In the rear the

garden still stretches invitingly to the sundial and the frescoed niche beneath the arbour. There are still the same gravel paths, the same ornate summer houses, the same bathing pools with the tiny dressing-room beside them.

And in the ancient olive tree—even more gnarled than in the days of the doting Viceroy—there is the same alluringly romantic bower within which Don Manuel and his sweetheart billed and cooed and whispered soft nothings and exchanged caresses in the moonlight centuries ago.

At one end of the rear gallery is the same shrine with its painted doors before which the Viceroy's favourite knelt in prayer. Above the long windows with their hand-wrought grillwork the emblazoned coats-of-arms of Spain and Peru are still fresh and bright. Within the grand *sala* where Perra Choli held court like a queen, the gilded carving still remains undimmed by time, and the two immense mirrors have remained uninjured through all the years. Even the white and gold couches and lounges are still serviceable, and their rich cloth-of-gold upholstery is scarcely worn or tarnished.[1]

Wonderfully prophetic were the words of the Viceroy, spoken no doubt quite unthinkingly, when he was told of the nickname bestowed in contempt and disparagment upon his chosen one. There were few in all Peru—or in all New Spain for that matter—who did not envy her the riches, the home, the love that were hers. The fame of her beauty, her lavish entertainments, her levees, and her balls spread far and wide, and the proudest of Spanish nobility in the New World knelt before her and kissed her hand. More, ere she died she was respected, almost revered for her charity, her sanctity and her humility, for the carefree Chola mistress of the Viceroy became suddenly and as if by a very miracle a most devout and saintly woman and sought in every way to atone for any sins she might have committed.

Riding through the narrow cobbled streets in her gorgeous, elaborate carriage her progress was interrupted by a procession, a throng of bare-headed, bare-footed men and women with clasped hands. Mostly they were humble folk—working men and women of the servant class, market people and country villagers—yet among them were those of better stations in life, while many were cripples, hobbling painfully on crutches or aiding their faltering steps by means of stout staffs. Perra Choli, at first angry and impatient at being thus delayed, became

[1] Since this was written the government has attempted to "restore" the Perra Choli palace and—as might have been expected—it has been practically ruined in the process.

curious and interested as she watched the people moving slowly on, piously crossing themselves, muttering prayers. Who were they? she wondered. Where were they going? What was it all about?

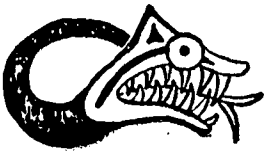
Turning to her maid, a negro slave-girl, she imperiously demanded an explanation.

The negress crossed herself. "They are pilgrims, Señora," she told her. "This day, Señora, is the *fiesta* of the Most Blessed Santa Rosa of Lima, and these people move towards her shrine there to offer prayers and beseech the Blessed Saint to aid them in their troubles, to cure them of their afflictions and to intercede for them with the Lord Jesus that they may be forgiven their sins. It is said, Señora, that wondrous miracles are wrought by the Blessed Santa Rosa."

For a moment Perra Choli remained silent, motionless, gazing at the crowd of pilgrims filling the street; a puzzled frown upon her forehead, a half-contemptuous smile upon her full red lips. Then suddenly a new light came into her eyes. With swift motions she stripped jewels from her fingers, from her wrists, from her throat. Quickly she tore the priceless shawl from her bare shoulders, threw aside her high comb and her mantilla of cobwebby lace, kicking off her tiny shoes with their jewelled heels she seized the slave's *reboza*, wrapped it about her own head and stepped from her carriage. As her attendants stared at her dumbfounded, utterly astounded, she joined the milling crowd, and with bowed head, with hands crossed on her breast and with her tender feet bruised and bleeding from the rough cobbles she moved slowly with the pilgrims towards the shrine of Lima's most revered daughter and patron saint.

From that day, Perra Choli was a different woman. She devoted all her time, all her energies, all her wealth to charities and to acts of mercy. She donated fortunes to the church, and when she was dying her last request was that she might be buried in Santa Rosa church.

And although the nobles, the grandees and the hidalgos of her day have died and have been forgotten, though their very names have passed into oblivion and have been lost to history and to tradition, her name still lives on. Don Manuel's words have been borne out, for the Viceroy's love nest is still known to all as Perra Choli.



CHAPTER VI

THE SPIRITS OF THE INCANS

NORTHWARDS from Lima, across the Rimac River and the Bridge of San Luis Rey, beyond the older portion of the city now known as Rimac, beyond the Perra Choli Palace and the Palace brewery and beyond the monastery of the Descalzos—the barefooted ones—is Amencay. Here, only a few miles from the Plaza de Armas, and reached by an excellent motor highway is a vast bare desert, a waste of sand extending from the green fields, the gardens and orchards of the city's outskirts to the austere brown and barren foothills of the Andes. It is a lonely, a deserted as well as a desert spot, yet in the midst of the waste, at the foot of a towering mountain stands a little church, or rather two chapels joined; a quaint, rather crude, gaily-painted structure of brilliant blue, glaring yellow and flaming red, with a tall roughly-made wooden cross standing alone on the desert a short distance away. To those who know nothing of Amencay and its fascinatingly romantic story, it appears most amazing, most incongruous and most puzzling to find a church in such a spot. There is no village, no settlement nearer than the suburbs of Lima. For three hundred and sixty days in the year the doors of the lonely little church are shut and locked and no one is in charge. For three hundred and sixty days in the year there are no signs of life save Cholo quarrymen chipping patiently here and there upon the mountain sides, their homes mere shacks of bamboo and thatch at the foot of the cliffs. But for the remaining five days in the year the desert teems with life. Automobiles by hundreds are parked beside the road and about the chapel. Thousands of men and women of every class and station, from lowliest peon to the wealthiest and most aristocratic of Lima's inhabitants, yes, even the President of the Republic himself, throng the desert. Tents and booths seem to have sprung up like gigantic toadstools over night. There are cook shops and out-of-door restaurants, hawkers and peddlars of every imaginable and many unimaginable articles. There are bands playing, flags flying.

Carousels have been set up and are running full swing. On the

desert men and boys are playing football, cricket, or baseball. There are horse races, motor-cycle races and athletic sports. In fact the desert has suddenly been transformed into an enormous fair. To add to the colour and gaiety, the Quichuas have flocked to Amencay from their distant Andean villages, clad in their festival costumes outrivalling Solomon and even the proverbial lilies of the field in their glory, to take part in the fun and to compete in native dances for prizes offered by the President. On these five days of June of every year the Peruvians flock to the desert of Amencay to celebrate the strangest, most interesting, and unique of all Peru's many *fiestas*. It is the feast of San Geronimo, to whom the little desert church is dedicated; but it is much more than this. It serves also to commemorate a decisive battle between the Incans and the Spaniards that was fought on this spot, the church itself being built on the site of an ancient Incan temple destroyed by the victorious Dons and, most interesting of all, it is a combination of a Christian and a pagan *fiesta*. The Incas' years were composed of three hundred and sixty days, twelve months of thirty days each, while the five remaining days were things apart, forming a period when no work was done, when the Incan people devoted their time wholly to merry-making, to dancing and singing; to thanksgiving and to praying and making offerings to their gods. And when the aborigines come flocking to Amencay from their mountain homes; when they wend their way through narrow defiles along the brinks of precipices and over snow-clad heights to the spot where, centuries ago, their ancestors worshipped the sun-god in their desert temple and where they shed their blood in their futile defence of their land, their freedom and their homes; when they don their garments aflame with colour and heavy with silver ornaments and mingling with their traditional enemies take part in the great *fiesta*, they are following the ages old customs of their race and religion rather than celebrating the feast days of a Christian saint.

But the strangest, most amazing feature of all is not the thousands of people who flock to Amencay for the *fiesta*, not the barbarically colourful Quichuas from the mountains, not the fact that once each year a Christian and a pagan feast are being celebrated coincidently by descendants of the conquerors and the conquered; but the transformation that—almost miraculously it would seem—is wrought by Nature on the desert and mountains themselves.

Throughout the rest of the year the place is only a waste of sand and rocks. No trace of vegetation, no vestige of green

breaks the dun-coloured miles of hard-packed sand, and on the forbidding, rock-bound mountain sides only spiny dusky-black cacti find roothold or sustenance.

But at the time of the *fiesta* a marvellous change takes place. Everywhere on mountain sides and desert tender green appears as if by magic, and everywhere the land is starred with golden yellow flowers!

No doubt practical, hard-headed scientists devoid of romance or imagination would tell us that it is a perfectly natural phenomenon; that it is merely the result of season, of moisture and of the plants' cycle of growth.

But the aborigines hold a very different view and account for the miracle of the sudden appearance of golden blooms by a far more romantic and prettier explanation.

To them the spot is hallowed, almost sacred ground. Here for countless ages stood their ancient temple with its altars and its gods, and here their ancestors fought desperately to repel the invaders of their lands and bathed the desert sands with their blood. And, so say they, the flowers that once each year carpet the desert and the hills of Amencay with gold, are the spirits of the slain Incans springing from the earth whereon their lives were sacrificed; symbols of the everlasting life in which the Incans believed as firmly as ourselves; visual proofs that though their bodies and their bones have long since crumbled to dust and have vanished their valiant souls live on and join the remnants of their race in the celebration of their ancient holidays.

It is a most beautiful and poetic belief, but quite in accord with the poetic natures of the Peruvian aborigines. Probably no other American people were so rich in poetry, song and music as the Peruvian races forming the Incan Empire and whose national language was the soft and beautiful Quichua. Music appears to have been a natural and almost universal characteristic of these aboriginal tribes. They used excellent musical instruments, they produced dramas and operas that were elaborate and magnificent; they had innumerable songs and chants; they were passionately fond of dancing, and they were intensely poetical, often preferring to employ verse rather than prose when desiring to express any sentiments or ideas or to narrate traditions and folk lore. Many of their thoughts and sentiments were truly beautiful; they saw symbols and mysticism in everything, and they possessed a marvellous power of putting their thoughts into verse and of painting vivid descriptions with a few words of poetry.

Most unfortunately, as the Incans possessed no written nor

recorded language, by far the greater portion of their ancient songs and poems has been lost forever, and with each year that passes more and more of those remaining are being forgotten. Within a short time, no truly Quichua songs or poetry will remain.

It is a great pity that this should be so, and although, during my years in Peru, I have collected—and translated into English—nearly one hundred of the aborigines' poems, verses and chants, yet there are scores—probably hundreds—that are still known and used by the Quichuas but which, unless collected and preserved very soon, will be forever lost to posterity.

Among the Quichua, or rather I might say Incan, poems that I have secured are semi-religious chants, dance songs, love poems, martial themes, versified charades and verses of a remarkable symbolic nature. Such for example is "The Storm" in which battle and strife are symbolized by the lowering clouds, the thunder and lightning about the mountain tops, while the Inca, supreme, is symbolized by the soaring condor, thus:

No more does Inti smile upon the world.
He hides his face, the day is dark as night.
The lightning flashes and the thunder peals,
Until its echoes drown the eagle's scream.
Madly the storm-gods rush into the fray.
They hurl their fiery arrows; shout the battle-cry.
They roar in thunder as their armies meet.
Fiercely the storm-gods battle in the sky.
Hurling their armies at the craggy peaks.
While-watching from his height, the condor soars,
Lord of the air, regardless of their wrath.

Very vivid, too, is the description of the creatures seeking refuge from the coming storm:

The marmot barks; he hurries to his hole,
And deep within the earth seeks safe retreat.
The llamas gather in a sheltered spot,
There, lying side by side, bend low their heads.
Vicuñas on the puna sniff the air,
Then swifter than the wind race o'er the plain.
The frightened birds retreat into the wood.
The swallows seek their nests within the cliffs.
The piping frog now dives into his pond.
The farmer from his fields hastes to his hut,
He bars the door against the coming rain.
The insects cease to chirp, and all is hushed.

And what could be more ardently descriptive of a woman's beauty than the verse from "*Sumak Chipitarca*" (Wonderful One):

Upon you Inti smiled; he lost a shining ray—
It lingered in your eyes.
A circling condor dropped a raven plume—
It floated downward to become your hair.

A flitting butterfly mistook you for a bloom—
Captive he lies within your heart.
Twin shells from ocean's depths became your ears—
The arching rainbow gave your brows their curve.

From the blue sky a soaring lark gazed down—
And seeing you forgot his song.
Its silvery notes found in your throat—
A sweeter refuge than the throat of bird.

Or again, the favourite "*Ancash Tica*" (Blue Flower) with its numerous stanzas of which a few will serve:

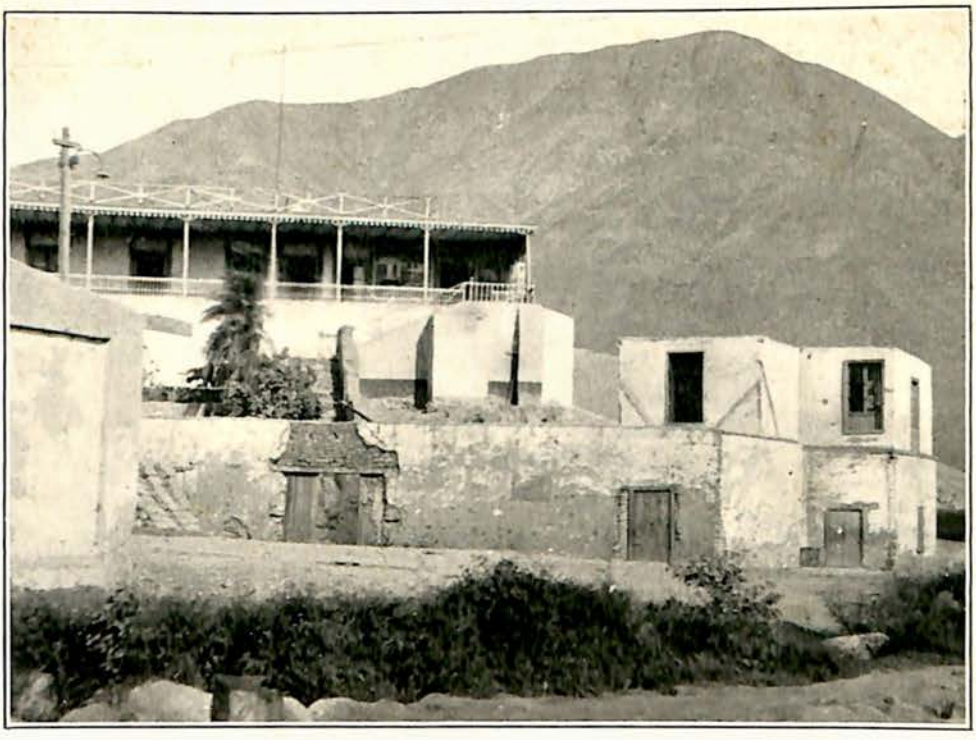
Upon a mountain bleak and bare—
Within a cleft among the stones.
A flower grew.
A flower delicate and rare—
A flower blue.

A butterfly on weary wings—
Dropped down to find the flower blue.
He could not miss,
Her upturned face awaiting him,
Begging a kiss.

A buzzing bee, all black and gold—
Searching for honey far and wide,
Espied her there.
He blundered down the sweets to rob—
From lips so fair.

A herder, searching for his flock—
His llamas that had strayed away,
Passed by the spot.
He plucked the flower from her stem.
How sad her lot

A maiden fair with starry eyes,
Greeted the herder with a kiss,
Her lover true,
When he returned and gave to her—
The flower blue.



1. A HACIENDA IN THE ANDES

2. WHAT HAPPENS TO MUD HOUSES WHEN IT RAINS

Blue for the symbol of our love—
He said, and gently laid the bloom
Upon her breast.
Far from its home amid the rocks,
It came to rest.

Often the Incan verses and songs were most satirical. Apparently, when embodied in songs, ridicule or criticisms aimed at the highest officials were not deemed lese-majesty, but were winked at and allowed to pass, just as the deep-sea chanties of our sailors, with their far from complimentary flings at the ships' officers, were overlooked even by the hardest-fisted skippers and mates. But it was seldom that the Incans abused this privilege by referring to their ruler, the Inca, in any save the most reverent terms, for to them he was divine—literally a son of the sun.

It was a very different matter with the nobility, the lesser officials and the *Amautus* or Wise Men. In one verse there is some excellent satire aimed at these individuals, satire by the way that contains a deal of philosophy and truth where it says:

Wise the Amautu above all other men.
He knows the law. He judges those who sin.
Yet can he say when death will come to us?

Words of great wisdom issue from his lips.
To him the knotted quipos tell their tales.
But can he say when clouds will give us rain?

Wiser is he than Inca or high-priest.
He knows the omens of the earth and air.
But can he say if man-child will be born?

Even more bitingly satirical are the stanzas describing the making of woman in the versified Incan story of creation, where it relates how:

But Wira,[1] wise and mighty one—
Absorbed in moulding woman's lovely face and form—
Forgot himself, and by mistake—
Gave to her brains made for a snake,
And in her bosom placed a heart—
That should have gone into a cat.

In sharp contrast to these are the martial and heroic songs that, sung by the aborigines during their war-dances, have the thrilling

[1] Wira-Kocha, the supreme god of Incan mythology.

clarion call of battle. One can almost see the plumed warriors of the Incan army shouting defiance at their foes when their descendants, arrayed in feather head-dresses and grasping their primitive weapons, sing, or I might say chant, the warrior's song, three stanzas of which follow:

Look well upon the foe, my battle-axe, and smile!
For soon his blood shall redden thy bronze blade.
Hold muscles taut and ready, trusty bow!
So when I fit an arrow to thy string—
And strain my arms to bend thy arching back—
The missile may speed true to foeman's heart.
And thee—O gleaming spear—fail not to pierce,
Through shield, to bury deep thy head in flesh.
And if I call on thee—my whirling sling—
See to it that thy singing stone deals death!

Beat loud the war-drums and unfurl the rainbow-flag![1]
Whose bright folds flaunt defiance at the foe
And warn him that the Inca's armies come!
Pray unto Kamak[2] for such souls as speed.
Shout loud our war-cry and lift high our shields!
Of victory sing, O Children of the Sun!
For under Inti[2] victory shall come.
Then hurl ourselves upon the Chimu's hosts!
Strike for the Inca, for our lord the sun!
For gods, for homes, for land, for all we love!

Behold! how Inti looks with favour on his sons,
How shields and weapons gleam beneath his rays!
Behold! The Inca comes! Chant to him praise!
Clash shields on spear-hafts till the welcoming din—
Startles the condor on the mountain top.
Then grasp our weapons for the moment comes—
When battle rages over field and plain.
Then on! The Inca's pathway lies ahead!
There is no other road, no turning back,
Our way lies forward—over Chimu dead!

Being fatalists and philosophers, and believing implicitly in immortality and an after life, the Incan people had no dread of death, and many of their verses and songs deal with this subject, as for example the following:

[1] Rainbow-flag. The Inca's standard was the conventionalized rainbow.
[2] Kamak: God. Pacha-Kamak was the Incan deity corresponding to our God, while Inti (the sun-god) was his visual manifestation or son.

The golden flowers of the cotton fade—
Wither and die.
But in their place the bolls burst forth—
The end towards which the yellow blooms have grown.

The green and waving banners of the maize—
Are sere and brown.
But ears with ripened grains are full—
The golden bounty of the dying corn.

Aged, grey haired, with faltering feet we pass—
Out of this world.
'Tis but the ripening of life—
The end towards which our every act is formed.

Again, in "*Huaro*" (The Bridge), we find practically the same thoughts in another form:

It spans the gorge.
The bridge stretches from cliff to cliff,
A fragile thing of interwoven vines and ropes.
Yet safely on it we may tread—
And cross,
Fearless of falling to the depths below.

It spans the night.
Sleep stretches from the dark to dawn.
A fragile thing of interwoven dreams.
Yet safely through it we may pass—
And rest,
Fearless of waking on another day.

It spans the years.
Life stretches from our birth to death,
A fragile thing of interwoven hopes and fears.
Yet safely o'er it we may pass—
And die,
Fearless of facing the eternity.

As an example of purely descriptive poetry one of the best is the ancient "*Ayrihuay*" or Spring Song of innumerable stanzas, always sung and danced at the spring festivals corresponding to our May Day. It is a song of gladness, of rejoicing, of thanksgiving that the winter is at an end, and when sung by the joyful happy Quichuas it has a lilt and a ring that carries with it all the freshness and beauty of spring.

The spring has come again—
The chilly winds from Andean heights have ceased.
The sky is blue as gentians on the hills.

Beneath the sun's warm rays—
The snow-fields melt and trickle to the stream,
That sings and rushes down its rocky bed.

The farmers till their fields—
Make ready for the sowing of the seed.
Upon the grassy slopes the llamas graze.

The bursting buds are green—
With promise of their beauty soon to come,
When mother-earth throws off her winter cloak.

A perky Milchu bird—
Perched on a thistle by the roadside wall,
Sings loudly, calling to his mate.

Swaying upon a weed—
A Maqui, gorgeous in his coat of gold,
Displays himself and tempts the down-clad hen.

Above the new-ploughed earth—
The swallows wheel on swiftly speeding wings.
Life flashing arrows from a twanging bow.

All things are mating now—
'Tis time for love; the season when all things,
Are filled with gladness, with the joy of life.

Finally, there is the purely lyrical type of verse full of fine thoughts and imagery, and often truly beautiful, such as the "*Huara Kespi*" (My Star):

From the black arch of sky the stars shine down—
Upon me where I rest upon the desert sand,
And gazing upward watch their myriad lights.
Like flitting fireflies they seem; so near
That I might reach them with my outstretched hand.

Within each star a human spirit dwells—
The smallest are the homes of children who have died,
The tiny souls of little ones whose lives have sped.
Others are souls of women and of men.
Those brightest blaze where Incas now abide.

Somewhere among those countless stars on high—
The soul of her I loved and lost looks down on me.
I search them one by one with tear-dimmed eyes to see—
If I can find her face among them there.
But no—none are so beautiful as she.

Once more I gaze up at the velvet sky—
Spangled with countless twinkling stars, and now I find—
One brighter than the rest—within whose radiance
I see her lovely face—her happy smile.
I know that she is there—awaiting me.

From the black arch of sky the stars shine down—
Upon the desert where alone I wander far,
And gazing upward watch the light of one alone.
No more I grieve, nor weep, for now I know,
That when my life has sped, I too will find—
Love, peace and happiness beside my star.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAN WHO MADE PERU

A SHORT distance north of the highway between Callao and Lima are the ruins of what might once have been an old Spanish fort or castle. There are stout thick walls, bastions, and the remains of turrets; a massive gateway and an immense courtyard. Over it, and half hiding the crumbling masonry from view, clamber magenta-flowered bougainvillea vines. Trees and palms have sprouted and grown in the courtyard and coarse weeds and thorny brush have formed a miniature jungle where once were spacious rooms. Sheltered by the walls that still bear traces of yellow stucco, are miserable huts where dwell the herders whose sheep and cattle graze on the neighbouring pastures.

It is in an uninviting, tumble-down, utterly neglected ruin, yet once this was the palatial home of the most remarkable, most quixotic man in all of South America; the man who may truly be said to have made Peru—Henry Meiggs.

A master of men, a prince of finance, a man of the loftiest ideals, of the most inherent honesty was "Honest" Henry Meiggs, yet who boldly took advantage of trust imposed in him. Born in Catskill, New York, on July 7, 1811, his first venture in life was to voyage down the Hudson River to New York City on a lumber raft. In a short time the young backwoodsman began to attract attention in the city, and by the time he was twenty-four he was one of the leading lumber dealers and contractors and possessed a moderate fortune. A year later the financial crisis of 1837 stripped him of everything and forced him into bankruptcy.

As a borrower Henry Meiggs probably never had an equal. Despite the depressed financial conditions he managed to borrow sufficient funds to re-establish his lumber business and to branch out as a contractor on a large scale. Within two years he had recouped his former fortune, had paid all his debts and was worth twice as much as before his failure. Fate, however, seemed to conspire against him. In 1842 another panic swept New York and once more Meiggs was a bankrupt. Again he rose phœnix-

like from disaster and started a lumber export and brokerage business, speculating on borrowed funds. Then the gold fields of California were discovered and Meiggs was one of the first to make enormous profits by shipping lumber around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Then, abandoning his eastern activities he moved to the Golden State.

Purchasing a small schooner and loading her with lumber, he set sail in 1850 and arriving in San Francisco, disposed of his cargo, clearing more than two thousand per cent profit.

He established a saw-mill and lumber yard at North Beach and securing a tract of timber one hundred and fifty miles distant, he set five hundred men at work. Schooners and sloops were built, and so rapidly and at such huge profits was his lumber sold that very soon he was forced to erect half a dozen mills and to build a two thousand foot wharf which still stands and is known as Meiggs' Wharf.

At that time the newly-made roads were very poor and therein Meiggs saw a tremendous opportunity and secured the contract for planking the roads. Then, through influence, he induced the authorities to order planked roads built in every direction and to pass a law providing that the only tax a landowner paid was the expense of planking roads across his property. Meiggs used this Act by investing in real estate, reselling at a profit, having roads built across his lands and forcing the new owner to patronize his lumber business.

He also established a 'bus line and then started the first laundry in San Francisco. At that time laundry rates were eight dollars (£1 12s.) for a dozen shirts, and soiled clothes actually were sent to China to be laundered. Meiggs was acquainted with an Australian woman of Amazonian proportions who had two husky daughters and he picked them out as his prospective laundresses. The widow and her offspring were agreeable and were at once hired and thus the first California laundry came into existence.

No tubs were obtainable; so an empty pork barrel was purchased for eight dollars and another eight dollars was paid for having it cut in half. A few pounds of caustic soda were purchased, and lacking a wash-board, the weighty laundresses stripped and trod out the soiled garments entrusted to them.

The first attempt proved a dismal failure. Too much soda had been used, the garments were ruined and the three females were laid up for days with badly burned feet, legs and bodies. But their unfortunate experience did not at all discourage them and in a short time the novel laundry was doing a rushing

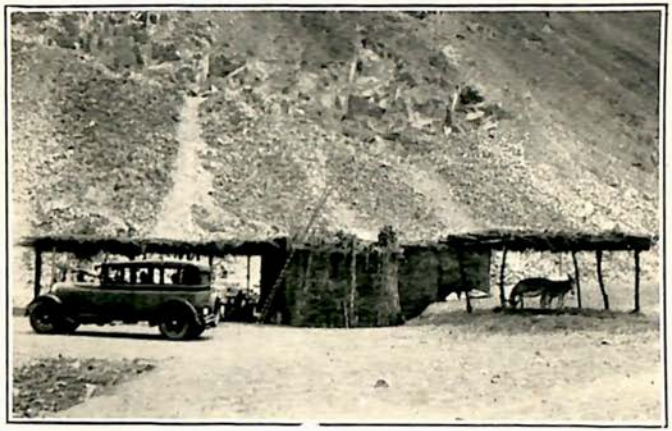
business at a cut-rate of six dollars (£1 4s.) a dozen and both Meiggs and the three women were reaping handsome profits. So remunerative was the venture that within two years the widow gave up her laundry work and with a tidy fortune of five thousand pounds, she sailed away to Australia.

By this time Meiggs was firmly established socially, politically and commercially in San Francisco. He was a patron of the arts and especially of music. Before leaving New York he had organized and financed free concerts to be held at the old Battery, the first free open-air concerts in the United States. By the inhabitants of San Francisco and North Beach he was regarded as a second Cæsar, and his integrity was so proverbial that he was always referred to as "Honest" Henry Meiggs. He was noted for his liberality and his charities and whenever he met a blind beggar he would drop a quarter dollar (one shilling) into the mendicant's hand with the remark that if the beggar smiled when next he passed he would increase the gift to a dollar (4s.).

His friends were numbered by thousands, and in February 1853 he was unanimously elected Commissioner to revise the city's charter. Seven months later he was elected Alderman, and in this capacity he secured many civic improvements. He was now at the zenith of popularity, business, social leadership, and fortune. Had it not been for the panic of 1854 Meiggs doubtless would have become the wealthiest man in California—and there would have been a very different history of Peru.

Financial crises seem ever to have dogged Meiggs' footsteps and that of 1854 found him entirely unprepared. He had invested everything in his many schemes and had borrowed to the limit. To tide over the depression, which he was confident would be of short duration, he turned to professional loan-sharks and borrowed at a rate as high as ten per cent monthly. Borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, he rapidly became more and more involved. Despite his worries and the apparently hopeless position he was in, he remained optimistic, cheerful and outwardly serene. He worked early and late, ceaselessly striving to raise funds to save himself and friends from disaster, and on one occasion he remarked that it would not feel natural if he did not rush from his breakfast to find a pawnbroker with whom he could exchange his right eye and immortal soul for four thousand dollars with which to repay another loan of three thousand five hundred.

Meiggs at last realized he was on the brink of ruin not only for himself but for friends, acquaintances and hundreds of others who had invested all their savings in his schemes. "Opportunity" came his way; opportunity which meant dishonesty.



PERU'S NEW HIGHWAYS

1. Into the mountains. 2. A desert petrol station. 3. Across the Puna. 4. A suburban road.

Among his most intimate friends was Smyth Clarke, secretary and clerk to Mayor Cornelius K. Garrison. As an Alderman and friend of Clarke, Meiggs knew the minutest detail of every municipal transaction, and he was well aware of the careless, haphazard financial methods of the Mayor and Controller. At that time all bills for public works, as well as for materials, were paid by warrants signed jointly by the Mayor and Controller. For convenience and to save time, it was customary for these two officials to sign a number of blank warrants to be filled in as needed by the clerk, and it was a simple matter for Meiggs to obtain a quantity of these signed blank warrants.

In his capacity as a contractor and lumber dealer, he had received many warrants for large sums, so no suspicion was directed towards him when he filled in the signed warrants and made the amounts payable to himself. Once he had started he went the limit, repaying his debts from the sums thus acquired. And as it was impossible to secure cash payment for them, although no one questioned their validity, Meiggs was forced to use them as collateral for borrowing at outrageous interest.

He could not, he knew, maintain this for long. Sooner or later he would be suspected and with discovery would come prosecution and imprisonment. He managed to have his younger brother John elected City Controller with the hope that between them some means might be devised to avoid arrest and trial. But the matter had gone too far and nearly one million dollars had been taken from the municipal treasury.

Although Meiggs had always planned to restore the funds he now realized it would be impossible by any means within his power in San Francisco. Only two courses remained: he must make a clean breast of it and go to prison or he must flee.

To escape from the coast required money. Meiggs had spent his last dollar and all he had stolen in repaying borrowed funds and debts. He was personally penniless. His only possessions were his home and a small brig, the *America*. Aided by his brother and a few intimate friends, he managed surreptitiously to outfit the vessel, stock her with supplies and provisions from his home, and secure a skeleton crew. Then, spreading word he was bound on a pleasure trip around the bay, Meiggs, with his family and brother John, boarded the brig and set sail.

Hardly had the *America* passed the Golden Gate when Meiggs' defalcation was discovered and the city was in an uproar at the news that "Honest Henry" had robbed the treasury of a million dollars and had sailed away. Meiggs still had staunch friends; thousands of the most prominent citizens and as many more

members of the underworld declared he would some day return and repay every cent, and it is very doubtful if he would have been prosecuted had he remained in San Francisco.

Eventually Meiggs reached the islands of the South Seas and cruised from spot to spot, but nowhere did he find a promise of fortunes to be made. Provisions were getting perilously low; funds there were none. The unpaid crew became sullen and mutinous, and at last the *America* was headed east. After weeks of voyaging the weather-beaten brig dropped anchor in the harbour of Valparaiso, Chile. Presenting the vessel to his crew in lieu of wages, Meiggs stepped ashore absolutely penniless. He did not even possess money for food, and the first act of this man, who was destined to become the greatest financier and railway builder of South America, was to pawn his watch to enable him to eat.

Without a penny, without an introduction, without a friend in the country, Meiggs managed to secure some railway contracts. Then he obtained credit, and within five months from his arrival in Chile he was one of the leading business men of Valparaiso with a good bank account.

At that time a railway was in operation as far as Quillota, but there appeared no prospect of it ever extending beyond that point. President Montt was, however, determined that it should be completed to Santiago during his administration, and on September 14, 1861, a law was passed authorizing the President to contract for the balance of the railway. Scarcely was the ink dry on the new Act when Meiggs signed a contract to complete the railway, and by nightfall of the same day entire arrangements had been consummated. The contract provided that the railway must be open to traffic by the end of three years, the contractor to be subjected to a fine of ten thousand dollars (£2000) monthly for every month exceeding the time limit, whereas in case it was completed before the stipulated date he should receive an equal sum as a bonus.

In signing this, the Government felt perfectly safe. No one dreamed that the railway could be put through in three years, and Meiggs was everywhere ridiculed for having left himself open to being mulcted of a fine that would practically pay the cost of building the road. He was told he could not secure labour, that what labour he could obtain would be unreliable, that quarrels and strikes would occur and that a force of soldiers would be necessary to preserve order.

Meiggs merely smiled, and within a few days had hired between eight and ten thousand men at unprecedented wages.

He established the first modern contractors' camps in the world, with comfortable barracks, hospitals and commissaries. He installed excellent sanitary arrangements, had his own doctors, and organized his huge force like an independent state. He treated his men fairly and well and had no trouble, and he did not employ a single soldier or government policeman.

The proposed road he divided into sections, each under a boss, and he paid a bonus of one dollar (4s.) a yard for each yard of rails laid within a stated time. As a result, the railway was completed within *two* years, and on September 15, 1863, the first train made the trip from Valparaiso to Santiago.

Meiggs' fame had now spread to Peru and in December 1862 he was asked to go there and look over the railway situation. But he had several large contracts on hand, he was busy developing Chile's nitrate deposits, and he declined the invitation from the Peruvian government. But in 1867, following the revolution in Peru, a second invitation was sent to Meiggs and on March 31, 1869, he arrived in Lima. His first step was to make a rough survey of the Arequipa–Moya line, and he contracted for its construction on May 4, 1869.

As if by a magician's wand he transformed southern Peru, and more magical yet he transformed Peru's political situation. At that time Peru was, politically, a chaos. Few presidents lived out their terms; revolts were of almost daily occurrence and there was no stability of either government or finance.

A story is told of the Peruvian minister to the United States who was being shown over an immense manufacturing plant. Standing before the giant Corliss engine, the superintendent pointed to the huge fly-wheel and told the Peruvian it made two hundred revolutions a minute. "Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "That almost equals Peru!"

But Meiggs solved the problem that revolts, assassinations and plots had failed to solve. He developed the guano deposits, gave the political leaders lucrative postions to keep them out of mischief, and used the receipts from the new industry to pay their wages and to develop the country. He built the new port of Mollendo, established workshops, camps and stores; employed thousands of men and within three years he completed the Mollendo–Arequipa line—six months before the time stipulated by the contract.

By December 1869, Meiggs had finished the Arequipa–Puno Railway. The route he followed crossed vast deserts, it surmounted the loftiest summits of the Andes, and every item of equipment, machinery and supplies had to be transported by

mule and llama trains. Much of the work was at from fourteen to sixteen thousand feet above sea-level. Water had to be piped for scores, often for a hundred miles, to the railway. Meiggs was indomitable.

Aside from reed boats of the Indians there was no craft on Lake Titicaca, on the line of travel. Meiggs wanted steamship service on the lake. A vessel was built in Europe, taken apart at Mollendo, and transported over the Andes to Lake Titicaca. The dissected steamer was then reassembled. To-day that first steamer to navigate the lake "on the roof of the world" is still doing duty.

Having completed the Arequipa–Puno line, Meiggs started on the Pacasmayo–San Pedro Railway in July 1870; on the Ilo–Moquegua Railway in December of the same year, and on the Chimbote–Huarray line in October 1871. He also built the first stone house in Lima, a mansion on the Calle Union which is still standing and in use, despite the fact that Meiggs was assured it would not outlast the first earthquake. He made millions, and one of his first acts, when he became prosperous, was to send a messenger to San Francisco with funds to make complete restitution of what he had taken and with compound interest in addition. He gave vast sums to charity, he donated thousands to the relief of sufferers from the earthquake in southern Chile, and his purse was always open to the poor—to all who were in need.

Primarily a railway builder, Meiggs was even more remarkable as a financier. He developed the Cerro de Pasco silver and copper mines. He promoted Peru's agricultural possibilities, and developed the guano industry to such an extent that on it the Government floated a loan of one hundred and fifty million dollars. But he never mingled in politics, never held a political office. Despite the fact that most of the money used in building the railways was loaned by England, Meiggs bought most of his material and supplies from the United States. He employed American engineers, American locomotives, American cars, and American bridges.

He nevertheless had time to exploit a railway in Costa Rica, and having secured the contract for that road, he deputed his nephews, Henry Meiggs Keith and Minor C. Keith, to take charge of the work. Henry Keith died, and the work was carried on by Minor C. Keith who founded the United Fruit Company and became the most famous and important man in Central America.

Meiggs' greatest achievement in railway building was the construction of the Central Railway of Peru, the highest standard

guage railway in the world which crosses the Andes at about seventeen thousand feet above sea-level. He did not live to see this road completed, but his part in building the world's highest railway is perpetuated in the snow-capped peak marked in the geographies Mount Meiggs.

Innumerable incidents and stories are told of Meiggs. On one occasion he had difficulty in inducing landowners to part with their property required for the railway from Callao to Lima. But Meiggs knew the Latins, and finding money did not tempt them, he agreed to erect a monument commemorating their public spirit if they would turn over the land.

At another time a blank cheque that Meiggs had given out to be paid to the Minister of Fomento was filled in and cashed by a secretary who built a hacienda with the proceeds—much the same sort of peculation that Meiggs had practised in San Francisco. He considered it as a rather good joke on himself and, refusing to prosecute, made good the amount.

At home he lived in princely style. He was worth millions, and the home he built at Villegas, between Lima and Callao, was immense and magnificent. It was erected upon the summit of an Incan mound and was over three hundred feet square. The house itself was a storey-and-a-half in height, surrounded by flower gardens, with great shade trees and with a massive fortress-like wall enclosing the whole. He entertained like an Oriental potentate. His balls and dinners were the greatest of social events in Peru. His table service of silver cost over five thousand pounds, and on one occasion he brought a complete orchestra from New York at enormous expense. He had no necessity for continuing his activities, but Meiggs could never be idle. He was never so happy as when overcoming seemingly insurmountable difficulties and it was this more than the monetary considerations that attracted him. It was, as he expressed it, the *empresa* (enterprise), and the greater the difficulties, the smaller the chances of success, the more an undertaking appealed to him.

Within eight years from the time he arrived in Peru, Meiggs had contracts aggregating more than five million pounds sterling. But there was one problem he constantly faced which he could not solve. He could overcome any obstacles of nature, but he could not cope with the machinations of politicians and enemies. The guano deposits had been rapidly depleted, the railways were not yet paying a profit, and the " outs " became troublesome and Meiggs' power began to wane. As is so often the case, the malcontents blamed the man who made Peru for everything. Then

came the assassination of the President and once again Peru was in political chaos.

Meiggs, who a few months before had been a multi-millionaire, now found himself in dire financial straits once more. He had loaned enormous sums to the Government only to have them repudiated by the new men in power. He had put even more enormous sums into his enterprises and financing his numerous undertakings. He was no longer young, he no longer possessed the amazing optimism, the astonishing power to rise above adversity that he had possessed in his younger days, and he was suffering from an incurable malady. No doubt his reverses and the ingratitude of the people hastened his death that came on September 30, 1877.

He died a comparatively poor man, and having died, the Peruvians suddenly awoke to his greatness and to the immeasurable services he had rendered their country. He was given a state funeral, every possible honour was paid to his dead body, and he was interred in the General Cemetery in Lima where a monument was erected to his memory. But his last request had been that he should be buried at his home at Villegas, where he had prepared a mausoleum for himself. This wish was eventually carried out, his body was removed from the Lima cemetery and reinterred at Villegas—and was forgotten.

To-day the grave of Henry Meiggs is neglected, overgrown with weeds and trampled by sheep and cattle. The monument in the Lima cemetery is uncared for and defaced; his palatial residence is in ruins and is tenanted by peons, and the very name of "Honest" Henry Meiggs is only a memory, perpetuated solely by the majestic snow-clad peak that crowns his greatest achievement—the Central Railway of Peru.

CHAPTER VIII

A FORGOTTEN PAGE OF HISTORY

BY the side of the Plaza Bolivar in Lima, close to the magnificent new Congressional Building, two blocks from the market, is an unimpressive grey building with immense fluted columns flanking the portal. To-day it is used as the Senate Building, but its history goes back to very beginning of the history of Lima and within its unobtrusive walls have been committed dark deeds, unspeakable cruelties, disgraceful plots, and shameful intrigues, for the building once housed the Inquisition in Peru, the head of all the Inquisition in the whole of New Spain. Outwardly the ancient building has been rebuilt and transformed. The entire front is of modern construction, but within much remains unchanged although the underground passages that connected the Inquisition Building with the Dominicans' church, the cells, the torture chambers and the secret rooms and tunnels, have been walled up and closed for ever. In the Senate Chamber, once the council room of the dreaded Holy Office, is a marvellous ceiling of hand-carved wood, the massive doors of magnificently carved cedar are still in place and in one of these is the cleverly concealed peep-hole through which the inquisitors watched their victims as they knelt and confessed before a diabolical mechanical figure of our Saviour.

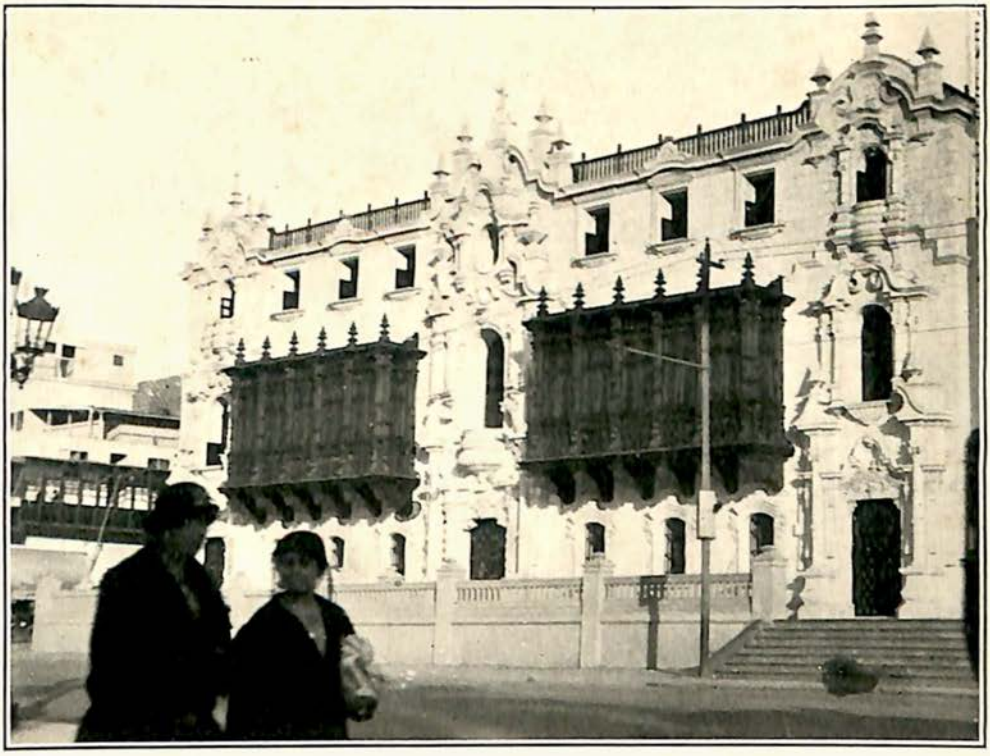
Yet for all its blackness the Inquisition in America was not one-tenth—no not one-hundredth as black as it has been painted. For years we have been fed with stories, books, alleged reliable articles relating the horrors of the Inquisition in New Spain. We have been filled with accounts of the hundreds—I might say thousands—of men and women ruthlessly tortured and put to death by the Inquisition in the Spanish dominions in America. Tales on tales have been told of the relentless persecution of unfortunate Lutherans who fell into the clutches of the Inquisition in South America, of these men having been tortured, racked, broken, and often burned at the stake. But very largely all these tales are tales and nothing more; absolute falsehoods without a basis of fact. While in Peru I obtained access

to the ancient records and sentences of the Inquisition in America, whose headquarters were in Lima where the archives of the American Holy Office were kept. And the real truth of the case is this. During the two hundred and sixty-five years of its existence, from its establishment in Peru in 1548 until its abolishment in 1813, only one Lutheran—a native of Flanders named Juan Miller—was sentenced to death and in his case he was not condemned because he was a Protestant, but because he was a " relapsed heretic." In other words, he had abandoned Lutherism and had been baptized into the Catholic Church and afterwards had recanted and had relapsed to his former faith. But regardless of the whys and wherefores or the niceties and distinctions of his case, the important part is that he was the sole and only Protestant executed by orders of the Inquisition in America, all popular fiction and beliefs notwithstanding. Moreover, during all of its two centuries and more in America, the Inquisition in Peru held but twenty-nine *autos-de fe*, only five hundred and forty-four persons were sentenced to any penalties whatsoever and only fifty-nine were burned at the stake. And of these more than eighty per cent were punished either for sorcery, witchcraft or occult practices, while the majority of the remainder were penalized for being relapsed Jews.

Yet, as I have said, the Inquisition was bad enough, God knows, and for nearly three centuries the inhabitants of Peru lived in dread and terror of the Holy Office, for—like all other secret institutions and given unlimited power—the Inquisition that originally was formed for the preservation of Christianity became a most iniquitous thing and prostituted its organization and its power for ulterior and usually pecuniary motives.

Such was the case of Maria de Castro, which stands forth as the most noteworthy, the most brutal, the most inexcusable and the most terrible of all the five hundred and more prosecutions and condemnations in the annals of the Peruvian inquisition. Priests, bishops—even Fray Bartolome de Las Casas—and Saint Ignatius de Loyola, for that matter Pope Sixtus himself—were prosecuted by the Inquisition, yet none attracted the same attention, none brought such a storm of protest and none had such a destructive effect upon the powers and the prestige of the Inquisition as the prosecution and burning of a *demi-mondaine* of obscure birth and antecedents and whose name was wholly unknown outside a small circle in Lima.

Born in Toledo, Spain, in 1687, Maria Francisca Ana de Castro, whose parents were converted Jews, moved to Lima with her husband who soon afterwards died and left her practically



LIMA ARCHITECTURE

1. The Archbishop's Palace. 2. The home of Dr. Tello, built in Moujik style.

penniless. All that she possessed was her radiant beauty, her regal presence and her fascinating personality which already had won for her the nickname of "La Bella Española." And with these assets Maria set out to retrieve her fortunes and to win her way in the world. That her sole assets of beauty, wit and personality were not to be despised, and that she made good use of them to the best advantage is proved by the fact that very soon she had the Viceroy at her feet and numbered the wealthiest and noblest of Peru's grandees among her admirers and lovers.

About the very worst that could be said of the Bella Española was that she was admittedly a courtesan. Yet who really can blame her? In Peru in those days there was no honest nor honourable means by which a woman could earn a livelihood except by the most menial labour. And even then it was difficult, for slaves were abundant and cheap and Incan servants were to be had for the taking. For a white woman to have accepted such employment as was possible would have meant that she would have been forced to live among and consort with mestizos, mulattos, and negroes, and be an outcast, ostracized and despised by all her countrymen and countrywomen. Moreover, the standard of morality was low, and to be the mistress of a Viceroy and of grandees of Spain was considered a signal honour, a place in the sun, not to mention the financial benefits accruing.

So the Bella Española became the toast of the young bloods of Lima—and of the middle aged and elderly as well. She rode though the cobbled streets of the City of the Kings in her gilded coach with its prancing horses and outriders, she queened it at Viceregal levees, she had her fairy palace in the suburbs, she was loaded with jewels and arrayed in the finest of silks, satins, and laces, and—most unfortunately as it turned for her—she thriftily put away a goodly sum for the rainy day which she knew must come when her beauty faded and her prestige and her popularity waned.

Maria's career was—like those of all of her profession—a short, if a profitable one. At forty-nine she was almost forgotten by the nobles who had fought duels for her favours a few years before. Her viceregal lover had been supplanted by a new Viceroy who found younger and less experienced ladies for his entertainment, and La Bella Española's gilded coach, her finery, and most of her gems had been exchanged for less conspicuous and more useful possessions in the shape of pieces of eight and golden doubloons, although only she and her most intimate friends were aware of the tidy nest egg she had put away. Even at forty-nine Maria was still a handsome, attractive woman and had her

suitors. But the fires of her youth had burned out, she desired a quiet and respectable life in her declining years, and she spurned the advances of would-be lovers. And it was to one of these rejected ones that she owed her downfall and her terrible death.

A notorious rake, whose importunities she had ridiculed and repulsed, vowed dire vengeance for the galling wounds his heart and his vanity had suffered, and in the most despicable and dastardly of ways he proceeded to fulfill his vow. Among La Bella Española's servants was an attractive mestiza girl whom the fellow managed to seduce. Then, by threats and by bribery, he induced the maid to hide a crucifix beneath the mattress of Maria's bed. This being done the rejected lover hurried to the Inquisition and—expressing the greatest repentance for his sins —confessed that La Bella Española had been his mistress, and that on the Friday preceding he had surprised her in the act of flogging an image of Christ.

That was enough. At midnight the secret police of the Inquisition forced their way into Maria's home, dragged her, half-clad from her bed, and searching the apartment found the concealed crucifix. Poor innocent Maria de Castro was dragged away to the prison of the Inquisition, and the following day faced the pitiless tribunal. She vehemently denied her guilt, declaring she knew nothing of the crucifix and that she was a devout Catholic.

Her denial merely resulted in her being put to torture. Stripped and pilloried she was flogged with iron rods until she fainted. Then the weals were cauterized with red-hot iron, and the unfortunate woman was chained in a cell until she recovered. Still she maintained her innocence, and the weeping, trembling mestiza maid, learning of her mistress' fate came forward, and begging mercy for the woman she had betrayed, confessed to her part in the plot. But the inhuman inquisitors gave no heed to her story. Again La Bella Española was dragged forth and subjected to the *garrucha*, a devilish device by means of which the accused, with wrists manacled together behind the back, and with a one hundred pound weight attached to the ankles, was lifted by a rope passed over a pulley in the ceiling and attached to the wrists, and was allowed to drop with a jerk for several feet.

Screaming with agony as her bones were wrenched from their sockets and her muscles torn, the once-fêted and toasted favourite of the Viceroy still denied her guilt, until her agonies could no longer be endured and once more she was removed unconscious

to her dungeon. But the demoniacal inquisitors were not done with her tortured crippled body yet. No sooner had she recovered than she was again carried to the torture-chamber, her bared feet were smeared with lard and were slowly toasted over a charcoal brazier.

But these most fiendish, most awful tortures failed to wring admission of guilt from the guiltless woman, and fearing her body and mind could not withstand more agonies she was adjudged guilty of being a heretic, a blasphemer, a relapsed Jewess and of being "impertinent" and "stubborn."

She was condemned to appear at the *auto* and to parade the streets in the *sambenito* (a yellow sleeveless gown decorated with red crosses, flames, and demons), the badge of the guilty, with a rope about her neck, and to be publicly flogged through the streets of Lima while stripped to the waist.

Then the inquisitors made a discovery. The fiend who had betrayed Maria was not yet satisfied. He had learned that she possessed money and property, and he saw to it that the Inquisition was informed of the fact. This was a new phase of the case. A friendless woman, an ex-courtesan, was of no great importance. A public flogging and the disgrace of the yellow gown and rope collar, plus the terrible tortures she had endured, might well satisfy the Church and the inhumanity of the tribunal. But it was quite a different matter now that they had discovered their victim was wealthy. So they hastily reviewed their judgment and decided that, as an "obstinate" and "unconfessed" and "impenitent" relapsed Jewess, Maria's life was forfeit, and accordingly (for the rules of the Church forbade its ecclesiastics from taking human life) delivered her to the secular authorities to be burned.

The document by which the Inquisition thus delivered Maria to the civil authorities and sentenced her to the stake is still preserved in Lima and (translated) reads as follows:

"*Christo Nomine Invocato.* Sentence. In accordance with the merit and the due processes of the *auto* and completed proofs before the Fiscal and convention: We state and pronounce her accusation well proved in consequence of which it is declared and we hereby declare that Maria Francisca Ana de Castro to have been a heretic, a relapsed Jewess, a woman of black arts and an impenitent, and in view thereof we have sentenced her to extreme excommunication, to the confiscation and loss of all her property, which we order applied to the Office and Fiscal of His Majesty by his receiver in his name, from the day and time when she commenced to commit these sins, the declarations of

which we reserve to ourselves. And we give and release the person of said Maria Francisca Ana de Castro to the justice of the secular arm, begging and beseeching affectionately that in your greater power you may be benign and merciful with her. And we declare that the sons and daughters of the said Ana de Castro and her grandchildren and all heirs by the male line, if any, to be incapable of obtaining or holding positions of trust, or honour, of benefits of the Church, or holding ecclesiastical positions or public offices. Nor can they use or own gold, silver, pearls, jewels, coral, silk, camelot, fine cloth, nor ride upon horses nor carry arms nor make use of other things other than as used by the common people in accordance with laws and instructions established by the Holy Office in respect to the prohibitions of inhabilitated persons. This is our definite and final judgment and sentence so pronounced and ordered."

There was no appeal. The civil authorities were wholly subject to the orders of the Inquisition, and despite the inquisitors' "begging and beseeching" that Maria should be treated "benignly" and "mercifully" the civil authorities knew that there was but one course to follow: to burn the condemned alive. But perhaps, in view of Maria's tortured, crippled state and the agonies of her burned, torn, and broken body, death *was* "benign and merciful."

No friend came forward to plead for her, not one of her former lovers dared intercede in her behalf. Half carried by the Chief of Police, Martin de Mudarra y Samudio and his assistants, for the disfigured woman with the soles of her feet burned to the bones could not walk, La Bella Española was dragged through the streets towards the Plazuela de Otero where the place of execution had been prepared.

As the pitiful wreck of the once-beautiful woman passed the Desemperados Church she begged that she might be declared a penitent and might be absolved. But the authorities were adamant. They declared it was too late, and the last sacrament—that never, even in the days of the mediæval Inquisition had been refused a penitent, even at the eleventh hour—was denied to Maria.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of December 21, 1736, Maria Francisca Ana de Castro, once the pet of princes and viceroys, was chained to the stake, and a moment later was wrapped in the flames that roared upward from the pile of combustibles piled around her.

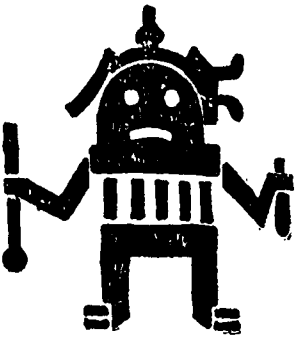
Thus died La Bella Española, the last human being to be put to death by the Inquisition in Peru. We can only hope that the

brief agonies she endured amid the searing flames were less than she would have suffered had she been permitted to live to the end of her days—a broken, disfigured, helpless cripple.

The property of Maria confiscated by the Inquisition amounted to a value of over twenty-two thousand pieces of eight (approximately £5000) in addition to her suburban property—a very good haul for having put one poor woman to death!

But it is a great consolation to know that justice was eventually rendered, even if too late to benefit Maria. Friends and relatives carried their charges of injustice to the Crown. The public was loud in its denunciation of the Inquisition's methods. Popular feelings and an antagonism were aroused and something had to be done. Maria's memory was cleared of all the charges brought against her. She was declared innocent and absolved, her property was restored to her heirs, and the authorities were forced publicly to express compassion for their victim and to acknowledge themselves in the wrong.

Most important of all, the sacrifice of La Bella Española marked the beginning of the end of the Inquisition in America. The death of a courtesan spelled the doom of the most powerful and dreaded organization in the New World.



CHAPTER IX

OVER THE BACKBONE OF THE CONTINENT

THE sun was rising somewhere behind an impenetrable wall of drizzling rain when the train pulled out of the Lima station. Mist veiled the Rimac Valley; thick, grey, like a wet blanket, that parted reluctantly before the engine and closed in behind the last car. Close at hand the brown adobe walls showed for a moment and were gone. Still more fleeting were the glimpses of cotton fields, while the distant hills seemed merely denser portions of the fog. Presently the mist thinned with the increasing light and warmth of dawn, and as though the world were being created before one's eyes, the details of the landscape took form.

Broad, tilled fields became visible. Meandering along its wide stony bed flowed the Rimac River. Adobe huts and more pretentious farm-houses broke the level lands, and steep-sided, conical hills rose without apparent reason from the surface of the valley.

Then, like magic, the last shreds of fog vanished. As though touched by a magician's wand the land was flooded with brilliant sunshine, and as the train reached Chosica it was hard to believe that Lima still shivered under the dreary sodden clouds of the Peruvian winter.

The little town, straggling along the riverside, shone and glittered in the sun; the upflung mountains towering on every side and hemming in the valley were softly golden and rose; the stream tumbled and gurgled as if in a superabundance of joy, and above all arched a cloudless blue sky.

Charmingly situated is Chosica at the foot of the Andes, three thousand feet above the sea, and it is a favourite boast of its people that the sun shines upon it for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

Were it not that the village has become a sort of glorified sanatorium for consumptives, Chosica would be a most popular and populated resort for tourists, and the perfect residential suburb of Lima. Even as it is, many Peruvian and foreign business men make their homes there and spend their leisure

hours in the bracing mountain air and eternal sunshine, a marvellous contrast to Lima during the winter months. But Chosica is neither a perfect Paradise nor is the boast of its inhabitants strictly true. During the summer, beginning usually in February, it rains heavily and often in Chosica, and still more heavily and more often higher up the valley. As a result, everything is wet, soggy, mouldy, and unpleasant, while the river, swollen by the Andean rains, rises above its banks and not infrequently carries away roads, buildings and even the railway tracks. But during the summer Lima is as pleasant a spot in which to dwell as one could ask, and during the rainy season no one thinks of taking a trip " up the hill " unless forced to do so through necessity or business.

Beyond Chosica, the train ascended rapidly. Each moment the mountains became higher, more rugged and more impressive. Each moment the valley with the winding river dropped deeper and deeper beneath the tracks, until at San Bartolomé the puffing locomotive had lifted us double the height of Chosica and came to a standstill at the tiny station nearly five thousand feet above Lima.

Here, seemingly all the inhabitants had gathered to meet the train, and both sides of the track were lined with aborigines and Cholos, men, women and children, each and every one laden with baskets of fruit, or with sweet limes, oranges, grenadillas, or cherries strung together in yard-long festoons.

Picturesque figures they were, in their voluminous gay skirts and their striped *ponchos ;* the women with their coarse thick hair in long braids, with babies peeping from the folds of the gaudy *mantas* on their backs ; and all happy and with cheeks so red and glowing from the mountain air that they appeared almost purple in contrast to the swarthy skins.

Hardly had the train stopped when they came clambering aboard, crowding the platforms and aisles, importuning the passengers to purchase, until in a moment the interior of the car looked like a fruit stall in a market. All about the little town, in the valley, on the hill-sides, far up the mountain slopes, are fruit orchards, and the principal business of the locality is providing Lima with fruit which grows to perfection in these Andean foothills.

At San Bartolomé the light English engine that had served to haul the train from Callao, and had bravely but pantingly made the grade to this spot, was changed for a monster eight-driver American locomotive in preparation for the terrific climb ahead of us. Here, too, the first of the switchbacks is located. In

many places it is impossible to surmount the heights by winding in ever-ascending loops about the mountain sides, and the ascent is accomplished by zigzagging up the precipitous slopes.

At the verge of some terrific cañon or at the base of a stupendous cliff, the track will end abruptly. Here there will be a "Y"-track, and running on to this, the train will come to a stop until the switch is thrown. Then once more it will go snorting, groaning upward with the locomotive pushing instead of pulling. It gives one a strange sensation of going back and forth over the same route in most aimless fashion, for quite frequently the same spot on the mountain across the valley is passed and repassed. But if nothing is gained longitudinally, much is accomplished perpendicularly by this means of progress.

Very often one may look down from the car windows upon three or more tiers of tracks, and, in several places, the train roars through tunnels one over the other, on its upward climb.

Leaving San Bartolomé and its fruit vendors, whose wares dropped in price with amazing rapidity as the station bell clanged for the train's departure, the real ascent of the Andes commenced. As if the bottom of the world were dropping out, the valley with its foaming river fell away beneath us. Back and forth the train crawled, ever rising higher, ever penetrating farther and farther into the wilderness of towering peaks and ridges, until we had risen nearly two thousand feet above the fruit groves of San Bartolomé and halted at Surco.

The natives fairly swarmed aboard the cars, offering immense bunches of violets, roses, carnations, lilies, and pansies at such ridiculously low prices that the car was soon like a bridal bower, and blossoms of every hue, in bouquets a foot in diameter, mingled with the orange and yellow fruits that festooned hat-racks and window-casings.

Here, instead of groves of fruit trees, were countless fields and gardens gorgeous with flowers, for Surco's industry is providing the capital with its floral decorations, and the cool mountain air was redolent with the odours of violets and roses.

From Surco the train again toiled upward, steadily, surely; swinging around curves at the very verges of precipices; roaring through tunnels; feeling its way across spider-web bridges spanning terrible ravines with foaming torrents hundreds of feet beneath the tracks, until at a little more than seven thousand feet above the sea, Matucana was reached. Instead of fruit or flower sellers, there were long rows of tables bearing steaming earthen pots of wonderfully and fearfully made viands, and attended by Quichua women a bit dirtier, a bit rosier-cheeked

and a bit more colourful and picturesque than those we had seen before, for with every thousand feet in altitude the aborigines and the Cholos wash persons and garments less, don more and brighter clothes and become more and more apple-cheeked.

With a concerted rush, the occupants of the second-class carriages made for the alfresco out-of-doors restaurant, while first-class passengers clamoured for breakfast at the train's buffet or swarmed into the station dining-room.

Apparently Matucana is mainly of importance as a spot for feeding hungry travellers, for the only visible places of business were restaurants and bars, and fully half of the town's inhabitants were engaged in serving food and drink to the occupants of the train.

Apparently, also, the consciences of all who had partaken of food began to trouble them as the train drew out of Matucana, and the conversation turned entirely and with one accord to mountain sickness or *saroche*. Obviously it was a question of to eat or not to eat when about to enter high altitudes, and no two could agree on the subject. Arguments waxed hot, some insisting that illness would assuredly follow if a meal had been eaten; others being equally positive that *saroche* resulted from an empty stomach, while still others maintained that it made no difference, as sickness was inevitable.

I had heard so much regarding the effects and the dangers of altitude, I had listened to so many tales of the terrible effects of *saroche*, and I had been told so seriously and by such trustworthy persons that fatalities often resulted, and that no one should dream of taking the journey unless passed upon as fit by a competent physician, that I became a bit doubtful of the outcome in my own case. And I was by no means reassured when I heard my fellow passengers discussing the matter. One Peruvian gentleman informed me that although he had lived twenty years in the high interior he was always deathly ill when crossing the summit of the Andes, and others assured me that as I had never before been higher than ten thousand feet I was sure to suffer the most extreme tortures.

However, it was too late to turn back; the train was again toiling upward, and, as it turned out, I had no cause for worry. The dread *saroche* passed me by untouched. I not only escaped any ill effects but I was not even aware of any unusual sensation when at the very highest point, and I was the only passenger on the train who did not suffer from headache, nausea, or other results of extremely high altitudes. Perhaps I am peculiarly constituted and am immune to *saroche*, but personally I believe

that the mountain sickness is a much exaggerated bugbear and is largely mental.

I confess I have seen fellow-travellers desperately ill, have seen them on the point of death when life was kept in their bodies by the constant administration of oxygen. But in every case they have been either stout, elderly, dissipated, nervous or ill persons, or men and women who were suffering from pulmonary or heart troubles. But no two persons are affected alike, and no one can tell beforehand whether or not he or she is subject to *saroche*. It is a popular belief in Peru that negroes cannot withstand high altitudes, and to prove this, the natives point to the fact that there are no coloured persons in the towns beyond the Andes.

But my own West Indian negro servant was no more affected by the altitude than myself. Also, a friend in Lima told me an amusing story of his own experience with a black man at the Andean summits.

Finding the fellow too lazy and indifferent to be of any service in Lima, and wishing to be rid of the black incubus, he shipped the negro to his mines far up in the Andes with the hope that he would be so affected by *saroche* that he would lose no time in finding another employer. But the joke was on my friend. Instead of suffering any ill effects, the gentleman of colour fairly revelled in the rarefied atmosphere. He was given a new lease on life and became so rejuvenated and full of energy and pep that he was scarcely recognizable, and was transformed into a most efficient and valuable employee.

Persons with weak hearts or lungs should never attempt to brave the effects of these terrific heights, and unquestionably a clogged system, over indulgence in alcoholic stimulants or excessive smoking will often bring on an attack of *saroche*. But in the majority of cases, the sickness is the result of nerves and worry. The traveller feels that illness is to be expected. As high altitudes are approached he commences to analyse his feelings, and by a sort of auto-suggestion, *saroche* is brought on.

But even the possibility of suffering from mountain sickness need not deter a normal, healthy person from making the trip over the backbone of South America on this highest and most scenic railway in the entire world. *Saroche* seldom lasts long; it is no worse than seasickness, and there is no more reason for a person hesitating to cross the Andes through dread of *saroche* than for refraining from an ocean voyage through dread of *mal de mer*.

Nevertheless the newcomer, unaccustomed to these heights,

should use great care not to overdo. If not ill the chances are he will feel so full of life and energy that he will want to be up and doing all the time. But it is a false strength, the result of the stimulating, rarefied air. The strain on heart and lungs is terrific, and, if not very cautious, a complete nervous breakdown, utter physical exhaustion or even pneumonia or heart trouble may follow in a few days. The golden rule in the altitudes is to eat and sleep all one can, do just as little as possible, and do that slowly, calmly and deliberately.

At Matucana the first llamas are seen, herds of black, brown, white, and piebald creatures, their ears decorated with gay ribbons, and usually standing unattended and unwatched beside the tracks. As the train passes they watch it without fear, but with that peculiar supercilious, contemptuous, somewhat sneering and wholly indifferent expression invariably worn by these odd beasts. Throughout the Andean regions, llamas are always a feature of the landscape. Gathered in herds or in corrals, wending their way along narrow trails and with loads strapped on their backs, or grazing on mountain sides so steep that one marvels that even a fly could find foothold, they are seen everywhere.

Often, too, the smaller, longer-haired Alpacas are seen with the llamas, and frequently both creatures may be seen amid flocks of goats, sheep, or with horses and cattle. To the mountain Quichua they are as essential as the reindeer to the Laplander. They carry his burdens over fearful trails; they supply him with meat; their hides provide him with beds, mats, and shoes. From their hair he weaves his garments, his *ponchos* and his blankets. Their wool has a high market value, and their dung serves him for fuel.

Although most docile creatures, yet llamas will not be imposed upon, and if a single pound beyond their allotted load of one hundred pounds is placed upon their backs they will promptly lie down and stubbornly refuse to budge until the excess weight is removed.

Hence, despite their general utility and their adaptation to the barren mountains at great altitudes, they are inferior to donkeys as beasts of burden, for a tiny shaggy burro will cheerfully carry twice a llama's load. Wherever donkeys can survive, the natives use them as cargo-carriers, but a burro's hair is worthless for weaving, his flesh is as valueless as his hair, and the llama will forever hold his own as the general utility animal best adapted to the Andean aborigine's needs.

Even with their llamas to aid them in their struggle for

existence, it is marvellous that these Quichuas can survive in such a cheerless, barren, desolate mountain land.

Often, as the train climbed skyward from Matucana, the mountains were terraced from bases to summits like endless flights of titanic stairs.

From the rock-strewn slopes the stones had been patiently gathered and piled into low walls. Back of these the thin, poor soil had been levelled, and in these tiny plots miles in air, crops were raised. Many of these terraced gardens dated back to Inca and pre-Inca days. No doubt in those far distant times they were tilled and green; but to-day they are abandoned, dry and forsaken. Farther down the slopes the modern Incans still cultivate their terraced gardens in the same old way, and the step-like bits of land are green and fresh, or golden with stubble, while here and there are tall trees standing out in sharp contrast against the grey background of mountain sides with their sparse growth of misshapen giant cacti and spiny-leaved agaves.

To till these lofty plots of earth, to climb the precipitous rocky heights to the little gardens, seems an almost Herculean task. But the mountain Quichua is as agile, as sure-footed, and as untiring as a mountain goat.

And despite his dirty habits and his squalid life, he is a most industrious being. Possibly he should not be given much credit for this admirable trait, for environment has forced it upon him. Everything is against him. Nature has challenged him, and despite the odds he has accepted the challenge, has pitted his puny strength against all, has fought for his existence and has been victorious.

Wherever there is a square foot of arable soil he has tilled and planted it. Wherever a growing thing can find root he has seen to it that useful things grow. Often, as the train creeps along the sheer sides of stupendous clefts in the mountain, one looks down upon narrow strips of valley, deliciously, gloriously green amid the bleak surrounding heights. Like rich green velvet embroidered in strange, irregular patterns of grey they appear; the velvet alfalfa, corn or potatoes; the embroidered tracings, low walls of stone culled from the soil; and the ribbon of white, that winds through all, the tumbling river that makes the greenery possible. Even when the aborigine has battled with his stern, unyielding surroundings and has won, his life is a hopeless thing devoid of every luxury and comfort. Anything serves him for a home. It may be a hovel of mud with a roof of straw. It may be a low circular wall of stones, windowless and topped by a grass roof; a kennel so low that he cannot stand erect within it.

Or it may be a cave in a cliff protected from the bitter winds by a barrier of rocks at the entrance. His furnishings consist of a few llama hides, his *ponchos* and his homespun blankets, with a few slabs of stone for a fire-place. His life is an endless routine of hardship, back-breaking labour, loneliness, and discomfort. Little can we blame him and his women for going ragged and unwashed. Yet he is always happy, contented, and, instead of becoming the sullen, morose being we might expect, he is ever good natured and smiling.

In much of the country beyond Matucana even a mountain Quichua could not eke out an existence. With every mile that the labouring train penetrates deeper into the heart of the Andes the mountains become wilder, higher, more sublime. Words cannot describe the scenery. It is more than majestic, more than stupendous, more than awe-inspiring. It is awful in its grandeur, terrifying in its immensity, almost unbelievable in the sheer heights of its precipices, the abysmal depths of its cañons. Titanic walls thousands of feet in height overhang the track which rests upon a narrow shelf hewn from the mountain-side. Tremendous rock masses thrust upward as though to pierce the sky. Vast gorges yawn before the train that skirts the very brinks of bottomless cañons or rumbles through tunnels piercing out-jutting ribs of rock. Far below—a tiny silver thread, the river boils and foams, and in one spot vanishes in a huge black hole, to emerge as a gleaming cataract on the farther side of a towering rock wall.

Marvellous indeed was the feat of the engineers who built this slender trail of steel that burrows into the fastnesses of the Andes and surmounts their loftiest summits. That puny man could have accomplished it seems incredible. It impresses one as a far greater deed than the digging of the Panama Canal, as something almost unreal or as the work of genii rather than of human beings. Yet to me, the greatest feat of all was that of the men who blazed the way, the work of the surveyors who laid out the route to follow, the pioneers who toiled through the chasms, who climbed the dizzy heights, who faced cold and hardships and altitude, who traced a way where no human foot had trod before. How they accomplished it one cannot conceive. In places they must have hung suspended by ropes or else clung with prehensile fingers and toes. And yet slowly, unerringly, they worked ever upward and onward, driving their stakes, setting up their instruments, measuring with their chains and tapes through a chaotic, awful land such as only Dante could have imagined.

But marvellous as was the feat of those who surveyed the route,

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titanic as was the labour of the construction engineers who followed with cranes, steam-shovels, clattering drills, dynamite, and steel rails, it seems an even more wondrous thing that the trains ever reach their goal and are not hurled to destruction.

One's heart literally is in one's mouth and one's nerves are keyed up and atingle, as the train climbs higher and farther into the mountains. From the windows the traveller gazes down for thousands of feet to some village whose houses appear mere specks and whose people seem like ants. The carriages actually overhang the precipices, and, as the train passes, bits of stone, dislodged by the vibration, go rolling, bounding downward. One trembles to think of the results should a rail spread, a stone fall on the track, a wheel jump the rails, or an axle break. But in all the years that the railway has been in operation fatalities of passengers and train crews have been almost nil, and accidents of any kind have been very few. But it seems almost as if this record was due as much to some special dispensation of Providence, or to luck, as to management and safeguards.

At one spot, where the train ran so close to the edge of an abyss that it seemed as though it must topple into space, I saw the rusty, twisted remains of freight cars half-way down the precipitous mountain-side. Yet when that ill-fated train left the rails the crew managed to leap to safety. At another time the brakes failed on a loaded train descending a steep grade. At break-neck speed the train dashed madly down the descent, and at each instant the men, clinging to the wildly swaying cars, expected to be dashed into eternity. But instead of leaping over a precipice, the runaway train jumped a switch, and running out on one of the " Y's," was brought to a stop within a few inches of annihilation. Only a few weeks before my first trip over the road, the locomotive of a passenger train left the track, swung around until half its length overhung the thousand-foot chasm below, and stopped there, balanced in a miraculous manner on the verge of destruction.

But despite all this, and the apparently imminent perils at every turn, records and statistics prove this railway one of the safest in the world.

Soon after leaving Matucana the character of the Andes changes. Tremendous as were the heights and sublime the scenery before, yet they are but an introduction, a prelude of what is to come, and not until San Mateo is reached does the train really dive into the heart of the Andes.

Here the rocks and earth are of a curious vivid red, and the little town, nestling in the bottom of a ravine several hundred feet

THE LOVE NEST OF A VICEROY

1. The Palace of Perra Choli, from the garden. 2. The garden of the Perra Choli Palace.

below the station, appears almost a portion of the red surroundings. Only the galvanized iron roofs show a different tint, and these are so loaded with stones, placed upon the corrugated sheets to prevent them from blowing away, that they are well camouflaged.

Here, too, the air is noticeably rarefied, for San Mateo is well above the ten thousand foot level, and the wind sweeping down the valley has the tingle of frost and snow despite the brilliant, dazzling sunshine.

Steeply upward from San Mateo the way leads, and far ahead, topping the nearer mountain summits, slender, jagged, upjutting peaks are seen, so sharply outlined against the flawless sky that they seem like paper mountains pasted upon blue cardboard. One in particular attracted my attention; a conical, precipitous peak gorgeously coloured with orange and vermilion. That peak, those glaring colours, are the index of riches untold—the ancient silver mines of Casapalca.

Far up on that lofty mountain-side the shafts burrow into the bowels of the peak, and the red and orange oxide-dyed rock marks the spot where, for centuries, millions in silver ore have been brought forth to be trundled by cars down the tramway to the smelter in the valley below.

Wilder and wilder, ever more magnificent and wonderful the mountains become as the train attains greater and greater heights. Redder and redder the land and rocks glow in the sun, until the whole country appears as if baked like a gigantic brick. Then, as the train circles a vast scarlet precipice, Casapalca bursts suddenly into view.

Close to the tracks tower the stacks of the huge smelter. Neat, white quarters for the employees are in regular and orderly rows. Electric wires form a network above the power-house. There is the hum, the rumble, and roar of activity and industry, and the station platform and the visible streets are thronged with people.

It was a strange, dreamy sensation to come suddenly and unexpectedly upon this busy spot, this centre of modernity and development in the midst of this waste of mountain fastnesses. Had it not been for the numbers of Quichua men and women in evidence it might well have been the station of some manufacturing town in the United States or England instead of in the Peruvian Andes over thirteen thousand feet above sea-level.

I must confess that I was finding the Andes entirely unlike what I had always imagined them. Somehow I had always thought of the Andes as a lofty, wall-like range with serrated summits covered with snow and veiled in clouds. But the

highest of the towering peaks in view showed no gleam of snow or ice ; not a cloud broke their clear-cut silhouettes, and instead of a definite range of mountains, there was a tumbled, chaotic wilderness of cliffs, cones, saw-edged ridges, sharp peaks, mile-deep cañons, boulder-strewn slopes, and fearful gorges that hemmed us in and shut from view all but the nearest summits. It was far more like being half-way up a gigantically enlarged Grand Cañon than half-way up the sides of the Andes.

As we left Casapalca behind, the train climbed swiftly, swung around the valley and skimmed the brink of a dizzying precipice with the belching smelter and clustering buildings of the mining town so directly beneath the tracks that a stone dropped from the car windows would have fallen for a thousand feet to land upon the roofs of the houses. Then another of the zigzags, and the Andes of my dreams rose before me.

We were at the very edge of the world. Beneath us was a vast cañon so deep it made one's head swim to look into it. On the farther side, a terrific peak swept upward, red and raw, to culminate in a mass of overhanging dull-grey rock. To the left and ahead incredible needle-pointed crags rose in a mighty rampart, and topping all, seemingly suspended from the zenith, loomed a serrated blue-grey mass half-hidden in gleaming, dazzling snow and ice. Another turn and the cañon was left behind. From the foot of the towering red peak a little plateau extended to the track, and in its centre glimmered a lake of most exquisite turquoise.

We had reached the source of the Rimac River. Before us lay the backbone of the continent, and on the farther side of the plateau, clinging like a limpet to the precipitous mountain side, was Ticlio, the loftiest station on this loftiest of the world's railways.

Fifteen thousand five hundred feet above the Pacific the train came to a panting stop at Ticlio, the earth's highest railway station.

But even Ticlio is not at the very summit of the Andes. A few rods farther on a yawning black hole marked the tunnel that pierces the summit of the divide, and rising above it was the needle-like topmost peak of Mount Meiggs, named in honour of the American who conceived and built this wondrous railway.

We were in a region of perpetual snow. Seemingly within a stone's throw, but in reality miles distant, a mighty glacier covered the mountain top, and the water dripping from the rocky bank beside the track froze as it fell and formed huge icicles.

But so brilliant was the sun, so warm its rays, that one could

scarcely believe that the temperature was close to the zero mark.

Here at Ticlio the tracks of the Cerro de Pasco Railway branch off, leading still farther into the mountains to the Morococha copper mines. Here, too, brakes, axles, and wheels are carefully inspected, and worn brake-shoes replaced, in preparation for the descent of the farther side of the Andes.

By the time we reached Ticlio, most of my fellow passengers were suffering from the dreaded *saroche*. Some were deathly ill with nausea; others were groaning with splitting headaches, and others were too weak to sit up and had collapsed in their seats. One woman was so far gone that the train crew hurried to her with the oxygen apparatus which is always carried on these trains; but as is often the case, the machine was out of order and the unfortunate lady was forced to depend upon smelling salts and ammonia. I was not at all surprised at her condition. She was stout and florid, she had been gorging herself on rich and greasy food and chocolates throughout the journey, and she was so tightly corsetted that she could scarcely breathe. To add to all this she had been taking frequent nips of *pisco* (native rum) ever since we had left Matucana, and my only wonder was that she survived at all. However, she ultimately recovered, and at Oroya I saw her disembark from the train apparently none the worse for her experience. In fact she was unquestionably far better off because of the thorough clearing out she had received.

A few moments after leaving Ticlio the train rumbled into the longest of the sixty-five tunnels on the road, to emerge amid a scene of grandeur that surpassed anything we had passed before.

Behind us towered Mount Meiggs. To the north rose snow-covered peaks and jagged ridges without end, their flanks sheathed in ice and their slopes buried beneath great fan-shaped glaciers. Beneath the tracks, and stretching from the feet of the glaciers into the distance, was a sloping valley dotted with glacier lakes and walled by red, grey, brown, and purple mountains capped with perpetual snow. Far behind and below us all green vegetation had ended. Here, three miles in air, only the hardiest Andean plants could exist; coarse yellow bunch grass, stunted pink-flowered weeds with grey leaves, and a strange growth that appeared a cross between a cactus and a fungus, but which belongs to the celery family. When growing it forms great dome-shaped masses covered with white spine-like leaves and pale yellow blossoms, and from a distance one might easily mistake *yaretta*, as it is called, for flocks of sheep. It is a most

valuable plant and when dried forms the principal fuel for the inhabitants of these mountain heights.

Even animal life is scarce at these terrific altitudes. Sheep, hardy as they are, cannot withstand these heights with their freezing temperature, their thin air and their driving hail and snow storms, and there is nothing on which they could graze. But no spot is too dreary, too bare, too cold, or too forbidding for llamas. Wherever the scantiest of the wiry bunch-grass grew they could be seen, grazing contentedly, and at a distance appearing far more like deer than like domestic animals.

Birds, however, were fairly numerous. About the turquoise lake near Ticlio black-headed gulls hovered, though what they hoped to find in the icy water formed from melting snow, was a mystery. Several times condors could be seen, sailing in vast circles far above the highest peaks. Little black-throated, perkily-crested finches flitted about the rock-strewn mountain sides, and small hawks preened themselves as they perched watchfully upon the telegraph poles. Often, too, as we passed the innumerable little lakes, I saw flocks of the plump Andean geese, fowls so worthless as food that they are never molested and are as tame as barn-yard chickens.

And as the train slid with grinding brakes down the eastern slopes of the Andes, and swung at break-neck speed around the brinks of precipices, animal and vegetable life rapidly increased. Alpacas mingled with the llamas, a few sheep appeared; at intervals a shaggy burro nibbled at the stiff grass, and now and then I caught sight of marmot-like *viscachas* erect at the mouths of their burrows like the prairie-dogs of the western plains of the United States.

Before starting on this trip I would have thought thirteen thousand feet a tremendous altitude, but having passed the fifteen thousand foot point, Yauli, two thousand feet below Ticlio, seemed like a lowland village. Having left the tumbled, sky-piercing ranges behind, and being now in a long and almost level valley surrounded by rounded limestone hills, it was hard to believe that we were still miles above the coast and in a valley almost at the summit of the Andes.

Dotting the valley, and browsing on the golden-yellow grass, were great herds of llamas and alpacas. Quichua huts of stone, thatched with grass, were again in evidence, and once more a little stream tumbled and flashed and foamed along its rocky bed beside the tracks.

But this stream flowed easterly from its source, and broadening into the Mantaro River, eventually found its way to the mighty

Amazon and in the end mingled its glacier-born waters with the Atlantic.

Although the awesome peaks of the highest Andes were far behind us, yet the mountains surrounding the valley possessed a wildness and grandeur all their own. Sometimes they rose in great rock-strewn slopes to perpendicular grey walls that resembled fortresses or castles made by man. Again they would soar in tier after tier of columnar terraces, or would be knobbed and warty with immense outjutting rounded masses. In many places the cliffs were riddled with caves. Some of these were little more than crevices, others were rounded archways, and some were immense grottos draped with pendant stalactites. In many spots the lime-saturated water had flowed over the surface of the valley, depositing its mineral contents as it flowed, and had formed vast, gleaming, white sheets of limestone that glistened like snow and covered the grass and weeds with a stony blanket.

But there were no more cañons to be skirted, no more precipices to be scaled, and smoothly, almost imperceptibly, the train sped down the gentle incline to Oroya, only twelve thousand feet above Lima.

It was like coming suddenly into the centre of a great manufacturing city. Locomotives puffed in railway yards crowded with freight cars. Huge stacks and chimneys belched dense smoke, and coal-pockets and dumps rose black and grimy beside the tracks. The air vibrated and hummed with machinery and toil, and a dozen automobiles were parked beside the railway station.

But the crowd upon the platform had no place outside the Andes of Peru. Miners, broad-hatted, unshaven, their legs encased in mud-coated high boots. *Gringo* bosses in riding-breeches and leggings. American women in modishly short skirts, low, high-heeled shoes, and fur wraps. Cholos in stained and oil-smeared rags. Quichuas in knitted caps and dirty *ponchos*, accompanied by the women with their inevitable youngsters in their gaudy mantas. A dozen races, a score of classes, jostled and mingled, and cursed, laughed or chattered as the train drew in.

No one could mistake Oroya for anything other than it is: an important mining town of the Cerro de Pasco Company whose largest smelters are there and whose railways connect it with the famous copper mines; a milestone in Peru's progress, development, and prosperity, but a dirty, noisy, ugly, and wholly uninteresting and undesirable spot otherwise.

By the time the train reached Oroya the journey had become

undeniably tiresome. The afternoon was waning, darkness would soon descend, we had been eleven hours on the train, and we had become thoroughly satiated with thrills, excitement, and scenery. Everyone chafed at the delay. Everyone tried to find more comfortable and restful positions for aching backs and muscles, and everyone longed for the end of the journey and a bed.

But seven long and dreary hours of night travel were still ahead. Not until nearly midnight would Huancayo, the railway terminus, be reached, and I decided that the officials of the road might well and truthfully have added "The slowest and most uncomfortable railway in the world," to their slogan: "The highest and most picturesque railway."

We could have forgiven the nine hours consumed in that long, hard, up-grade pull of over one hundred miles from sea-level to Ticlio; but there seemed no earthly excuse for consuming seven hours in travelling seventy miles down grade to Huancayo.

As the train at last pulled out of Oroya and rumbled lazily along, coming to jolting stops at innumerable clusters of mud huts, we wondered if we would ever reach our destination or if we were doomed to go on forever through the blackness.

But luckily all things have an end, and with a last feeble toot of the whistle, and a wheezy, long-drawn sigh, as though it were weary to utter exhaustion, the locomotive came to a final stop at Huancayo.

As, cramped and sore, I clambered to the station platform, I wondered if, after all, the train had not stopped merely because it could go no farther; if, had the grimy imps in the engine cab had their way, they would not have gone on indefinitely. But it mattered little. Even the bumping, lurching, rocking, rattling auto-bus that carried me through the deserted, rutted, cobbled streets between echoing houses was a welcome change.

And when at last we drew up before the little hotel facing the *plaza*, I felt as if I had reached the goal of all my desires, and I mentally thanked God that I still lived.

CHAPTER X

HUANCAYO AND THE INCANS' MARKET

ACCORDING to the advertising folders that had been distributed to passengers on the train, the hotel at Huancayo was the *par excellence* of hostelries.

One was assured that it was " the only one with every convenience, comfort, and elegance " in the interior of Peru; that it was " provided with warm baths, toilets, electric lights, and telephones," and that the " daily menu " was " varied " and was " prepared under the personal supervision of the proprietor." Also, prospective guests were informed that the hotel possessed " especially elegant and luxurious suites for families," a billiard parlour, and innumerable other innovations and up-to-date conveniences wholly unexpected and unlooked for in a Latin-American hotel in an interior mountain town.

But, as is always the case, the advertisement was not intended to be taken literally, any more than the polite Latin-American expects one to place a literal interpretation upon his assurance that his " house and all it contains are yours, Señor."

The hotel, however, was not by any means as bad as it might have been. It was, in fact, far better than the majority of Latin-American hotels, even in the larger towns, and everyone did his or her best to make the guests feel at home and comfortable. The rooms were clean enough and were fairly well furnished, the food, for native fare, was good, and there was actually a bath, although the warm water was a myth and fully twenty-four hours' notice was required in order that the tub might be put in serviceable condition. Taken all in all it was far better and more comfortable than any seasoned traveller had a right to expect in such a remote and unimportant place.

My room overlooked the *plaza*, and from my window, opening on a jutting balcony, I had a splendid view of the old-rose and pastel-tinted mountains towering above the pink, buff, and blue buildings with their roofs of dull red Spanish tiles.

At one end of the huge bare *plaza* was the main street; at the other a massive church which obviously had been in course of reconstruction when the funds of the Padres became exhausted,

for it was still in the half-completed condition so prevalent with Peruvian churches. One of the twin towers still exposed its naked adobe bricks to public view; the other had been plastered and painted and bore a glass-faced, electrically illuminated clock that loudly and insistently clanged every quarter-hour. This proved far more efficacious than any ordinary alarm clock, and never failed to awaken me every fifteen minutes throughout the night. And, wonder of wonders, the church clock actually kept correct time, which is more than remarkable when one considers that an hour more or less makes no difference to the average Latin-American, and that the clocks in Lima may be anywhere from one to two hours ahead of or behind time.

In the shadows of the half-finished church was a stand-pipe which supplied the neighbourhood with water, and, gathered about this, there was always a group of Quichua women bearing huge ollas of terra-cotta on their backs, and forming a gay splotch of colour as they talked and laughed and filled their jars.

Still nearer the hotel—only a few doors away in fact, was an undertaker's establishment, and from early morning until late at night the swarthy proprietor could be seen industriously making coffins in the open air before his shop. Whether he was taking advantage of the good weather and a dull season in order to lay in a supply of coffins for future use; whether he expected a pestilence or an epidemic to strike the town and believed in preparedness, or whether Huancayo's death-rate was high and he was the sole purveyor to the deceased, I never knew. But judging by his industry and the number of caskets he completed during my stay, I feel certain he must be in a position to properly inter fully half the population of Huancayo should occasion arise.

All joking aside, I cannot imagine why the fellow should have desired or required such an overstock, for Huancayo is a healthful spot and the death-rate is surprisingly low. Possibly they were not intended to be used as receptacles for human bodies, but for some other utilitarian purpose. To be sure it is difficult to imagine any other use for coffins, yet a friend whom I met—a mining man—found an entirely new and undreamed of use for them. With a fellow-prospector he was seeking gold placers in the far interior of Peru and at last struck a small stream whose gravel was fairly filled with the precious metal. But the deposit was not rich enough—and was far too extensive—for the two to pan out the gold, and there were neither trees, timbers, nor planks from which to construct sluices. Moreover, the two did

not possess enough money between them to purchase boards in the nearest village.

But as they wandered about the place, rather disheartened at having a genuine bonanza under their noses and yet being unable to secure its wealth, they passed the village church with—as in Huancayo—the village coffin-maker's shop opposite. Standing beside the shop—apparently awaiting delivery to some bereaved household, was a coffin freshly made and painted. An inspiration came to the two men simultaneously. Their minds were concentrated on means of securing gold and something about that crudely made coffin reminded them of a rocker or cradle. To think with them was to act. No one was in sight, the street was dark and unlit, and without stopping to ponder the ethics of the case they shouldered the coffin and hurried away to their placer. The lid, split up and nailed on the bottom boards, made excellent riffles, and with the lower end knocked out the coffin proved as efficient and serviceable a rocker as anyone could ask.

"Would you believe it," he said as he told me the story. "We took out over ten thousand (£2000) with that coffin. Yes, sir, I'll bet the fellow who made it would have dropped dead or thrown a fit if he could have seen his missing coffin with the riffles chock-full of good yellow gold! Don't know how much more we might have taken out. But we'd made our stake and proved the claim and that's all we wanted. Sold it for a darned good price to the Chirimoche Company—reckon they're working it yet; but not with coffins, I'll bet. Oh, sure, we paid for the coffin. Couldn't spill the beans by telling the owner what we wanted it for so we made up a cock-and-bull story about a friend who'd died sudden of an infectious disease and had to be put under ground *pronto*."

All about Huancayo there is an abundance of animal life in sharp contrast to the country on the other side of the Andes. On the hill-sides, small deer are common and herds of vicuña still roam the mountains. In the ponds and streams are wild ducks, Andean geese, and an occasional black-necked swan, and in the irrigated fields one often sees stately black and white storks, jabirus, and white egrets. Grouse and partridges are common and are assiduously hunted, as are quail, wild pigeons, plover, curlew, and other waders. And song-birds are everywhere. There are robins, so much like our old friends of the north in size, colour, and song that no layman could distinguish the difference; tyrant flycatchers, golden-yellow finches with coal-black wings much like our own thistle-birds; black-throated

buntings, Andean white-crowned sparrows; thrushes; a yellow oriole, and hosts of others. Perhaps the most striking of all, because of its oddity, is a long-legged, dark coloured hawk with a white, fan-shaped tail. So long-legged and ungainly is this bird, so fond of frequenting the edges of ponds and ditches, that at first sight he is easily mistaken for a heron.

The town itself is attractive in its way, for it is fascinatingly old-worldish and picturesque. The low, one or two-storied buildings, tinted in soft colours and with tiled roofs and quaint wooden balconies; the dull adobe walls; the rough, hilly, and unevenly cobbled streets, are all typically Spanish-American, and in the back streets and byways the place has altered but slightly since the days of the Viceroys.

Situated as it is in a wide, level valley surrounded by rounded, sloping mountains, Huancayo gave the impression of a lowland rather than a highland town, and I could never realize that the valley is over ten thousand feet above the sea.

At the time of my first visit it was the Andean summer, for the seasons are the reverse of those at Lima, and as summer in the Andes is the dry season, and no drop of rain falls for months, the entire country was parched and bare.

During the winter or rainy season, showers fall heavily every day, usually in the afternoon, vegetation springs up like magic, and mountains and valley become richly clad with green, for corn, wheat, peas, potatoes, alfalfa, and other crops are cultivated on every available inch of soil.

Even in the dry midsummer the valley has its own beauty. Bordering the dusty highways, are hedges of blue-green, spiny-leaved, giant agaves and great candelabra cacti covered with scarlet flowers. Here and there are rows and clumps of gorse-like broom, their masses of yellow bloom gleaming like gold in the sun. Freshly ploughed fields or broad acres of pale yellow stubble stretch to the mountain slopes, each field partitioned off by adobe or stone walls, and with soft brown adobe buildings with the red-tile roofs blending with the whole.

Near each of these farm buildings are odd, dome-shaped structures of straw perched on posts and looking like giant beehives. These are the watch-towers of the farmers, and, during the rainy season, each is occupied throughout the day by a man, woman, or child whose duty it is to act as a living scare-crow and protect the crops from marauders.

And everywhere, throughout the valley, are the straight, tapering, graceful eucalyptus trees. Twenty years ago the first of these trees was brought to Peru, and to-day they are every-

1. BURROS AND LLAMAS IN AN ANDEAN VILLAGE

2. LLAMAS AND ALPACAS

where. They border the roads and stand in rows between the fields. They shade the houses and buildings and form dense groves beside the streams. They tower above blank walls and stand out like green silhouettes against the bare mountain sides. Dreary indeed must the landscape have been before the advent of the eucalyptus, for the only native trees of the high interior are stunted, gnarled, scantily leaved, and ugly things.

To-day the eucalyptus has become an important factor in the wealth and prosperity of the interior of Peru. The trunks are in demand for timbering the mines. The leaves and branches supply fuel for the natives. And as the trees grow rapidly and attain marketable size in five years, they afford one of the surest and most profitable sources of revenue for the farmers.

Practically all the farmers about Huancayo, as elsewhere in the interior, are Quichuas, and fully ninety per cent of the population of the valley, and over half the inhabitants of the town, are of unmixed aboriginal blood.

Hard working people they are, the most industrious people I have ever seen, and unquestionably far more industrious, as well as more intelligent and ambitious, than the Peruvian aborigines in other sections of the republic.

The women especially are never for a moment idle. Carrying huge loads upon their backs, driving llama trains or laden donkeys, hurrying along with their peculiar gait which makes them appear as if on wheels rather than on feet, seated by the roadside or in the market; wherever they may be, whatever they may be doing, they are unceasingly, endlessly, spinning. In the left hand they hold a wooden or wire crotch wrapped with carded wool, alpaca or llama hair. From the right hand dangles a rude spindle suspended by its slender thread, and with deft fingers they draw out the shreds of wool, twirl the spindle, and rapidly spin the crude material into thread to be used in weaving *mantas*, cloth, and *ponchos*. Unless a Quichua's woman's hands are otherwise occupied, her spindle and crotch are as much a part of her costume as her voluminous, gaudy skirts, her gaily-striped *manta*, her broad-brimmed felt hat, or the stolid, dirty-faced baby on her back.

The aborigines are typical of the country, picturesque and colourful, and they are the mainstay of the land, the real salt of the earth, in Peru. Without them no industry or development of the interior would be possible. The mines depend upon them; they are the farmers, the herders, the drovers, the *arrieros*, the porters, the servants, the market people, the weavers, the wool-growers, the manufacturers, and the artisans of the

interior. Were it not for their farms, their herds, their wool, their leather, their pottery, their textiles, and their beasts of burden, Huancayo, Ayacucho, and countless other towns would be non-existent. And were not the Quichuas hard working, willing, docile folk, inured to hardships, poor food, rarefied air, and poor pay, the great mining companies could not wrest wealth from the Andes and pay fat dividends to stockholders who are unaware of the aborigines' existence.

All are, in a broad sense, Quichuas, descendants of that vast confederation of tribes conquered, amalgamated, and welded into the Incan Empire. But while all speak the Quichua tongue they are still divided into distinct tribes. Those about Huancayo are Huancas, and compared with the true mountain aborigines, and those about Cuzco, they are a superior race. To be sure there is little choice in as far as cleanliness or lack of cleanliness is concerned, but the valley people are not so dull, so hopeless in expression, as their fellows of the mountains. They possess far more intelligence, are better natured and happier, are less addicted to the use of the coca leaf, are more temperate, and are far more skilful at aboriginal arts.

And nowhere else in Peru, if in all South America, can the aborigines be seen so easily and in such numbers as at Huancayo. For centuries, since long before the coming of the Europeans, Huancayo has been the centre of their commerce and barter. If one wishes to see the Peruvian aborigines at their best, or worst, one should by all means visit Huancayo and its market. It is the one great sight of the place. There is nothing like it in all the world, and it is the great weekly event in the humdrum lives of the inhabitants, the one attraction that brings visitors from far and near to the little Andean town, and the one thing that keeps Huancayo alive.

Sunday in Huancayo has become the busiest of business days, and as the inhabitants feel that one day of rest a week should be observed, they have substituted Thursday for the Sabbath. The Sunday market is not solely for trade and barter. To the aborigines is it as much a *fiesta* as a business matter, and from every direction, for miles about, from isolated farms and mountain huts, from everywhere within a radius of fifty miles or more, they flock to Huancayo on this day of days.

Often they must start on their journey several days before the great event, trudging patiently along the weary miles, heavily laden with the goods they have to sell, or driving burros and llamas, and as it requires an equal time to return to their homes after the market is over, it would seem that most of their lives

must be spent travelling back and forth between the town and their dwellings.

At dawn on Sunday they begin to arrive, dressed in their best; the women staggering under tremendous bundles on their bent backs; tiny children carrying loads heavier than their chubby selves; the men urging on the llamas and burros, and all happy, laughing, shouting, and chattering in the Quichua dialect.

Wonderfully colourful and picturesque is the sight they present in their *fiesta* garments. Upon their heads the women wear round-crowned, flat-brimmed felt hats of their own make and varying in colour from white or black to grey, blue, or brown. Their blouses are of the gaudiest-flowered cloth elaborately trimmed with flaming silk and heavy embroidery. About their shoulders are pinned the inevitable *mantas* of rainbow-hued wool, alpaca, or vicuña, wrought by hand on primitive looms. Their belts are hand-woven of brilliant hues and in striking designs. From wrists to elbows their arms are encased in ornately embroidered gauntlets. Reaching to the ground are wide, flaring, voluminous skirts of orange, mauve, cerise, sky-blue, or emerald-green, made still more voluminous by countless petticoats beneath; and snuggled in the folds of multi-coloured cloth upon their backs are the ever-present babies.

No matter how great the load a woman carries, there is always space for a wide-eyed youngster, and, without a weight upon her back, the Quichua woman feels uncomfortable and at a loss. Often, if there is no burden and no baby to be carried, a woman will pick up a stone or a billet of wood, and slinging this upon her back, she will glide off with a satisfied, complacent expression, evidently feeling far more at ease and more properly equipped than without the superfluous burden.

Unlike the North American aborigines, or most of those of South America, the Quichua women depend entirely upon neck and shoulders for sustaining their loads, and they knot the ends of the supporting cloth about their throats. How they can breathe when carrying burdens in this manner, and bent nearly double by the weight, is a mystery. But not only do they manage to breathe, but in the thin mountain air they traverse enormous distances, climb the steepest mountains, and move very rapidly without the least signs of exhaustion or panting for breath.

Just as the present day costume of the Huanca-Quichua women is an adaptation of the Spanish peasant woman's dress of centuries ago, so the costume worn by the Huanca-Quichua man is strongly suggestive of the Spanish peasant male. Indeed,

were it not for their darker skins and aboriginal features, many of the Quichuas at Huancayo might well be Spanish mountaineers from the Pyrenees.

Upon their heads they wear the same round-crowned, flat-brimmed black felt hats. Under it they usually wear a knitted skull cap with flaps to cover the ears and with a pendant tassel dangling from the drooping peak. Their shirts are pleated and trimmed with gay-coloured calico. Upon their arms they wear heavy woollen gauntlets. Their jackets of homespun are short and resemble the Spanish *bolero*, and about their waists they wear broad, bright-coloured belts of woven llama wool. The trousers may be either short or long, slit at knee or ankle as the case may be, and often faced with red, yellow, or white. Heavy woollen stockings, often bright coloured, are drawn over the trousers or are worn under them, and very frequently these stockings end at the ankle and are more leggings than hose. Their feet may be shod with rude moccasins of leather or rawhide, often with the hair of the animal left on, or with sandals. To complete the costume there is a leather or skin wallet filled with coca leaves, and a pouch containing the essential lime, while over all is the invariable *poncho*—brown, black, grey, or striped or rivalling the most gorgeous sunset in hues.

It must be confessed, however, that a very large proportion of these people are woefully ragged; their gay and picturesque garments worn, dusty, stained, and dirty, for apparently no Quichua ever replaces an article of apparel until it literally falls to pieces upon the wearer's back.

But despite dirt and rags, the crowd that comes flocking into Huancayo is ablaze with colour, a kaleidoscopic throng that flows into town like a tide. Singly, in twos and threes, in family groups, they come, and like a well-drilled army, men and women deploy from the human stream, and stepping aside at once squat by the roadway and commence undoing their bulky packages.

Each village or community specializes in some particular handicraft or commodity, and each variety of product has its allotted place in the mile-long, double row of squatting figures which, by eight o'clock, reaches from the beginning of the main street to the market square and beyond, and fills the huge market *plaza* to overflowing.

First in line are the pottery-sellers, their wares spread upon the pavement before them. Great red earthen cooking-pots; fat-bellied ollas; graceful and primitively decorated water jugs; pitchers and cups, vases and plates of every size, shape, colour, and design are there.

Opposite these are the hat-sellers, squatted at the edges of *ponchos* spread before them and covered with a bewildering array of native-made headgear. There are black hats, white hats, grey hats, brown hats, and hats of every intermediate shade, but with few exceptions all precisely alike in form as though all had been made on the same block. How or when the Quichuas learned to make felt hats no one knows. It could not have been so very long ago, and yet, though the felt is a bit crudely made of mixed wool and clay, and is very heavy, the hats are a credit to their makers, and judging by the appearances of those being worn, will last indefinitely.

Just beyond the pottery vendors are women selling the rawhide handiwork of their lords and masters. There are ropes and hobbles, whips and reins, bridles and halters, all beautifully and most skilfully made, for the Quichua excels in any work that entails weaving or braiding.

Next in line come the shoe-sellers with their amazing array of footwear ranging from rawhide sandals to well-made high boots, while beyond these a blaze of colour marks the *manta* and *poncho* section.

It seems almost unbelievable that these dirty, rather stupid-looking people are capable of producing such marvellous textiles as are displayed.

Here are heavy *ponchos* of llama, alpaca, vicuña, or sheep wool, so closely woven that they are as impervious to water as rubber. Fluffy, downy scarfs and shawls of the finest vicuña with ends of beautiful lace-like designs. *Mantas* of every pattern and hue in a score of distinct weaves. Roman-striped cloth so evenly woven, so smooth, so fine and perfectly made that it might well have been turned out by the latest and most up-to-date machines in some great mill. And here are blankets and rugs as soft and heavy as the richest of Oriental fabrics, as enduring as the famed products of the Navajos, and in colour combinations and designs typical of the Incan people. Here, too, are the women who sell nothing but belts. Woven of wool on the most primitive of looms, consisting of two small sticks, yet these gay belts with their intricate Incan patterns in half a dozen or more colours, are masterpieces of the textile makers' art.

But brilliant as are the colours displayed by this group, they are nothing beside the galaxy of dazzling rainbow hues that fairly blaze across the street.

Here, the women, mostly in dull-coloured garments, perhaps cleverly designed to afford a greater contrast to their wares, are squatted behind great piles of carded and dyed wool. Blended

in a woven *manta, poncho,* or blanket, they appear merely bright and pleasing. But here, in solid masses, they are almost blinding. Pink, scarlet, carmine, cerise, magenta, vivid green and blue; mauve and coal-black, startling yellow and brilliant orange, they fairly scream aloud and make everything in the neighbourhood appear dull and drab monotones.

It would be impossible and tiresome to describe in detail the multitudinous wares, the innumerable groups that line the street and pack the market place.

Everything imaginable and many a thing unimaginable is there. There are skirt-sellers, waist-sellers, sellers of men's garments; vendors of woollen caps and hose; wild-looking mountain men surrounded by sacks of coca leaves; sellers of carved wooden spoons and baskets, of quaint knitted Indian dolls, of skins and hides, of carved calabashes and of llama dung. In one spot, a group of women are busily embroidering gauntlets, working deftly and industriously, producing elaborate and beautiful designs of flowers, butterflies, birds and llamas strangely and incongruously combined. In another spot, men are making footgear while their customers wait, cutting the hides of cattle, goats, llama, or deer, and quickly fashioning serviceable sandals and moccasins strikingly like those of the North American redmen.

In many places cloth or hide shelters are erected to protect the vendors and their goods from the blazing sun, and, in these, are displayed a wonderful and fearful array of native medicines, dye-stuffs, and odds and ends. The aborigine, no matter how outwardly civilized he may be, has a mania for weird and peculiar medicines. Anything unusual, odd, repulsive, distasteful or painful is "good medicine" in his estimation. And the Quichuas are no exception to the rule. Heaven alone knows what some of the medicines sold in the Huancayo market may be; but others are recognizable. There are dried frogs and snakes, iron pyrites and bits of bark, bundles of moss and packets of roots; leaves, seeds, nuts, and twigs; rounded and oddly-coloured pebbles; bones and teeth; sulphur and wax; star-fish and lobster shells, sea-shells and sea-urchins; powders and liquids, each and all a supposedly certain cure for some ailment or affection and eagerly purchased by the Quichuas.

To-day the dye-stuffs are largely aniline—more the pity—but here and there are women selling the home-made aboriginal dyes. Some are vegetable juices of leaves, barks, berries, and roots, while others are mineral. Among these are copper, lead, iron, silver, manganese and other ores which abound in the

mountains. Through long centuries the Quichuas have learned the art of using these metallic oxides to produce innumerable colours which are far more beautiful and permanent than the artificial dyes, but the latter are cheaper and more easily employed, and it is now becoming more and more difficult to find aboriginal textiles in which aniline colours have not been used.

Back and forth, crowding, jostling, packed in a solid mass between the rows of squatting figures with their wares, passes and re-passes the gay-clad crowd. The bulk are aborigines, Quichuas or Huancas, of every size and age, from tiny tots, clad exactly like their elders, to wrinkled, half-blind, white-haired men and women in filthy rags. Some are buying, some begging, some merely on pleasure bent. Many are vendors who have disposed of their entire stock and are now killing time by gossiping and talking. Others are latecomers who have not yet found vacant spaces in which to display their wares. Many are rough looking *arrieros* and llama-drivers, who have come to town in charge of pack-trains and have nothing to do but loaf until their beasts are ready for the return journey, and still others are drovers who have brought cattle to the market.

Mingling with the throng of aborigines are a few Peruvians: business men and merchants and overdressed and painted women; some natives of Huancayo, others visitors from Lima or elsewhere. Often, too, a fat, cassocked priest in shovel-shaped hat and sandals will bustle pompously along. Here and there one may see Chinese shopkeepers bargaining with the Quichuas, and usually there will be a sprinkling of American mining men and their wives, down for the day from Cerro de Pasco, or even a few German or English visitors. But never a negro, a coloured man or woman. My own black Jamaica boy created the greatest excitement and aroused vast wonder and curiosity wherever he appeared. To the aborigines he was an entirely new form of human being, and to them as strange and as remarkable as a Quichua woman would seem on Regent Street.

Densely packed as are the streets, it is in the market proper that the crowd becomes a veritable mob. Here are the meat, vegetable and fruit stalls, the egg and poultry sellers, and the out-of-doors restaurants where the majority of the ten thousand and more aborigines dine. Here humanity is packed until there is scarcely breathing space or standing room. Looking down upon the *plaza* from the ruins of an ancient church above the alfresco restaurants, the market appears like a sea of undulating, billowing colour broken by the white islands of covered stalls.

Here, also, as well as along the main street, one may get many a sidelight on aboriginal character, ways, and habits, and may meet with many an amusing and interesting incident.

While wandering about the market, collecting ethnological specimens, particularly old worn textiles in which no aniline dyes had been used, I noticed a man wearing the most beautiful and gorgeous *poncho* I had ever seen. It was a most wonderful shade of orange decorated with broad cream and narrow black and pale-green stripes, obviously old and as equally obviously coloured with pure mineral and vegetable dyes. But the owner refused absolutely to part with it. I raised my offer time and again until the figure reached ten pounds Peruvian (eight pounds sterling). *No*, NO, NO! he almost shouted. Not for any price would he sell the *poncho*. His wife made it—oh, many many years ago. She was dead and no one could duplicate it. In vain his friends who had gathered about told him how foolish he was. With ten pounds—of a truth a small fortune—he could buy many—half a dozen, new *ponchos*; and food and drink —yes, even a llama—in addition. But the fellow was deaf to all and at last dodged off and lost himself in the crowd. But I had made up my mind to have that *poncho*, and telling my black boy to head him off in one direction I started after him in the other. At last we cornered him, but once again he vociferously refused to sell his prized garment. Then a brilliant idea seized me. I had a pocket full of Peruvian silver—two handfuls in fact—and holding this out I offered it all in exchange for the *poncho*. For a moment the fellow hesitated. Then as his wondering eyes estimated the silver before him he stripped off the *poncho* and handed it over. I had offered him ten pounds, but he had sold it for five! Mere words, paper currency, meant nothing to him. But silver! That was an entirely different matter. I doubt very much, however, if he had enough of it remaining to purchase even one new *poncho* by the time he was ready to tramp back to his native village. A few hours later I saw him, wearing a disreputable, ragged, and patched *poncho*, with a group of his friends; supremely happy, staggering out of town holding a bottle of rum in one hand and a gaudy religious *chromo* in the other.

Like all aborigines, the Huancas are true children of nature. They have no false ideas of modesty and no restraining conventions as we know them. They believe thoroughly in being natural under any and all conditions, and do not hesitate to fulfil the demands of nature openly and in full view of the public.

No Quichua woman ever hesitates to nurse her infant as she

squats on the pavement, and, oftentimes, a woman will be seen busily bargaining with a customer while two cub-like youngsters wriggle and squirm in her lap and eagerly breakfast on the food nature has provided. Neither does the Quichua woman believe in confining her attentions to her own progeny. She will as unhesitatingly act as wet nurse to a motherless puppy or some other four-footed orphan as to a neighbour's child. Among the pottery sellers I noticed a buxom young Quichua matron who was doing her best to satisfy a hungry, squalling youngster and an equally hungry, bleating kid. A delightful infantile battle for breakfast was in progress, the child using chubby fists and feet to the best of its puny ability, and the wobbly-legged, four-footed competitor retaliating by butting the *pappoose* aside. Finally the woman solved her problem and brought peace and contentment to both kiddy and kid by baring the other breast, and, as I turned away, the two were snuggled together side by side and both giving all their attentions to filling empty stomachs.

By ten o'clock the crowd begins noticeably to thin out. Burros, singly and in groups, are seen being driven away from the *plaza* and trotting towards the open country. A llama train swings aside and the Quichuas scamper to points of safety as a motor-car bumps with screeching horn along the street. The women begin to pack up their wares, and slinging their bundles and babies on their backs, glide away. Soon, only scattered groups of vendors remain. The throng of pedestrians has vanished, and the market square is almost empty. Many of the articles, brought laboriously from distant villages, remain unsold, but this does not trouble the aborigines in the least. They have had a glorious time. They have bargained and haggled and gossiped and have made a few *soles*. And what goods they have remaining will be brought to town on the next Sunday, or perhaps for many successive Sundays to come. So, shouldering their weighty burdens, the last of the women start for their distant homes, and by noontime streets and market are bare and deserted.

CHAPTER XI

THE MECCA OF ANCIENT AMERICA

WITHIN an hour's drive of Lima, and reached by an excellent automobile road, is the ancient, ruined, pre-Incan city of Pachakamak, one of the oldest cities in the world, for thousands of years the holy city of the pre-Incans and the Incans, the one-time Mecca for tens of thousand of aborigines, and at the time of the Spanish Conquest a treasure-house containing incalculable millions in gold, silver, and precious stones.

The way to Pachakamak leads through Miraflores, Barranco, and Chorillos, all attractive residential towns with pretty *plazas*, avenues arched with shade trees, ablaze with flowers, and filled with beautiful and often palatial homes.

To me there is something fascinatingly attractive about these little outlying towns, for in them there is much more of what one imagines a Latin-American town and Latin-American life should be than in the great cities. I always see them, in my mind's eye, as they were in the long ago, as they were when life was cheap, when the land was the scene of wild adventure and wilder deeds, when the Viceroys held sway and no one had even dreamed of steam, electricity, or petrol. Of the three towns on the route to Pachakamak, Chorillos is probably the most picturesque and interesting. The main streets are immensely wide, the side streets so narrow that neighbours on opposite sides can almost shake hands from their windows. In Chorillos there are more of the old Spanish buildings and fewer of the modern edifices, and it is picturesquely perched above the sea with many of the houses and streets on the verge of the precipitous bluff, high above the narrow strip of shingle beach reached by narrow flights of steep stairs or by escalators. Indeed, in many places the houses are built on the very face of the cliff to which they cling like swallows' nests.

Beyond the town are the austere brown mountains with a huge cross on one summit and a massive obelisk, marking the grave of Peru's unknown soldier, on another. It is a most appropriate spot for the lonely tomb, for not far distant, just outside the

town, was fought a decisive battle in the last war between Peru and Chile in which the Chileans were signally victorious.

In this epic battle a young and almost unknown Peruvian sergeant took a very prominent part. Scarcely more than a boy, and undersized for his age, he strove again and again to rally his men and attracted attention, even in the heat of the savage hand-to-hand fighting, by his conspicuous bravery. The young warrior was Sergeant Augusto Leguia. Who could have foreseen that he was destined to become a President of Peru and in many ways the most remarkable man the country ever has known?

Beyond Chorillos the road meanders between fields of cotton, between adobe walls and irrigation ditches, and hence across the broad, marshy plains or *lagunas*, covered with tall blue-green grass and sedge, that stretch from the mountains to the sea. Then, abruptly, the vegetation ends and the desert begins. Immense rounded hills of yellow sand—gigantic dunes or miniature mountains—sweep in endless ridges far into the distance. Here and there black ledges or ribs of rock jut from the sand, but aside from these and the roadway the barren surface of the land is unbroken from sea to mountains. Like the Sahara, this desert has been carved by the wind into wave-like ridges. And like those of the Sahara are the mirages that transform the surface of the sand to broad shimmering lakes and ponds which vanish into thin air as one approaches them. Also, like the caravan trails on the Sahara, are the irregular criss-crossing trails of wild goats. What these creatures find to eat in this arid waste is a mystery, unless they subsist upon sand. Equally puzzling is why the vultures should endlessly wheel above the desert, unless they are hoping that the goats may starve to death. Aside from these signs of life, and an occasional burrowing-owl blinking stupidly at the passers-by, it appears not only a desert but a deserted land. But at length a few patches of green break the seemingly interminable dunes of sand. There are low adobe walls about cultivated fields and a few small huts nestle under palm trees. It is a tiny oasis in the desert, and just beyond one comes abruptly, unexpectedly upon the vast ruins of the immeasurably ancient and holy city.

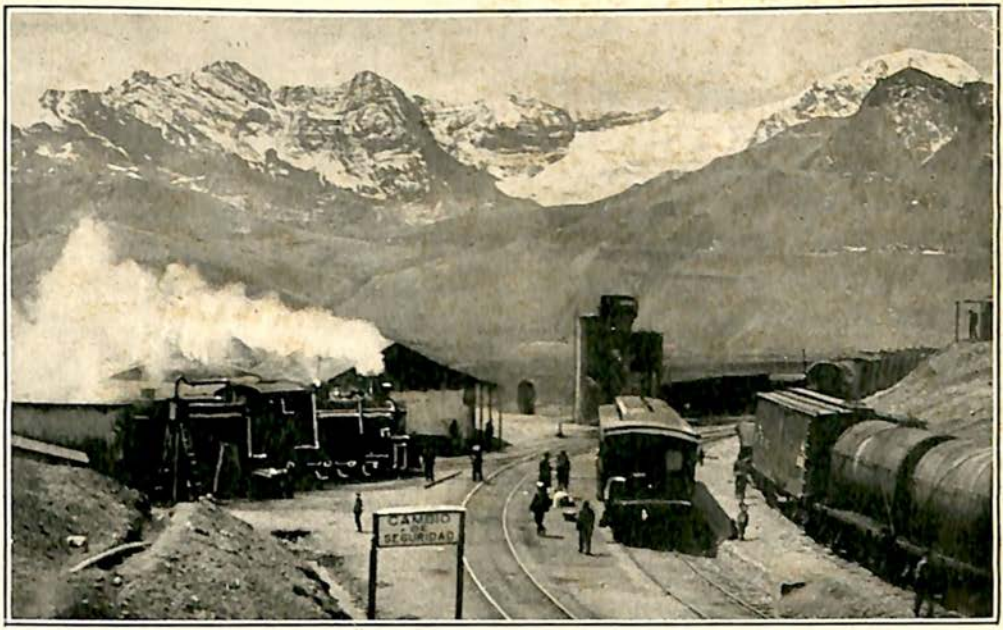
Covering hundreds of acres of the desert are the massive walls of adobe bricks, the crumbling remains of great palaces, storehouses, and public buildings; the cubicles that mark rows of houses, the extensive *plazas* and ball courts, the public baths and the shops, shrines and market-stalls. Everywhere one may trace the once busy streets, the broad highways, the narrow

paved lanes. A little apart and isolated from the other ruins is the temple of the Mamakunas or Virgins of the Sun, still well preserved with its lofty central altar, its cells that once housed the sacred virgins, its hallways and stairs and its odd Egyptian-like niches wherein, in the long forgotten past, stood magnificent images or idols ablaze with gold and jewels. And dominating all, covering the summit of an immense artificial hill is the vast temple of Pachakamak the supreme god, the Creator, the Almighty of the Incan and pre-Incan races. No ruins in all of South America, if indeed in the entire New World, hold more historic and romantic interests than those of this holy city of Pachakamak. No one can say when the town was first established, no man even can guess at its age. It may be five thousand, ten thousand years old; but we know that centuries before the days of the first Inca, Pachakamak was an ancient town, that it was a sacred spot, a holy city, the Mecca of the South American races and that from far and near, from points as far distant as Colombia and the Argentine pilgrims journeyed to this Mecca of ancient America to worship at its temple, to pass their last hours within its sacred precincts and to be buried in its consecrated ground.

So firmly established had its sacred character become, so reverenced its temple and its shrines that the Incas made no attempt to supress the ancient rites and religions that were followed at Pachakamak, and instead of forcing the people to adopt the Incan faith and worship Inti, the Sun-god, the Incas erected their own Temple-of-the-Sun on a hill adjacent to that of the Temple of Pachakamak. Hence the city became a Mecca for the people of the Incan faith as well as for the others, and the immeasurably ancient god of the pre-Incas and Inti, the Sun-god, were worshipped side by side.

The people did not come to Pachakamak solely to worship. Throughout the length and breadth of South America—even in far distant Central America—the image of the supreme God was credited with working miracles and of curing the crippled and the ill. Men, and women barely able to crawl up the temple stairs, or so weak with illness or with injuries that they were carried by others, came from the holy presence strong, whole, and well.

And in addition the image of the god was believed to utter oracles and prophecies, while the faithful desired nothing more than to be interred in the sacred ground of the vast cemeteries about the temple. Hence it is no wonder that through centuries —thousands of years—the desert sands about Pachakamak should have become a vast necropolis literally filled with the



THE WORLD'S HIGHEST RAILWAY

1. Ticlio—the world's highest railway station.
2. Climbing the Andes. Terraced aboriginal farms in foreground.

mummified bodies of the dead, and that the temple and its shrines should have been enriched by the gifts and offerings of pilgrims until it was reputed—and no doubt rightly—to have contained a greater treasure than even the famed Temple-of-the-Sun at Cuzco, the Incan capital.

In fact it was largely the stories of the wealth of Pachakamak that lured Pizarro to Peru, for tales of its riches in gold, silver, and precious stones had spread northward to Panama and beyond.

A very grand and glorious as well as imposing sight the famous temple must have presented before the days of the conquest. And almost incalculable must have been the time and labour devoted to its construction. The hill upon which it stood, a miniature mountain, was in itself built entirely by hand of adobe bricks and faced with squared blocks of stone. How many centuries went into the making of this gigantic mound, how many men toiled and laboured at it, how many millions of bricks and stones went into its construction are beyond computation, but the probability is that it was erected gradually, little by little, through countless centuries.

Upward from the base—more than two miles in circumference—a flagged stone ramp extended in a spiral. At every turn was a shrine or small temple and a short flight of stone steps that led to the next turn. And as the pilgrims and worshippers ascended the huge mound they stopped at each of these spots to pray and make offerings—somewhat after the manner of Catholics making the rounds of the Stations of the Cross. Everywhere rose the massive stone-faced walls, sloping inward towards their tops, rising in tiers like a modern "zoned" skyscraper, and everywhere covered with red or yellow stucco and elaborate frescoes. Along the topmost wall, bordering the last portion of the ramp and facing the Pacific, was a line of immense stone statues rising above niches in which were smaller images of wood covered with plates of gold. At the very summit of the temple was a huge rectangular level court or *plaza* surrounded by ornately-sculptured walls with niches in which were more than one hundred sacred and symbolic figures gleaming with gold and silver and ablaze with gems. In the centre rose the holy of holies, the most sacred of shrines in all the New World, a small rectangular structure of stuccoed and frescoed stone and containing the idol or image of the almighty Pachakamak, Creator of Heaven and Earth, Ruler of the Universe—a wooden image of gigantic size so laden with gold and precious stones that it was scarcely visible. The timbers and woodwork, as well as the doors to the

various shrines, were of hard wood fastened together with gold nails, and the massive portals of Pachakamak's shrine were completely covered with magnificent mosaic work of turquoise, mother-of-pearl, rock-crystal, coral, and semi-precious stones.

But when the ruthless, destructive Spaniards under Hernando Pizarro reached Pachakamak—having been sent from Cajamarca by Pizarro in order to secure the treasures that were to form a portion of Atahualpa's ransom—they found little of value in the temple. Word of their coming had been carried to the city and the priests of the temple had hurriedly stripped the idols and images of all precious metals and precious stones and had secreted them. To be sure, the idols and images were still there, the magnificent mosaic work adorned the doors, and the Dons found a few bits of gold and two or three emeralds that had been dropped by the priests and overlooked. Still the Spaniards did not return empty-handed. Having torn down and destroyed every image, idol, and statue they could find, and having erected a cross upon the temple's top, they piously proceeded to torture the priests in an effort to force them to reveal the hiding places of the temple's riches. In this they were partially successful. One priest, unable to withstand the agonies imposed by his inhuman captors, told of a horde of silver in a storehouse (which still stands) and of gold and silver buried near the temple. But though this treasure was in itself a fortune, and so great was the quantity of silver that the Dons shod their horses with that metal, yet it was but a drop in a bucket as compared with the riches that had been hastily removed and which never have been found. One of the Spaniards also discovered the gold nails in the woodwork and when this had been burned and the precious spikes had been raked from the ashes they were found to weigh thirty-two thousand ounces, roughly half a million dollars (£100,000) in value.

From that day Pachakamak was doomed. Deprived of their most venerated deity, with much of their temple and their city wantonly destroyed, and with alien men and an alien faith established in the ancient holy city, the natives deserted it. And as no more pilgrims journeyed over deserts and mountains, through torrid jungles and over arid plains to worship at the desecrated shrine, Pachakamak soon became but a memory of the past, a dead and ruined city tenanted only by the soft-winged burrowing-owls, the soaring black vultures and the desert rats. The thatched roofs of the buildings decayed, fell in and vanished in impalpable dust; the adobe walls, uncared for, exposed to the elements, crumbled and fell apart; the Spaniards tore down the

temple walls and used the cut stones to build their tawdry dwellings in the neighbouring valley of Lurin, and where once were green, tilled fields and gardens, the desert drifted in until to-day the ruins of the city stand in a glaring, barren waste of sand. Alone with its countless dead the forsaken city lay silent in the shadow of its once magnificent temple, an accusing monument to the ruthless destructiveness of the Spaniards. But even the dead could not be left in peace. Everywhere men dug where, for thousands of years, the bodies of the faithful had been laid to rest, for sometimes gold and silver were buried with the corpses. Ruthlessly the cotton-wrapped mummy bundles were dragged from the graves, feverishly the cloths, the priceless textiles and the garments were ripped from the shrivelled, desiccated bodies that, torn limb from limb, were scattered about, tossed aside, trodden underfoot. Treasure-seekers, archæologists, curio hunters, and tourists—all have played their part until there is scarcely a square yard of the sand in or about Pachakamak that has not been turned over. In many places the desert looks as though it had been exposed to shell fire. Everywhere are the great pits, the crater-like depressions where graves have been excavated, and everywhere are the skulls and bones, the human hair, the fragments of textiles, and the broken pottery that have been disinterred and cast aside. In many places the skulls form veritable windrows and one can scarcely move anywhere without treading upon human remains.

But bad as this was, the worst was yet to come. Until 1929 the great temple upon its artificial hill had remained almost intact. Time and the elements had left their marks upon it. Most of the frescoes and much of the stucco had disappeared, little of the sculptured stone and adobe remained, and vandals had scribbled their names and had painted advertisements upon it in places. But the walls still stood, solid, massive, impressive. The ramp could still be followed and afforded a pathway to the summit, and one could trace the outlines and details of the shrines and revisualize it as it was in its hey-day. The stairways were as perfect as on that day when Hernando Pizarro, sword in hand, dashed past the protesting priests and, bursting into the sacred cubicle, hurled the venerated god over the temple walls.

But within the past two years this most famous and most historic relic of Peru's ancient civilizations has fallen to the insatiable lust for gold that still fills the hearts and minds of many of the descendants of the Spanish conquerors. Some charlatan claimed to possess an ancient document telling of vast treasure buried beneath the temple; a syndicate was formed,

and a gang of men was put to work tearing down the temple, undermining its walls, destroying the stone facings and tunnelling into the hill itself.

In vain were the protests of those interested in preserving this magnificent relic of the Incas and pre-Incas. Soon great gaps appeared in the ancient walls; columns and stairways, that were ancient when Pompeii was built, fell crashing in clouds of dust down the hill-side and shrines were reduced to piles of debris. It is the greatest pity that the money and the energy expended in this destruction were not devoted to reconstruction, that the government of Peru did not realize the inestimable historic and scientific value of preserving the temple for all time. Doctor Tello, curator of the Larco-Herrera Archæological Museum of Lima, urged this. He pointed out that with an inconsiderable outlay the temple could be repaired, reconstructed, and restored to the condition it was in at the time of the conquest and that it would prove a tremendous attraction to visitors aside from its historic and archæological value. But up to the present time no steps have been taken to do this and the destruction goes on apace. At the present rate of progress, a few months more will see the splendid temple a mass of shapeless ruins, of disordered heaps of broken stones and shattered bricks.

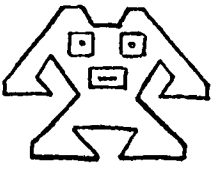
And the saddest part of this wanton destruction is that the destroyers will have accomplished nothing aside from the destruction of the temple. No gold, no treasure will reward them, for it is beyond the bounds of reason or of credibility to suppose that valuables would have been concealed under the temple in the heart of that stupendous pile of adobe bricks. To have done so would have been practically impossible without leaving obvious traces, and had there been such traces the avaricious and keen-eyed Spaniards would have seen them and would have left no stone upon another until they had unearthed the hidden treasure.

To the archæologist, Pachakamak, even in its ruined state, even with the monumental temple destroyed, is a fascinatingly interesting spot. Incalculable quantities of pottery, textiles, weapons, woodwork, utensils, and other specimens have found their way from the graves of the city to the great museums of the world, and there is scarcely a collection of Peruvian antiquities that does not contain some article or articles from Pachakamak. Yet, despite the thousands of bodies that have been disinterred, despite the almost constant digging that has been carried on for four hundred years or more, there are probably as many graves left undisturbed as have been dug. One scarcely can dig in any

spot—in the open desert, in the silent sand-filled streets, in the courtyards or even within the houses without coming upon an unopened grave. And even where the mummies have been removed, one may dig deeper and find more bodies. During the untold centuries of Pachakamak's existence, layers of graves were formed, one grave superimposed upon another, until the mummies lay in strata five, seven, or more in depth. In fact no one can say how far beneath the surface they may extend. At the bottoms of the very deepest graves are the tops of large carved wooden stakes extending downward, and unquestionably marking tombs far beneath, yet no one has yet excavated these deepest of all burials.

What race first built Pachakamak, what people first interred their dead in its holy ground, no one can say, for no archæologist and no treasure hunter has ever yet reached the bottom layer of burials. Perhaps the first people at Pachakamak were akin to the Tiahuanacans who, it has been estimated, lived and built their cyclopean cities thirteen or fourteen thousand years ago. Perchance those whose bodies lie deepest beneath the surface of Pachakamak's sands were a part of that mysterious, puzzling race whose perfectly-preserved mummies, wrapped in innumerable magnificent robes and laden with gold, have been found at Parakas in southern Peru. Or again they may have been offshoots of the Chavins whose immense sculptured stone monuments, whose stupendous forts hewn from the living rock of the mountain sides, and whose truly marvellous and unique pottery are the only remains of the once powerful, unknown people, who, thousands of years ago, established a civilization in the sierras of northern Peru, and whose origin and disappearance form one of the most mysterious puzzles of the New World's history. But there is just as much chance that the founders of Pachakamak were of a totally distinct race, a race that, as a people, had vanished from the face of the earth ages before Manko-Kapak, the first Inca, appeared in Peru and declaring himself a divine Son-of-the-Sun, established the vast Empire of Tahuantisuyo[1] that was doomed to be destroyed by Pizarro and his followers.

[1] Literally, " The four-corners of the earth," the Incas' name for their great empire.



CHAPTER XII

MINING FOR MUMMIES

ONE might think that the people of Lurin, who dwell at the very verge of the ruins of Pachakamak, might be afraid of ghosts, for as a rule the Latin-Americans, and more especially the humbler folk, are exceedingly superstitious.

And surely, if spirits ever walk, then Pachakamak should be most thoroughly haunted. But apparently the people who dwell in the shadows of the ruins have not the slightest dread of ghosts or spirits. Perhaps, to their way of thinking, only Christians have ghosts, or it may be that they feel that the ghosts of Pachakamak have enough and to spare to attend to within the confines of the ruined city and will not wander far afield. Whatever the reason, the close proximity of the city with its thousands of dead, and which at night is a most uncanny and spectral spot, does not seem to trouble the living in the least. Indeed, those who dwell upon the borders of the ruins have had no small part in the desecration of the Pachakamak graves, and human bones and grinning skulls lie scattered about their dooryards.

Even those who have business abroad do not hesitate to ride at dead of night through the ruins, passing the cemeteries with their countless graves as casually as though the bleached bones were so many rocks, and trampling many a skull under their horses' feet.

But in these respects the inhabitants of Lurin differ not at all from all the other inhabitants of Peru—both natives and foreigners. In fact were the dwellers in and about Lima at all nervous for fear of ghosts or did they respect the dead, there would be no Lima, or for that matter any other cities or towns in most parts of Peru, for the country is one vast cemetery.

From Ecuador to Chile and from the coast to the Andes there is scarcely a square mile without its cemeteries, its mounds or its ruins filled with dead. No one would dare estimate the number of bodies that were interred or that yet remain even in a small area of the country.

Many cemeteries cover hundreds of acres; many burial-mounds are stupendous, and in many ruined cities every available

bit of ground is filled with mummies. The Huaca Juliana just outside of Lima—nearly half a mile in length, nearly quarter of a mile wide, and over one hundred feet in height—is composed of countless brick cubicles containing mummies, and this is but one of dozens of almost equally large burial-mounds in the vicinity of Lima alone. The Avenida Progreso that connects Lima with Callao, is cut through another immense mound and for months after the highway was completed the roadsides were littered with human skulls—many with the dried skin and hair still attached—human bones, mummy wrappings, broken pottery, wooden implements, and other artifacts ruthlessly torn from the tombs and dumped aside by the steam-shovels. Even to-day bones, wrappings, and skulls may be seen protruding from the sides of the mound where cut through to form the road. Many of the hazards on the Lima Country Club Golf Course are ancient graves and mounds, and in the new urbanization developments about Lima the homes of the suburbanites are erected over ancient graveyards. It is not at all unusual to see a modern residence with scattered skulls, scalps, mummy-wrappings and bones within a few feet of the front door, and in cultivating their flower gardens the residents are as likely to turn up skulls as stones. I doubt if there is another country on earth where the inhabitants dwell happily and contentedly in the midst of countless dead; but as I said before, no one gives the matter a thought and the people do not appear to regard bodies and bones of men and women a thousand or more years old in the same way as they regard cadavers of persons who have died and been buried recently.

Ever since the days of the Spanish conquest, mining mummies has been a more or less lucrative industry in Peru. Not that the mummies were desirable or valuable, but because the Incans and pre-Incans interred ornaments, weapons, utensils, and implements with their dead, and some of these were of silver or gold. How many tens of thousands of mummies have thus been disinterred and destroyed no one can guess. And in addition to the countless numbers thus dug up by the professional mummy-miners, or *huaqueros* as they are called, thousands more have been disinterred by archæologists, curio seekers, and others, while many thousands more have been destroyed in the course of constructing railways and roads, digging irrigation ditches, cultivating land and carrying on various public and private works.

One would suppose that, years ago, the supply of mummies would have been exhausted. But so vast was the number of dead buried in Peru that, despite all that have been disinterred,

practically no impression has been made, and what is more, scientists are constantly finding mummies and remains of hitherto unknown races and cultures.

Strictly speaking, the mummies are not mummies. That is, aside from those in one or two districts, the bodies were not embalmed nor purposely preserved. They merely were buried in the dry desert sand, in adobe brick tombs, or in cylindrical rock-lined graves where, owing to the dry climate and a certain amount of nitrates in the earth, they become desiccated and are indefinitely preserved. And the same conditions also preserve the innumerable articles interred with the bodies. The finest textiles, the most delicate laces, the most gorgeous of feather robes and head-dresses are as fresh, as bright and as perfect as on the day they were made, and from these various objects it is possible to reconstruct and revisualize much of the life, the customs and the habits of these Peruvians who lived from one to perhaps ten or fifteen thousand years ago.

Obviously the majority of bodies are those of poor and humble peasants, of farmers, fishermen, and their ilk whose mummy-bundles contain very little of interest or of scientific or intrinsic value. Stone shell or clay ornaments, an occasional stone implement, gourds filled with maize, peanuts, or other food; baskets of needles, thread and weaving implements, pouches filled with cotton seeds; llama-hair slings and cotton-spindles are the usual objects found, together with pieces of pottery and various kinds of woollen and cotton cloth. But one never knows beforehand what may be found when mining for mummies in Peru. There is no means of distinguishing the burial place of a peasant from that of a prince, a priest, a chief, or a medicine-man, and oftentimes a wonderful collection of archæological treasures may be revealed.

From one grave I obtained a magnificent bronze battle-axe with handle complete, a most beautiful and effective weapon still capable of slicing a man's head from his shoulders or cleaving his skull. From another grave—in a small, insignificant mound on the outskirts of Lima, a mound so small and unpromising I had never bothered digging into it, I disinterred the mummy of an old medicine-man. Upon his head was a crown of black feathers, he was dressed in elaborate robes, and tucked into the folds of these were numbers of small woven pouches containing his stock of medicines, his "herbs and simples," and his instruments. About his neck was a silver collar and a string of lapis lazuli beads from which was suspended a carved wooden llama and a silver pin in the form of a heron's head. Evidently he belonged

to the heron clan, for the pottery found with him bore designs embodying herons while a carved wooden spoon—possibly used in dispensing his medicines—also bore the figure of the heron. There were also several stoppered bottles made from gourds, each containing remains of dried-up medicinal preparations, a curved bronze surgical knife, a number of bronze pincers—used for extracting hairs—a feather wand, a bundle of knotted *quipos* or message strings and a peculiar wooden knife-like implement. Altogether the old doctor's mummy-bundles contained over one hundred different specimens—a veritable miniature museum in itself. In another grave I found the mummy of a woman who, judging from her garments, must have been high in the social whirl of her day; a woman of wealth and station and a leader of fashion. No doubt when she walked Peruvian soil and queened it over her less fortunate sisters, she was regarded as the best-dressed woman of Peru, as she deserved to be. Her gown, which might well have been the model from which present day evening gowns are copied, was of the finest lace, the upper portion of rich brown, the lower portion of old ivory, while over this was a drapery of pale grey-blue lace, the whole so perfectly preserved that it might be worn by any woman to-day. About her head was a fillet of chased silver; she wore a necklace of polished carnelian and turquoise beads as large as pigeons' eggs; about her wrists were bracelets of silver, pearl shell, and semi-precious stones, and her long hair was confined in a net of loosely woven human hair and was fastened at the back by means of a fibre band decorated with delightfully carved figures cut from mother-of-pearl.

And instead of being wrapped in coarse textiles, this Chimu flapper of three or four thousand years ago was wrapped in a shroud of thirty-five yards of the most beautiful white lace! Talk about old lace! Here was really old lace, moreover lace made of wool instead of cotton, and as perfect as on that far distant day when sorrowing friends and bereaved relatives wrapped the dead woman's body in the filmy material she loved so well in life.

But even more interesting were the other objects buried with this Chimu woman. There was a hand loom with a strip of cloth half-finished upon it, and there was a work-basket filled with needles, woollen and cotton thread, yarn and a leather thimble, showing quite clearly that even if she was a leader of fashion she was no drone, no idle rich, but an industrious young lady. Still she must have been as vain as any woman of to-day and as careful of her personal appearance, for two beautifully

woven and decorated pouches or " vanity-bags " contained her toilette utensils and her cosmetics—practically exact counterparts of those carried by every girl and woman of to-day. There was a mirror of polished marcasite set in a carved and painted wooden frame, a comb made from palm wood, a powder-box formed from a gourd and a powder-puff of soft feathers ; there were bronze pincers for removing superfluous hair, a bronze knife for paring finger nails, a little gourd phial containing cinnabar paste with a silver spatula for applying it to the lips, several silver pins, a cuticle stick much like the modern ones of orange wood ; a dainty spoon—perhaps the owner was squeamish and preferred an individual spoon when taking her maté tea, and various other articles.

The discovery of such interesting and scientifically valuable mummies is, however, a matter of luck and nothing more. To be sure, certain localities contain a larger proportion of richly clad, richly decorated mummies than others, yet as a whole I should say that not one in five hundred mummy-bundles contains gold, silver or other valuables, and that not one in fifty contains anything other than the commonest textiles, the most ordinary utensils and the plainest pottery. Luck may have no standing in the realm of science, it may be impossible to prove—either by logic or by any known scientific formulæ—that such a thing or condition exists, yet it enters very largely into all or nearly all scientific discoveries and achievements.

Especially is this the case with such branches of science as archæology and ethnology. I have known competent, trained archæologists to delve and dig for months without notable results, and then along comes some amateur at the game and, at the first spadeful of earth, he turns up priceless archæological treasures. In the many years I have devoted to ethnology and archæology in South and Central America, luck has ever been my strongest ally and it proved faithful to me in Peru.

For nearly six years I had delved in prehistoric ruins that were teeming cities a thousand years and more before the first Pharaoh was born. I had resurrected pottery, weapons, tools, and textiles from tombs that had been sealed in the days when Ur and Kish were at their zenith. I had mined mummies in the desert sands, had burrowed into immense burial-mounds, and had dug into strange, bottle-shaped graves on rock-strewn *punas*. Scores of mummies had been brought to light. I had been very lucky. I had secured feather robes and ornate head-dresses from the shrivelled, desiccated bodies of long-dead Moujik chieftains ; marvellous ceramics from the immense mummy-bundles of the

mysterious Nascans; beautiful pottery from the cell-like niches wherein the Chimus placed their dead; copper, bronze, and silver ornaments with here and there a bit of gold. I had obtained carved woodwork and objects rich with mosaics; beads of lapis, of turquoise, of semi-precious stones; I had found the mummy of an ancient medicine-man, the lace-wrapped mummy of a prehistoric debutante—in fact nearly every object known to or used by the Incan and pre-Incan races.

But never had I discovered the mummy of an Inca. By that I do not mean the mummy of one of the Incan people. On the contrary, having been the most recent of Peruvian aboriginal cultures—barely two thousand years of age—that of the Incans left the most abundant of all remains. And as the Incan people as a whole were woefully lacking in worldly goods, as they were a most efficiently utilitarian race who rather neglected the arts for art's sake only, and who considered neither gold, silver, nor precious stones intrinsically valuable, and as practically every museum in the world possesses large collections of Incan culture artifacts, I had, as a rule, passed by their mounds and burials and had confined my work to more promising and less known graves and tombs of the Incan's predecessors. So when I say I had never found the mummy of an Inca I mean the mummy of a person of royal Incan blood—a reigning Inca, a noble, a prince, or a governor of a province; and for that matter I never dreamed of finding one.

Mining for mummies is an expensive business—or pastime—and I had found by experience that mining Incan mummies was a waste of time and money.

Neither is mining for mummies pleasant work. It is a hot, tiresome, and exceedingly dirty occupation. The light dust of ages; the mingled sand, disintegrated animal matter, decayed outer textiles of the mummy-bundles, and portions of bodies which have failed to dry up, surround one in a cloud, and one literally breathes mummies. It is bad enough digging under such conditions where the chances are even if not in favour of finding something scientifically worth while. But it is heart-breaking labour thrown away when the chances are all on the side of finding little or nothing.

Still, somewhere, buried in some tomb, or grave, or mound, there must be mummies of Incan nobility—even the bodies of the supreme reigning Incas themselves. And as the Incan nobility—which included the priests, the law-makers, the provincial rulers, the generals, and practically all Incan officials, were gloriously arrayed and adorned with the finest products

of Incan looms, with ceremonial paraphernalia, with insignia and with ornaments of precious metals, their mummies must, I knew, be veritable archæological treasure-troves.

No one, as far as known, had ever found one of them, however, and hence there was little real first-hand knowledge of just how the Incas and their nobles were attired, for the reports of the old Spanish conquerors do not agree on these matters. Why no one had ever found a royal mummy was something of a mystery. Perhaps, I thought, they were most carefully secreted to insure that they would never be disturbed. Perhaps the old Dons tortured those who knew of their burial-places until the unfortunates revealed where the royal mummies might be found and stripped of their valuables by the conquerors. Or again there was the rather remote possibility that the Incas were not interred with their riches but were buried in ordinary clothes and wrappings like those of their subjects.

At all events it would have been a hopeless task to have dug all or even a small portion of Incan graves in the faint hopes of finding the body of an Inca. And I did not trust sufficiently to my proverbial good luck to cause me to feel that I might dig at random in any one spot and be rewarded by coming upon the mummy of one of those "golden ears," as the Spaniards called the Incan nobles, because of the gold shells or ear-coverings worn by them.

This custom, by the way, had a most curious and interesting origin. One of the sons of the Inca, Pacha-Kutik, lost an ear in battle, and to hide the mutilation he wore oval golden coverings over his ears. Then, in order that he might not be conspicuous —as well as to commemorate his bravery—the Incan princes all followed his example and wore the *huancos* which in time became the recognized insignia of royalty.

But that I should ever find a mummy with the golden ears never entered my head. And then "Lady Luck" stepped in and played her little joke.

I had long intended to try digging in a very small, very inconspicuous mound which, somehow, seemed different from others in the vicinity. I had taken my medicine-man with his hundred odd implements and articles from another small mound, and I had begun to have a "hunch" that small mounds might prove richer fields for excavations than the larger ones. At any rate they were easier to dig and could be excavated more thoroughly. Moreover, this particular mound contained very little adobe brickwork but was mainly composed of loose gravel and earth. So at last, selecting a spot that appeared to be promising, I

1. ABORIGINES OF THE TRANS-ANDEAN VALLEYS

2. THE MARKET AT HUANCAYO

started work. Dust flew in clouds, under the blazing sun perspiration ran in streams, but presently a human skull was unearthed. There was no sign of a mummy or even of a wrapping; evidently the cranium had fallen from some body that had been buried near the surface and had weathered out in the course of centuries. Then a bed of sticks and leaves was disclosed—sure indications of a burial beneath. Carefully this was removed, revealing a few fragments of animals' skeletons, some bits of textiles, and two or three pottery jars. Then two more skulls—one a woman's, the other an infant's—and a few bones. I was, as the children say in Hunt the Thimble, "getting warm." Somewhere below that thick layer of tightly packed leaves and trash was a mummy; but whether that of some humble farmer or a man or woman of high station was impossible to guess.

To go farther with the pick and shovel would have been to court disaster, so on hands and knees I commenced digging carefully with a trowel. Presently I came upon a small, tightly wrapped bundle of basketry containing the mummified body of a little Incan dog. The next moment my trowel struck wood, and most carefully scraping away the sand and dust I discovered four upright wooden stakes. They were lashed together with fibre ropes to form a quadrangle and the intervening space was packed with fine dry fibres.

My interest and excitement now ran high. Never had I found a burial of this sort, and with the utmost care I lifted the fibre. A cry of amazement and delight came from my lips. Brilliant yellow and scarlet feathers were revealed, and very gently I lifted a gorgeous crown from the mass of brownish hair that covered the skull beneath. It was a regal affair and in a perfect state of preservation. But more surprises were in store. Beside one of the upright posts was a wooden shield; beside another a bronze-headed spear with palm-wood staff, and a magnificent bronze axe was beside a third stake. Little by little I withdrew the masses of fibre that filled the grave, until at last the mummy could be seen, a shapeless bundle wrapped in heavy striped cloth. But it scarcely could be called a mummy. Little of the body remained except the bones. Scarcely a trace of skin adhered to the skeleton, and though every care was used the bones dropped apart when the bundle was lifted from the grave. But the wrappings were intact and as I commenced unwrapping the bundle I scarcely could believe my own eyes. Never had I seen such a mummy. There were textiles of the rarest and finest weaves and patterns; ornate pouches, bundles of *quipos*, woven

sashes and belts. And as each strip of cloth or each garment was removed more and finer objects were disclosed. There were implements of bronze and wood, charms or amulets, a carved wooden sceptre or staff tipped and ornamented with gold. About the bony wrists were golden bands with raised figures of birds and the Sun-god. Below the knees were golden bands from which hung little metal ornaments tipped with scarlet feathers. Upon the skeleton's chest were three golden disks each embossed with the tiger-head image of Inti. And at the front of the head-dress, above the exquisite *llautu* or head-band about the painted wooden false face, was the golden symbol of the rainbow—the royal Incan standard—topped by a pompom of scarlet and black feathers with a little gold sun hanging over the forehead. All or any of these alone would have proved the mummy that of a royal personage, for only Incan nobility was permitted to wear the rainbow symbol and the golden Sun-gods. But best of all, there were the golden *huancos* that in life had covered the ears of the deceased. Their presence left no doubt of my tremendous luck. I had unearthed the mummy of an Inca!

Sometimes the mummy miner has very different experiences. Sometimes inexplicable things are found, sometimes one draws a blank, sometimes—well, almost anything may happen.

Once, when opening a supposedly prehistoric grave I found a strange, a most remarkable piece of pottery. It was of polished black ware, about the size of a Toby-jar, and was modelled in the form of a man. But the strangest man to be found in an aboriginal grave that one could possibly imagine. The features were unmistakably negroid, the hair was kinky, and the grinning little nigger was dressed in a short *bolero* jacket!

There was no question that the grave was that of an aborigine, the skeleton, the other objects in the grave proved that. But this jar! For a long time I puzzled over it, but at last I solved the mystery. In the early days the Spaniards brought many Moorish slaves to America. No doubt one of these poor rascals possessed the water-jar, for antiquarians at once identified it as of Moorish origin and as sixteenth-century work. Equally, no doubt, the unfortunate Moor was killed by hostile savages and his slayer, thinking the water-jar a potent talisman, took it for himself and prized it most highly. And when in due course of time he died the Moorish jar was interred with his bones along with his other most highly valued possessions.

An even more surprising and far less pleasant discovery was made while excavating graves at the immense ruined city of Cacamaquilla near Lima. Digging into one grave I came upon

some wonderfully preserved textiles. As I drew them forth I became almost as astonished as when I had found my priceless Inca. Upon the "wrappings" were buttons! Yes, actually buttons, and incredible as it seemed—a metal buckle. Then a strange but unmistakable and nauseating odour issued from the grave, and among the folds of the amazing wrappings I caught a glimpse of a human hand, a horrible swollen, discoloured, putrid thing. Very hurriedly I shovelled the sand back into the grave, for obviously the body had not been interred more than a few days previously. Yet here it was occupying a grave amid hundreds of pre-Incan and Incan graves, miles from the nearest village or house. It was almost as great a puzzle as the Moorish water-jar. And not until days later did I learn that the aborigines of the neighbouring hills, the descendants of those who once dwelt in the great city of Cacamaquilla, still bring their dead to the ancient burial-ground of their people and inter them amid the bodies of their ancestors.

CHAPTER XIII

INLAND TO THE SACRED MOUNTAIN

IN the olden days when the buccaneers sailed merrily up and down the western coast of South America and looted Spanish ships and Spanish towns with equal impartiality, Peru offered rich pickings for the freebooters. In those days all the vast area from Panama to Magellan Straits was known as Peru, and from Andean mines and Incan temples a steady stream of gold and silver was poured into the treasure vaults of the Peruvian cities. But under lock and key, and guarded by mail-clad soldiery within the towns, the Dons' riches were no safer than in the strong-rooms of the stately galleons which sailed forth from many a west coast port laden with bullion destined—if all went well—for Spain via the Isthmus of Panama and the famed gold-road. Like hawks awaiting their quarry, the buccaneers cruised the Pacific and swept down upon every Spanish vessel unfortunate enough to come within range of their ever-watchful eyes. And when not busy sinking and sacking Spanish ships, the pirates passed their time by taking and sacking the Spanish towns.

Guayaquil, Callao, Lima, Trujillo, Pisco, Arica, and many a port and town now forgotten was captured, looted, and its inhabitants held for ransom over and over again with most monotonous regularity and with very little trouble or loss on the part of the buccaneers. But there was one town and one port which even the most persistent and most dare-devilish buccaneers never took. The town was Arequipa and the port Mollendo—or rather Islay as it was then known. Not that the little port was heavily fortified or garrisoned, not that it was not a tempting bait for the freebooters, but because, as is the case to-day, the surf thundered and beat in tempestuous fury on this particular part of the coast and formed a far more effective defence against landing parties from piratical ships than forts or cannon. Just why the sea should almost always be pounding the coast at this spot, as if bent on eating its way inland to the towering peaks and ranges, has never been explained. But the fact remains that, whatever the cause, though the Pacific may be as mild and

smooth as its name implies, and though a few miles to north or south the long swells may roll lazily and almost caressingly on to the shore, at Mollendo the surges thunder and roar and throw their spray high above docks and house-tops as if daring anyone to attempt landing. Indeed, very often it is impossible to land either passengers or cargo, and the steamships lying off Mollendo are as helpless, in as far as reaching the town is concerned, as were the buccaneers' ships of old. Even when landing is possible and safe passengers usually are swung up from boats and launches by means of an ancient but sturdy chair at the end of a derrick cable and are lowered from dock to boat in the same way. Rare indeed is the day when one may land or embark by means of the steps and jetty, and even then, when one has stepped ashore directly from a small boat, one may find that a day or an hour later the chair must be brought into play, for the sea at Mollendo may awake at any moment, and as if enraged at having dozed for a space and thus allowed human beings to land in safety, may hurl itself with redoubled force against the shore. During such tempestuous periods or *bravezas* as they are known in Peru, and which usually follow a spell of unusually calm sea, all water-front activities are suspended in the port and those unfortunate enough to be ashore and desirous of taking ship must remain temporary prisoners in the little town until the *braveza* is at an end. No one would select Mollendo as a spot in which to remain longer than absolutely necessary, for its one and only excuse for existing is that it is the seaward terminus of the Peruvian Southern Railway which stretches inland over desert, mountain, and *pampa* to Arequipa and distant Lake Titicaca, whence a branch extends on to ancient Cuzco, the former Incan capital.

Until the construction of the railway there was no Mollendo, the former port and town being Islay, now deserted, and whose ruined and disintegrating walls and buildings may be seen upon the bluff a few miles north of the present town. Bad as the pirates found Islay in days gone by, yet it was a far safer and less tempestuous spot for a port, and, being more or less protected by off-shore islets and rocks, it could readily have been transformed into a very safe and reasonably smooth harbour.

But for some reason or another the engineers saw fit to start their railway from a point where no port and no protection existed. Very soon the old town moved bag and baggage to the new terminus and Mollendo came into being.

As a town it holds few attractions. To be sure, the buildings are mostly new and are more brightly painted than those of the average Peruvian port; the streets are fairly well paved and

clean; there are one or two rather pretty little *plazas*, and although at the edge of a desert, plants, trees, and flowers abound in gardens and parks. But there is nothing of interest in or about the place, and few visitors remain longer than is necessary to transfer themselves and their belongings from dock to train or vice versa.

Round and about Mollendo the country is about as uninteresting as the port itself. Inland from the verge of the low bluff on which Mollendo is built, stretches the bare brown desert rising gradually to the hills and mountains beyond. During much of the year these foothills of the Andes are as bare as the famous cupboard of Mother Hubbard, but during the Peruvian summer they become clothed with a delightful green carpet which, from a distance, appears as soft and even as a well-kept lawn. But in reality, as the traveller will discover as he climbs the heights in the train, the greenery consists of low-growing clumps of hardy shrubs, prominent among which are the wild heliotrope with its odorous purple masses of bloom.

For some distance from the port the railway follows the shore with the desert on one hand and the sea beach on the other. Then it swings inland and laboriously commences to climb the long steady slope of the desert tableland. As it reaches the fairly level surface of this *pampa* the railway skirts a great cleft in the expanse and from the car windows one looks down for hundreds of feet into the gloriously green and rich valley of Tambo.

It is a surprising and strange sight, this wide-flung vista of intense green fields, of alfalfa and sugar-cane, of cotton and potato farms, with rows of trees, neat red-roofed houses hemmed in by sheer barren cañon walls, and with the limitless desert stretching away on every side. But it is a sight typical of southern Peru, and throughout the long and—it must be confessed—very tiresome and monotonous journey to Arequipa, these sudden and unexpected breaks in the desert with their rich and well-cultivated fields, like rivers of green in the arid land, appear frequently to gladden one's desert-weary eyes. Often, too, they are so far beneath the train that the houses seem mere specks and the walls of the clefts wherein they lie are as colourful, as awe-inspiring, as grotesquely carved by erosion as the Grand Cañon. In every one, too, a thread of silvery river gleams in the sun, and therein lies the secret of their being, for wherever there is water there is vegetation.

Leaving the Tambo Valley behind, the train pants slowly upward, climbing steadily by curves and hairpin turns into the green-clad foothills. Often, as the traveller looks from the car

windows, three, four, or even more tiers of track may be seen clinging to the slopes below, and the traveller marvels that the engineers could ever have found their way by such a circuitous route through the labyrinth of mountains and ultimately could have come out at their desired destination. But at last the crest of the range is reached and with a relieved snort the powerful locomotive hurries onward across a seemingly endless desert, stretching, as level as a floor, to the dim blue Andes on the distant horizon.

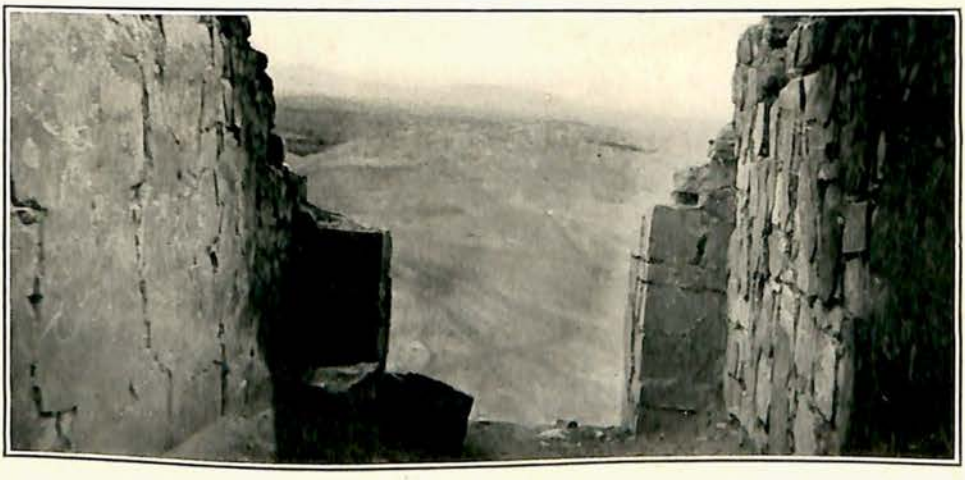
Here one first sees the realistic mirages of the true desert—great shimmering lakes fringed with green, which dissolve and vanish as the train approaches them, only to appear further ahead, and so realistic that it is difficult to believe they are merely figments of the heated atmosphere. Here, too, one first sees those strange upflung ever-moving columns of sand or *remolinos*, sand-spouts which, like the water-spouts at sea, are drawn upward by swirling air currents and often extend in spirally twisting, slender columns of sand from the surface of the desert to the clouds.

On the further side of the vast desert, in the neighbourhood of La Joya, are even more interesting formations of sand. Here, scattered over the bare brown desert as far as eye can see, are innumerable crescent-shaped masses of fine pale grey sand varying in size from a few feet to many yards from point to point and from a few inches to a dozen feet in height. Each and every one is as symmetrical, as perfectly formed as though mathematically laid out and moulded by hand, and always the beautifully-curved concave surface is on the eastern side. No one has ever been able satisfactorily to explain why the light sand of the desert has been so sifted from the coarser gravel and so blown as to produce these unique and beautiful dunes. And no one can give any particular reason as to why they exist only in this particular spot on this particular desert. Although apparently stationary, yet in reality these dunes are constantly, steadily moving across the desert. Their progress to be sure is almost immeasurably slow, barely forty to sixty feet annually, but it is as inexorable as fate. How many countless thousands of years it has taken some particular dune to reach its present site is inconceivable. In the fifty years since the railway first invaded the desert the dunes beside the track have moved but half a mile. In the days of the Incas they were less than five miles west of where they are to-day, and in the dim and distant past, when the pre-Incas erected their marvellous walls and buildings, they were scarcely ten miles from where one sees them to-day. And

yet countless thousands—millions of the crescent-shaped sand piles have moved onward for scores of miles across the desert, and reaching the mountains beyond, have crept up the slopes until they could go no farther and have come to a final rest among the crags where they remain, looking like patches of snow upon the dark brown mountain sides. Very often, if the wind is right, the traveller may see these remarkable dunes in the making. Across the hard-packed desert surface a tiny wisp of smoke-like sand comes racing. So fine it is, so impalpable, that it appears more like a bit of vapour than sand. Phantom-like it glides along, assuming weird wraith-like forms, until one can almost believe it the ghost of some long-dead Inca hurrying across the desert. Below it the hard brown surface is whitened as it passes, but the fine powdery sand of which it is composed scarcely falls before it is picked up and whirled onward, until at last, striking some irregularity in its path, or one of the dunes, it comes to rest, spread like a tiny crescent or adding its insignificant bit to the dune already formed.

As the vast stretches of desert reach into the hazy distance behind the train, the outlines of Misti and Charcani rise ahead, their summits gleaming with perpetual snow, their mighty flanks purple and blue, while nearer at hand the lower ranges and peaks gleam golden and carmine, cinnabar and lake, in colours and shades no artist would dare to paint. And if the day is clear the mighty ice-capped summit of Ampato may be seen, a sublime, glistening, majestic giant; the second highest mountain in South America, with its white diadem nearly twenty-five thousand feet above the sea. But gloriously beautiful and marvellous in colour as is the panorama ahead, the mighty cañon of the Rio Chile is more beautiful still. Skirting the very verge of the cañon, the train seems in imminent danger of toppling over and being dashed to pieces a thousand feet below. Beneath the tracks the multicoloured, carved, eroded, torrent-hewn walls of the cañon hem in the glistening river and the fields of vivid green with their clustering huts and omnipresent churches, their groves of fruit trees, their flocks of grazing cattle, sheep, and llamas; the whole appearing more like a painted scene than a reality. And if the sun is setting, as it should be when the train reaches this point, no words can describe, no imagination can picture the ever-shifting play of impossible colours that glow on rugged mountain sides and cañon walls in gorgeous hues.

Having thus viewed the scene, one feels grateful for the swiftly falling night that blots the less wondrous landscape from one's sight, until the myriad twinkling lights of Arequipa sparkle



1. WHERE THE AVENIDA PROGRESO CUTS THROUGH AN IMMENSE BURIAL MOUND

Chapter XII.

2. THE NICHES THAT ONCE HELD GOLDEN IDOLS AT PACHAKAMAK
3. LOOKING ACROSS THE DESERT FROM THE TEMPLE AT PACHAKAMAK

Chapter XI.

in the velvet blackness ahead, and with a squealing of brake-shoes the train comes to rest in this city of the sacred mountain.

Arequipa, Peru's second largest city, is over one hundred miles from the coast and is perched well up on the flanks of the Andes at an elevation of over seven thousand feet above the sea. But it is neither its size, its importance, nor its geographical position which appeals most strongly to the visitor to Arequipa. To be sure, its climate—like perpetual June—its bracing mountain air, its glorious sunshine, all add to its attractions and are due directly to its situation. But these are merely accessories so to speak, things unconsciously or subconsciously noted while drinking in the city's beautiful surroundings and the fascinating sights to be seen on every side. Almost overshadowing the town, the magnificent, symmetrical cone of Misti soars skyward for nearly twenty thousand feet. To its left, Charcani—an even loftier volcano—rears its bulk, while to the right Pichu-pichu's ragged crest looms against the azure sky. In any other land, amid any other surroundings, Pichu-pichu would appear a veritable giant, but in company with Misti and Charcani it seems scarcely more than a hill. Of the three, Misti is the most beautiful, the most impressive, and the most noteworthy, for it is Peru's sacred mountain and, ages before the first Spaniard set foot upon American soil, the aborigines made obeisance to its god of fire and earthquake, and to propitiate the mountain's deity, erected a temple within its crater. One can scarcely blame the simple aborigines for worshipping the mountain or its spirit, the more especially as in past times it has vented its wrath on more than one occasion and has spread death and destruction across the land about. For that matter, the Dons followed the Incans' lead and their friars erected a cross in Misti's maw. Though they regarded the Incan races as pagans and heretics and looked upon their religion and their practices as sinful and sacrilegious, yet the Padres were not proof against a feeling of superstitious awe when it came to Misti. With prayers, chants, and swinging censers, the priests gravely exorcised the demons of the volcano, besought their Christian God to prevent the mountain from erupting, and set up their iron cross. No doubt the ancient builders of the pagan temple were as devout and reverent as the Spanish priests and had fully as much confidence in the gods to whom they offered sacrifices and incantations. Who can say that the simple faith of the aborigines was not fully as efficacious as that of the Dons and their tonsured Friars? At any rate, Misti has remained quiescent for many centuries, and while ages may pass and the volcano may still sleep, on the

other hand it may break into violent eruption at any moment and wipe Arequipa and the fair countryside from the map, for Misti is by no means dead.

Although a desert city and surrounded by barren deserts and still more barren mountains, yet round and about the city the desert has been conquered and tamed and transformed into a vast garden. From the distant mountains and from the river near at hand water has been led to irrigate the fields and the city stands in a sea of rich green pastures, well-tilled farms and groves of trees. Even without its setting of magnificent snow-capped peaks and fertile fields and gardens Arequipa would be a beautiful city, and a most fascinating one as well, with its quaint old Spanish architecture, its ancient ornate doorways, its cool *portales*, its charming *plazas*, its magnificent churches and its pastel-tinted buildings. Everywhere are grilled iron gates and windows, massive iron and brass-studded doors, outjutting balconies, flower-draped walls with a hint of mystery behind them, and glimpses of cool dim *patios*. It is the sort of spot wherein one feels that romance and adventure may greet one at any moment or in any cobbled, cañon-like street between the ancient buildings. A city where, after nightfall, mysterious figures should lurk in the shadows; where high-combed, mantilla-draped señoritas should lean indolently over balcony rails and toss roses, to which they had touched voluptuous lips, to cloaked lovers in the street beneath. A city where the tinkle of serenading guitars seems far more fitting than the rasping metallic music of gramophones that issues from the age-old massive dwellings. A spot where Fords and tram-cars seem out of harmony and out of place and where the visitor would not be in the least surprised were he to find a mail-clad sentry with shouldered halberd pacing back and forth before the entrance to the ancient prison. As a matter of fact, however, there is little of Old Spain in Arequipa, aside from its outward aspects. Mantillas and high combs have given place to bobbed hair and short skirts. Electric lights have banished dark byways and romantic adventures, and radio sets are greater favourites than guitars. But trains of llamas still come padding into town guided by their dark-skinned, *poncho*-clad Quichua owners; the market-place is alive with the aborigines from the surrounding countryside, and in the outskirts of the city life goes on as simply and as primitively as five centuries ago.

Within sight and sound of railway trains and motor-cars the Quichua farmer ploughs his fields with a crooked stick; at times of feasts he garbs himself in mask and feathers and the costumes

of his ancestors and holds his age-old aboriginal dances; and if his journeys take him past the base of Misti he strives to appease the mountain god for passing so near to his domain. Near the volcano's base are two great piles of stones, perhaps a mile apart, and as the aborigine passes by he carries a stone from one pile and reverently deposits it on the other. The stones, thus handled through countless centuries, have become smoothly polished. Millions of times must these cobbles have journeyed back and forth, and yet never going farther than the short mile that separates the two piles. And millions of more times the stones will doubtless be transferred from pile to pile by the passing Quichuas, for the customs and the superstitions of the aborigines die hard, and though they are outwardly Christians yet in their minds and hearts still linger the far more ancient beliefs of their ancestors.

They may believe in the white men's God and the white men's devil, but they do not feel convinced that there are not other gods to be adored and other devils to be propitiated.

Can anyone blame them? Are they pagan? No, not a bit of it say I. In many respects their immeasurably older religion was superior to our own, and in some ways it was so similar to ours in its fundamentals that one honest and broad-minded friar, back in the seventeenth century, wrote a voluminous treatise on the subject. In some five hundred pages of most excellent logic he endeavoured to prove that the Incan and Christian religions were so similar—if not identical—that the aborigines should not be deemed pagans or heretics. But all he succeeded in accomplishing was to get himself haled before the Inquisition and most severely punished for having dared to write such a blasphemous work!

Very often, in fact generally, the Incans are referred to as sun-worshippers. But strictly speaking this is incorrect. The Incans never worshipped the sun itself but regarded the planet merely as the visual manifestation of the Sun-god, Inti, a living deity who, when he so desired, could descend to earth and mingle with human beings. It was believed, too, that he could suffer and die, as at the time of eclipses, but that he was always reborn; and that his divine wife was Mama Quilla, whose visible manifestation was the moon. But over and above these two, the Incans believed there was a supreme being or creator, a god who was known as Kamak or Kapak or "The Condor of the Heavens" or "Condor-god" and who was of pre-Incan origin. Also, the Incans reverenced, though they did not worship, the various planets, the constellations, the thunder and

lightning, and the rainbow. Many birds, quadrupeds, plants, and even inanimate objects, such as mountains, streams, and plains, were deemed sacred. But they had no true idols, the idols so-called being merely proxies or representations of divinities, very similar in their purpose to the images of saints and of Christ in our own churches. In addition to all this, the Incans venerated, if they did not actually worship, a hero-god known as Wira-Kocha. According to their mythology, Wira-Kocha, or "The Creator of the Lake," had appeared, ages before the first Inca, as a bearded white man who had taught the people their arts, their industries, their religion, and their civilization (see Chapter I).

Wira-Kocha, however, antedated the Incan dynasty by countless centuries. He was a god of the Tiahuanacans and other pre-Incan civilizations, and the amazing cyclopean structures in and about Cuzco were attributed to Wira-Kocha by the Incans. As a matter of fact the Incan religion was a combination of several extremely ancient religions, just as Christianity embodies portions of many older faiths. And just as there are innumerable sects or forms of Christianity, so the religion of the Incan Empire was by no means uniform or orthodox. To a certain extent each tribe, of the many of which the vast kingdom was composed, was permitted to retain its own religion, although certain features of the true Incan religion were obligatory. Thus at the holy city of Pachakamak (see Chapter X) there were temples both to Inti, the Incan Sun-god, and to Pachakamak, the pre-Incan supreme deity. In many respects the Incan faith was strikingly similar to the Christian, as I have said. The Incans believed in a supreme all-powerful deity, in a son of that deity who could assume human form and who suffered, died, and was resurrected; they had a heaven or Hanak Pachak and a hell or Haek Pachak, which was presided over by a devil or Supay, and they believed in the immortality of the soul and in resurrection. Also, they believed that Inti, the Sun-god, was the offspring of the Creator or Kamak and a poor obscure woman, and when the first Inca, Manko Kapak, declared himself the "Son of the Sun" he did not mean that he was literally the child of that luminary but merely of divine origin.

Indeed, in many ways, the Incans were far better Christians, as Christianity may be interpreted in its broadest sense, than the Spaniards who destroyed them. They were hospitable, kindly, humane, and charitable. They were broad-minded; they were moral, deeply religious, humble, and inherently honest. In fact their admirable qualities amazed the

Dons who, God knows, possessed few enough such qualities themselves, and Mancio Sierra, writing from Cuzco in 1589 declared that at the time of the Conquest the Spaniards never found a thief, a liar, nor a sluggard in the entire Empire.

How very different would be the tale to-day with the aborigines nominally Christians!

CHAPTER XIV

QUEER FISH

ONE meets many a strange character knocking about the "West Coast." There are beach-combers and smugglers, remittance-men and card sharps, ne'er-do-wells of proud old families in England and the States. There are bandits and outlaws; stranded seamen and tropical tramps; gamblers and human derelicts; ex-circus performers and drink-sodden, cashiered officers. There are rough-necks and oil-drillers, former cow-punchers and old whalemen; grizzled prospectors who have spent their lives searching for that proverbial rich strike or for the equally proverbial "lost mine" that is never found, old-timers who might well have stepped from the pages of a Bret Harte novel of the days of '49. There are confidence-men and tricksters of every variety, a few fugitives from justice and not a few who have a kink in their brains. Human flotsam and jetsam from every corner of the world flung up and left high and dry, stranded on the "rainless coast" by the winds of fate and the waves of chance. Men whose life stories equal the wildest fiction and who, in exchange for a drink or a meal, will spin yarns that outdo those of the famous Trader Horn. And there are fully as many who can think up and fabricate stories that should bring them comfort and good cold cash could they but put their romances into print.

Some are garrulous and ready to talk with anyone or everyone who will stand them a drink or will give ear to their tales. And there are some who, being neither down nor out, in fact men who are well-to-do and have a standing in the communities, have had experiences—both real and imaginary—that are astounding.

There, for example, was the fellow whom I met *en route* from Arequipa to Puno. A tall, lanky, cadaverous, leather-faced old chap of unknown and unrevealed nationality, though I judged him a Texan, who gazed steadily and contemplatively from the window of the train and chewed endlessly and unceasingly upon hard, parched beans.

"Don't look like a man'd have much chance grub-staking himself out there, does it?" he remarked, turning to me.

"No," I agreed. "It does not. I'd hate to be compelled to try it."

"Ever been hungry?" he asked. "Real downright honest-to-goodness hungry; starvin' as you might say?"

I assured him that I had, that I had been without food for four days in a tropical jungle and had known what it was like to face starvation.

For a few moments he gazed across the vast desert, his bony jaws industriously masticating the flinty-hard roasted beans.

"H'm," he muttered at last. "Reckon you've ate some queer kinds of grub then."

"Almost everything from pelicans to fried caterpillars and roasted palm-grubs," I told him.

"I dunno about them pelicans," he observed, "I reckon they'd be a mite fishy and they'd sure be tough. But I guess caterpillars 'd be all right—reckon I'll have to get to try sometime. I've ate bread made out of dried grasshoppers out among the Utes in Nevady, an' I've ate cakes made out of flies down in Old Mexico, an' they wasn't bad. Reckon caterpillars 'd be just as good—or roasted grubs for that matter."

Having swallowed the last of his beans he produced a murderous-looking knife and a plug of black native tobacco and proceeded to slice off enough for a smoke.

"Funny what queer vittles a man'll eat when he's put to it, ain't it?" he mumbled. "I've ate a heap of 'em in my time: rattlers an' horned-toads an' Gila-monsters an'—Lord love you I can't recellec' the half of 'em, but I'd sure hate to have 'em all lined up a lookin' of me in the eyes this minute."

"Yes, sir," he continued as he replaced his knife and tobacco and proceeded to fill his pipe with a calloused, blackened forefinger. "There ain't many places a man's any business to starve to death if he aint too partic'lar about what he eats. They's most generally something knockin' about that a man can put his teeth into. Now I dunno 'bout this desert out here; but I reckon if I was put to it I'd manage to get through and find grub somehow."

Having lit his pipe and gotten it well going: "Fact is," he continued, "I've been adrift in a desert worse'n this looks to me. Down in Chile, 'twas. Know the Atacama desert?"

"Yes, very well," I told him.

"H'm, reckoned you would," he said, nodding his head and sucking at his reeking pipe. "Reckon you was down there

diggin' up mummies, eh. Well I'm glad you know it 'cause you'll know I'm tellin' you the truth an' not just a parcel of lies. Yes, sir, I was lost in that Atacama desert for nine days an' got through safe and sound. Howsomever, I can't rightly say as how I was overfed or puttin' on weight or enjoyin' of my grub too well."

"I suppose, if you had a gun, you could have killed a few viscachas and desert rats and perhaps guanacos. For that matter even a vulture would be better than nothing," I hazarded.

He shook his grizzled head, puffed at his pipe for a moment and again gazed afar into the endless waste of stones and sand. "Nope," he said as he tamped the glowing tobacco deeper into his pipe-bowl. "I didn't have no gun. All I had was a prospectin' outfit an' plenty of water, praise God."

"Then what *did* you find to eat?" I asked, rather puzzled and curious to learn to what climax all this was leading.

"Well, first off," he replied, "I went hungry for a couple of days. Then I set to an' ate my leather wallet—purty tough an' not much for taste, but it give my stomach somethin' to work on. Then I chawed on the rawhide lacin's of my boots; but there ain't much of anything in them. Then I went empty for a couple more days." He stopped to knock the ashes from his pipe.

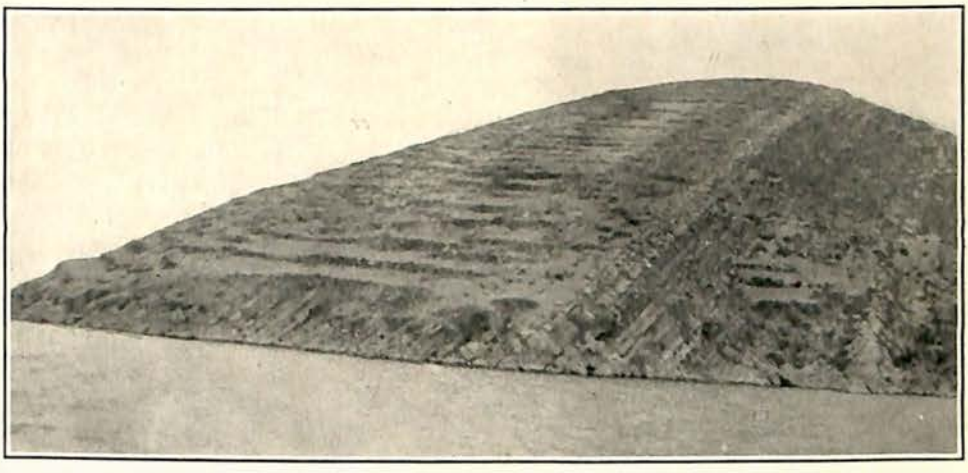
"And after that?" I demanded, realizing the old fellow had a fine sense of the dramatic, and purposely had interrupted his story at that particular point. "What *did* you eat for the rest of the time?"

"You'd be surprised," he replied. "Son, I ate the only danged things there was to eat in that desert. I ate mummies!"

"Mummies!" I reiterated. "You don't——"

"Perzactly," he interrupted. "I was just about gettin' ready for to give up an' call it a day, when I come acrost one of them old buryin'-grounds with bones an' bits of hair an busted pots knockin' about where the wind had blowed away the sand, an' that give me the idea. Yes, sir, I just had enough strength left for to dig up some of them old graves and drag out a couple of mummies, an' by the eternal you can believe it or not, I'm tellin' you I set my teeth into them old fellows' drumsticks—though come to think of it 'twas a woman not a man what I tackled first —an' I ain't never enjoyed no vittles more in my life."

I laughed, a bit sceptically I fear. The idea of finding anything edible on a desiccated, dried-up mummy thousands of years old was too far fetched, regardless of the ethics of the case. "I should think," I said, "that they would have been rather less palatable than your shovel-handle."



1. AN EXCAVATED GRAVE AT PACHAKAMAK *Chapter XI.*

2. PREHISTORIC TERRACES ON THE ISLAND OF THE SUN *Chapter XV.*

3. MINING FOR MUMMIES *Chapter XII.*

He shook his head and looked rather condescendingly at me. "You might," he agreed, "but they wasn't. Did you ever try one? No, I bet you ain't, an' a man can't never tell nothin' lesse'n he's tried it out for himself. No, sir, I ain't sayin' as how them mummies was what a man'd want to set down to in a rest'rant, but they wasn't no worse'n native jerked beef. An' anyhow, them dead old Injuns saved *my* life an' I'm eternally thankful their folks buried of 'em out there in that Atacama desert. Yes, sir, I packed a couple of legs an' an arm or two along with me an' kept goin' on them till I struck a trail an' folks. Still an' all——"

The locomotive whistle shrieked, the train slowed down and came to a stop at a tiny desert station. The old fellow rose, stretched himself, filled his mouth with a handful of the parched beans and turned towards the door.

"Here's where I got to be leavin' you," he told me. "Got a bit of a lead-silver prospect over in them hills. May pan out somethin' pretty good. Well, I'm pleased to have met you. Glad to run acrost a white man from God's country to chin with."

"Hold on!" I exclaimed. "You were just about to say something. What was it?"

"Oh, sure," he replied. "I most forgot. As I was sayin', still an' all I keep a-wonderin' whether or no eatin' of them mummies made me into a damned cannibal!"

Others of these characters one meets on the rainless coast are as reticent and close-mouthed as my mummy-eating friend was talkative. They are silent as to their pasts, insoluble mysteries, life-enigmas to everyone, keeping their secrets locked in their own breasts, living alone with their thoughts and their pasts in remote spots, or managing to keep souls and bodies together after a fashion by begging from strangers or doing odd jobs when necessity compels. Such was the "mystery man" whom I met in Lima one day.

"Oh, I say, you're an American are you not?"

I turned at the words in a cultured British voice. Almost at my elbow was a tall, good-looking Englishman, pink-cheeked, freshly shaved; a young chap who might have been magically whisked from Piccadilly to the streets of Lima. Upon his head was a soft grey hat, he was dressed in threadbare but clean, well-kept grey tweeds; pearl-grey spats covered cracked but polished shoes, and over one arm he carried a mackintosh.

"Really!" he exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, you know; but I thought you appeared like an American or what all, and I wondered could you let me have a few cents."

I was astounded. Had the President of Peru " touched " me for a loan I could scarcely have been more surprised than to hear this obviously educated, cultured, well-bred, and far from stranded-looking young Englishman begging a " few cents " from an absolute stranger on the streets. Had he told a hard-luck story and asked for a " loan " of several pounds it wouldn't have been so remarkable; we are all liable to find ourselves temporarily embarrassed financially in a strange land. But " a few cents " !

I thrust my hand into my pocket to find I had but twenty cents (about four pence) in silver and coppers.

" I'm very sorry," I told him, " but this is all the change I have."

His eyes looked longingly at the pittance in my hand. " Really," he exclaimed, " if you could spare that it would be fearfully good of you. You see, the fact is, I want to buy a drink —beastly hot day, you know—and twenty cents will get me a good bit. I might pledge my mack, but fact is I hate to leave the old thing, you know—might not get it back. Oh, I say, thanks, awfully ! "

Pocketing the few coins, he turned and strode off at a swinging gait, looking as pleased as though I had donated twenty pounds instead of twenty centavos towards assuaging his thirst.

I saw him several times thereafter, always the same, always with the rain-coat over his arm regardless of the fact that it never rains in Lima—at least during the Peruvian summer months—always begging a few " cents " from strangers who spoke English. I tried my best to get his story but without success. He was as mum as the proverbial oyster when it came to talking about himself. No one appeared to know who he was, how he happened to be in Peru, where or how he lived. Whatever small sums he secured by begging he promptly spent for liquor, yet he invariably kept himself clean and well groomed and appeared in no want of food. At times he would vanish for weeks—months, at a time, always to reappear exactly the same, and for all I know to the contrary he is still " touching " every strange Anglo-Saxon he sees for a " few cents " rather than pawn his wholly unnecessary mackintosh.

An equally mysterious personage was another Englishman whom I ran across in a remote spot beyond the Andes. For miles, for days, we had seen no civilized white man, no towns nor settlements save aboriginal villages and the huts of Chunchos (wild savages of the *montaña*), and then one afternoon we came suddenly upon a clearing with—I rubbed my eyes to convince

myself I was not dreaming—a neatly built bungalow in the centre of it. As I approached, a tall white man arose from his seat on the gallery and came forward to greet me. His appearance, his manner, his voice were all unmistakably those of an Englishman of the aristocratic class. He shook hands, welcomed me cordially but with the typical British reserve and brevity, invited me to have a seat, clapped his hands for a servant, and when the aborigine appeared in answer to the summons spoke to him in Pano and ordered him to bring drinks.

Never once during my stay did he show the least surprise at my arrival nor did he appear to feel that I might think it strange to find him dwelling—a mysterious hermit—in the wilds. Never did he offer a hint as to why he was there, as to his identity nor his existence as a recluse. And to me the contents of his thatched home, the problem of how he had managed to get them to that isolated spot, and the manner of his life, were even more amazing and mysterious than the man himself. There was an upright piano, which by the way he played with the touch of a master. On tables and shelves were all the latest English magazines and bundles of the London *Times*, with dozens of books ranging from the classics to the latest " best sellers," as well as works in Latin, Greek, German, French, Italian, and Spanish. He invariably appeared at breakfast in a silk dressing gown, he had his inevitable bath and shower, and he dressed for dinner every night. Neither did he lack for comforts and luxuries. He possessed an excellent cellar with a choice assortment of wines and liquors, imported cigars, tobacco, and cigarettes, and kippers, bloaters, and orange marmalade were as indispensable upon his table as upon the table of any house in England.

Yet, as far as I could determine, he toiled not neither did he spin. To be sure, he had a number of coffee and cacao trees, a patch of bananas, a few fields of sweet potatoes, manioc, maize, beans, and other vegetables ; he raised a small amount of cotton and some sugar-cane, and he even boasted a few head of cattle. But these evidently were not more than were required for the needs of himself and his servants—all aborigines who spoke only their own dialect. Never, so they said, did he receive visits from anyone save chance wanderers like myself. Never, in more than ten years, had he left the place other than to go hunting or fishing within a few miles of his home. Yet regularly every fortnight he sent one of his aborigine servants out to the settlements, and always the aborigine returned with bundles of papers, magazines, and letters.

Whatever his secret may have been it was never divulged. If

ever there was a man of mystery it was he, and I have often wondered what story lay behind his strange life, why of his free will he should have become a recluse dwelling apart from all his fellows, never hearing his own tongue for months, often years, at a time; dealing only with the reticent silent savages, never leaving his isolated home, never receiving a visiting friend or relative, yet ever maintaining every custom, every habit, every tradition of his race and station in life; always keeping abreast of the times, cognizant of all that took place in the outside world, keenly interested in the activities of the society of which he had once been a part, in the rush and bustle and progress of the world which he had not seen for at least ten years. Who was he? I wondered. What was his history, his past? Was he some black sheep of some proud family who had been tempted and had fallen and who, being too brave to blow his brains out, had immolated himself, had committed suicide as effectually as though by a pistol bullet? Was he a remittance-man? Was he someone "wanted"? Was he the victim of some terrible tragedy or some love affair that had caused him to abhor his fellow men and all the life to which he once had been accustomed? Was he a little "touched," perhaps gassed or shell-shocked or mentally deranged? Or was he merely a natural hermit who preferred to live alone, next to Nature, and who found in his music, his hunting and fishing, his magazines and his books all that he needed or desired in life? *Quien sabe?* He was as much a mystery as his fellow-countryman who "panhandled" for drinks on the Lima streets.

Quite the reverse of this English gentleman-hermit was another "freak," a man who at one time had held most remunerative and important positions as consulting engineer for various companies. If ever there was such a paradoxical being as a beach-comber without a beach, he was it. Far back in the hills he had "gone native." He dwelt in a filthy hovel with a slatternly aboriginal woman and his naked half-breed children; a ragged, unkempt, unshaven wreck of a white man. For a month, two months, six months at a time he remained there. Then, with a donkey load of hammocks and other products of his woman's and his family's industry, he would come to town, dispose of his goods and go on a glorious drunk and remain dead to the world until he disposed of his last cent. At the end of his debauch only his donkey and his rags remained—for he never disposed of his only means of transport—and more of a wreck than before he would be helped on to the back of his patient beast and would again vanish in the hills as penniless as ever. Yet

in his lucid moments this man could quote Greek and Latin, could discourse learnedly of geology and mineralogy, and could mentally solve problems in the higher mathematics as readily as the ordinary mortal can recite the multiplication tables.

Then there was the former college professor who earned a precarious livelihood selling *risqué* books and obscene postcards in the cabarets and restaurants—a horrible, bloated, loose-lipped, evil-eyed old reprobate who might have posed as the model of all that was filthy and erotic in this life or the nether world.

Yet of all the queer characters I have run across on the " West Coast " the strangest was the one whom I met—or rather who met me—in Antofagasta, Chile. I heard my name called, and turning, found him hurrying towards me. A small, emaciated man in ragged, much-patched, faded clothes; with pockets stuffed full of papers and creased maps, with a woefully meagre-looking pack upon his back and a battered, limply flopping Panama hat upon his head. But it was his face that arrested me, fascinated me. Tightly drawn across his bony cheeks was his yellow, parchment-like skin, bristling with a straggly, moth-eaten, stubbly beard. Lank, uncombed hair fell about his ears almost to his shoulders and hung damply over a forehead almost like bared brown bone. Below lowering bushy brows his eyes gleamed with the unnatural fire that marks the victim of pernicious malaria, and so deeply set in the skull that they seemed points of light in black caverns. A veritable apparition he seemed—the ghost of one of those old adventurous Dons who followed Valdivia on his awful desert march from Bolivia to Chile and fell raving, dying of thirst and hunger, by the blistering way. But his voice was real enough, and he spoke in perfect English, the grammatical English of an educated man.

" The American consul just told me your name," he began. " I know you're familiar with the interior of Guiana and Venezuela, and I thought you might be willing to give me some information."

" Gladly," I said, wondering why on earth this phantasmal being wished to learn anything of those distant jungle-covered lands. " What do you wish to know? "

He laughed, a strange hollow sort of mirthless laugh. " Oh, I'm crazy," he informed me. " Everyone thinks so—but I'm crazy on but one subject—the jungles."

" You're a long way from jungles here," I reminded him as I invited him to have a seat in a near-by café.

" Yes," he admitted, " but I've just come in from the jungle—came in from Pernambuco this morning."

He made the astonishing statement as though announcing he had arrived from Oruro or Iquiqui instead of from Pernambuco some two thousand miles distant, and those two thousand miles mainly impenetrable unknown jungle and impassable deserts and mountains. I began to think he actually was mad.

"Pernambuco!" I exclaimed. "How did you get here?"

He glanced up, surprised. "Walked, of course," he declared. "Took me nearly four months. But it was a wonderful trip." Then, seeing doubt in my face: "Of course you think I'm crazy, like the rest," he hastened to add. "But I can prove it readily. But——"

"How the devil could you?" I demanded, interrupting him. "How about the savages? How did you live?"

"Indians never trouble me," he grinned. "Most of them are friendly and the others think I'm mad and they never harm lunatics. I manage to get along on what they give me."

"But what's the idea?" I asked him. "Exploring, prospecting, or something?"

He shook his head and accepted a cigarette. "Just crazy on jungles," he insisted. "I've been that way ever since I found Livingstone."

"Found Livingstone!" I gasped.

He nodded. "Yes, or rather I should have said, we. I was a correspondent on the *New York Herald*, and James Gordon Bennett sent me out with Stanley on his search for Livingstone. I guess the jungle must have hypnotized me or"—he laughed that hoarse, horrible, mirthless laugh—"maybe one of those African witch-doctors put some sort of a spell or ju-ju on me. Anyway, I've been crazy on jungles ever since. I can't keep away from them, can't be quiet or content anywhere except tramping through them. Oh, yes, I know I'm crazy—jungle crazy. But what I wanted to know was about the head-waters of the Orinoco and the Essequibo. I'm leaving for Ecuador to-morrow—going across through Colombia and Venezuela to the Atlantic. I wondered whether I'd better make the Orinoco and follow through Venezuela or swing southward across northern Brazil and out through British Guiana."

Either the man was stark, staring mad or else he was the most astounding tropical tramp I had ever met. One moment he was casually stating he had tramped overland from the Atlantic coast of Brazil to the Pacific coast of Chile, the next he was just as casually announcing that he was about to start on a return hike from ocean to ocean through even worse and more impassable territory. Old hand that I am at jungle exploration, I was

appalled at the mere thought of attempting to cross from Ecuador to Guiana or the Atlantic coast of Venezuela; yet this weird being spoke of it as though he were starting on a half-day's walk into the country. And any lingering doubts I had as to the veracity of his statements were cast aside when he drew out the thumbed, creased, and grimy maps and documents he carried and spread them before me. There were officially stamped police permits, passports, *visés*, and other documents from innumerable obscure towns and villages, missions, and frontier-posts of Brazil, Bolivia, and Chile. There were his maps and pencilled notes showing the route he had followed. And his easy intimate knowledge of the aborigines, of the country, of fauna and flora was enough to convince the most sceptical.

"How many years have you been doing this?" I asked him.

He ran his thin bony fingers with their long grimy nails through his tangled hair. "Down here the best part of eight years," he replied. "I covered Africa pretty well—didn't come out with the rest of the party, you see. Then I struck Madagascar, Borneo, New Guinea, Java, the Straits Settlements, Cambodia, Siam, Nepal. Then over here. This is the best of all—nothing like it anywhere. I'm crazy over it!"

"But," I queried, trying to find the reason for the man's seeming madness. "What use do you make of your experiences? Do you write them up? Do you report your discoveries? Do you send your maps to the geographic societies?"

He shook his head. "No—nothing," he replied. "But"—his eyes brightened and for a moment he seemed tense, alert, eager—"if I wished I could be a millionaire! I've found and seen mines—placers, gold, diamonds—that would sound like the *Arabian Nights* if I told of them. But"—he resumed his former casual manner—"what would I do with money? I don't need it in the jungles."

"Even so, your discoveries—the geographic knowledge you obtain, your maps and notes, your observations of natural history, would be of immense scientific value."

"Yes, I suppose so," he admitted. "Now and then I send a package of notes to the scientists in the States. But I don't suppose they bother with them,—they probably think I'm crazy, or perhaps they never receive them."

"How long do you expect it will take for you to get through on this coming trip—if you *do* get through?" I asked him.

"I'll get through all right—unless I have an accident or die of fever," he declared confidently. Then, as an afterthought—"That's what I want—to die in the jungle. I should be out in

six months—perhaps four or five, perhaps not for a year. What does it matter—there's no hurry and I enjoy it."

"You don't carry weapons?" I enquired. "Nor any outfit——" glancing at his haversack.

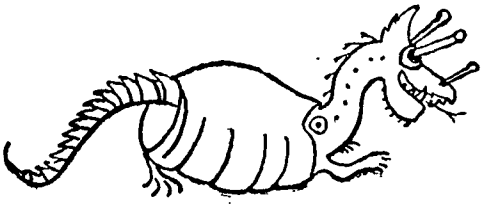
"No weapons," he assured me. "They're a nuisance. All I carry are a few old clothes—rags like these"—he glanced at his garments,—"a compass, flint and steel—matches spoil; tin dishes and knife and fork; tobacco and quinine; some salt—a lot of the Indians never use or know salt; my note-books and pencils, and a *machete*. Oh yes, and a first-aid kit. That's enough to take me anywhere. Now about the Essequibo and the Rupinuni here?"

For half an hour I worked with him on his maps, tracing in streams and mountains, marking the locations of aboriginal villages as they had been when I was last among them, giving this jungle wanderer whatever information I possessed that might aid him. Suddenly he sprang up, stuffed the papers hurriedly into his pocket, and grasped my hand.

"Thanks, Mr. Verrill, for the information," he exclaimed. "I must be off. I'm going by train to Cochabamba and it leaves in twenty minutes. Well, good-bye. Perhaps we'll meet again. I think I'll go through Guiana."

The next moment he had vanished, leaving me a trifle dazed. I had flattered myself I had done some jungle work myself. But compared with him! Ye gods! I thought, to cross the entire breadth of South America on foot and then, within twenty-four hours after arriving at civilization, to start back over a longer and far worse route without even waiting for a bath, a shave, or a square meal! And for no reason whatsoever, with no object in view. Yes, he must be right; he must be jungle-mad.

But mad or not he went through safely. Nearly a year later he came forth from the unknown jungles in Dutch Guiana. And within a week the jungles had again swallowed him. Perhaps he is still wandering somewhere in the untrodden wilderness of South America. Perhaps, as he told me he wished, his bones are lying hidden in the fastnesses of the jungles that had cast their uncanny spell upon him.



CHAPTER XV

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE FIRST INCA

THROUGH groves of trees, past the adobe hovels of the suburbs, between lush green pastures and fields the train slips out of Arequipa. Almost at once it begins to climb, and rapidly the red roofs and sun-bright buildings of the city drop below, as the engine pants and puffs up the steep grade towards the towering Andean heights ahead. Swinging around the foothills, skirting the edges of vast cañons, roaring through deep cuts in boulder-strewn, lava ridges, the way leads onward and ever upward towards the heart of the gigantic range of snow-clad peaks. Far beneath the tracks, rivers foam over rocky beds or tumble in flashing cataracts in cañons' depths. Between the precipitous walls, green valleys and cultivated fields show like malachite in a dull brown matrix, and on every hand rise tier upon tier of barren rocky cliffs and ridges of every tint of red, purple, brown, and ochre. More and more desolate and sterile the country becomes as the train mounts skyward;—a wild, dreary, repelling land of raw, chaotic grandeur. Only at the tiny stations with their water-tanks is a green leaf to be seen. But at each of these, fruit trees crowd about the little adobe shacks, roses and sweet peas are ablaze with colour, and in the miniature gardens of the station-masters are corn and potatoes, beans and melons and other vegetables. At each station, too, are llamas and burros, horses and human beings. Obviously the wild and barren land is inhabited, and one is puzzled to know what earthly occupation man can find or what possible industry can be followed in this hopeless solitude. At last the first ramparts of the Andes are surmounted and behind and to the west looms colossal Charcani and the mighty cone of Misti, while clear against the brilliant sky Ampato's unconquered summit gleams in the sun. Now, too, the ridges and peaks fall back and the way leads across the high *puna* or tableland, a vast, almost desert stretch of rock and sand sparsely clothed with dry, stiff bunch-grass on which great herds of llamas and alpacas find pasturage. Here, at each station, are huge piles of *yaretta* and greasewood. The former, looking like huge dried mushrooms, is the principal fuel of the mountain districts, as well as of

Arequipa. It is a woody plant growing in dome-shaped masses on the barren hills and deserts and, oddly enough, belongs to the celery family. The greasewood is in great demand by the bakeries in Arequipa and elsewhere. Gathering these two products of the desolate land is apparently the sole occupation of the ragged, *poncho*-wrapped Quichuas whom one sees at every little desert station. At each stop, too, the second-class passengers swarm from the train and crowd about the Quichua women who, squatted beside the tracks, serve native food—weird-looking, unappetizing viands which the natives devour with much gusto and noise despite the filthy hands and garments of the women and girls, the clouds of dust and the buzzing flies. Few strangers would have the temerity or curiosity to sample these refreshments, although as a matter of fact they are probably as good and as clean—or at least no worse and no dirtier—than the foods offered in the so-called "hotels" along the way, and which, though they may be mere mud huts, are invariably "*Gran*" according to their signs. Unless the stranger is travelling in a *salon coche* or Pullman, in which excellent meals are served, or unless a dining-car happens to be attached to the train, he must possess a strong stomach and unimaginative mind or else take the edge from his appetite by munching the corn bread and rolls, the oranges and other fruits offered for sale by the aborigines *en route*. I must, however, make one exception to the above. At Pampa de los Arrieros there is a really good restaurant—The Gran Hotel Empresa—where, for the infinitesimal sum of forty cents Peruvian (8d.), one may secure a four-course lunch of excellent food well served.

Beyond here the way leads steadily up grade towards the highest point of the divide, nearly fifteen thousand feet above the sea. But lofty as is this point, yet on every hand immense peaks and ranges tower to dizzy heights and one begins to realize the immensity of the Andes. They are not, however, at all what one would expect the Andes to be. On the Central Railway the sheer cliffs and precipices, the jagged peaks, the bare riven rock, the terrific abysses are awe inspiring, fearsome, overwhelming in grandeur, and one realizes one is in the very heart of the Andes. But on this Southern Railway one has the impression of travelling through a vast desert rather than across a mountain range. There are few cliffs or precipices, few sheer rocky heights. The hills and ridges, the upjutting mountains are of monotonous boulder-strewn sand, and often there are stretches of many miles across almost perfectly level deserts or *pampas*. On these, especially near Sumbay, one sees herds of the

wild vicuñas feeding close to the tracks and apparently paying no attention to the passing train. With their silky coats of orange and white, possessing the combined grace and form of the deer and the antelope, these wild cousins of the domesticated llama and alpaca are among the most beautiful of creatures. At a distance they have much the appearance of the North American prong-horned antelopes, being about the same colour and size, but with much longer, more slender and graceful necks, larger ears and longer, smaller legs. With the possible exception of the antelope they are the fleetest thing on four feet. Of all living quadrupeds the vicuñas might most fittingly use the expression "watch my dust," for when a vicuña takes it into his or her head to hurry, a cloud of dust racing at terrific speed across the desert landscape is the only visible indication of the fleeing creature. Just how fast a vicuña under full head of steam can travel has never, I believe, been ascertained. But they easily outrun the trains, which on the Sumbay Pampas speed up to forty-five miles an hour, and vanish in the distance ahead. Oftentimes one may see several of the beautiful creatures playing and frolicking; dashing madly off a short distance, tearing back like mad; leaping in air; waltzing about on two feet, curvetting and running furiously in circles, and every movement so swift that the human eye can scarcely follow them. Watching these wild, graceful creatures on their native deserts one feels grateful indeed that the Peruvian Government has passed stringent laws to put an end to the wholesale slaughter of vicuñas which resulted in very nearly exterminating the species a few years ago, Their hair was prized for weaving the finest of the Quichuas' *ponchos* and other textiles; their skins were in demand for rugs and fur garments; their meat was palatable, and as a result they were shot, trapped, and killed by thousands. To make a fur robe or rug of the finest quality from thirty to fifty vicuñas were required, for only the legs or necks were used, and yet such a rug could be purchased for twenty-five to forty dollars (£5 to £8) or rather less than one dollar (four shillings) per vicuña, and thousands of these rugs were on sale throughout the country.

Although naturally shy and suspicious of man, yet the vicuña, like the antelope, is inordinately curious and in some ways extremely stupid. Any unusual object—such as a rag or a bit of bright cloth, will serve to toll the creatures within gunshot. An aborigine, hidden behind a llama, can readily approach them, while to make their destruction still easier the vicuñas have a most incomprehensible fear of a rope or even a string, and will never attempt to cross or break through the flimsiest sort of

barrier. Taking advantage of this habit, the natives in many localities slaughtered the animals by hundreds at a time merely by stretching strings across the *pampas* and leading them in converging lines to a pen or corral. Surrounding the herds of vicuñas, the hunters, shouting and firing guns, drove the terrified animals towards the roped-off area, and the foolish creatures, fearing to break through the lines, rushed blindly to the trap prepared for their destruction. But to-day all this is at an end. No vicuña may legally be killed or trapped in Peru; no rug or skin may be sold unless stamped by the Government in proof of it having been made up before the protective law went into effect. As a result, the vicuñas have rapidly increased, until now they dot the *pampas* in countless herds, and, best of all, they have forgotten their old-time fear of man and are almost as tame and unsuspicious as the llamas and alpacas.

Soon after leaving the vicuña *pampas* behind, the train attains, with much panting and puffing, the summit of the pass at Crucero Alto and commences the long descent towards distant Lake Titicaca. As it roars down the grade, swinging about curves and abrupt turns, a gleaming intensely blue lake appears like magic among the sere brown mountains. One moment it is shut off from view by an upflung desert ridge, the next it stretches in a vast sapphire sheet below the tracks, a wonderful, delightful sight in this parched arid land.

Among the towering mountains here at nearly three miles above the sea the Lagunillas and Saracocha lakes are the world's highest and form the most beautiful and interesting stretch of scenery on the entire route from Arequipa to Juliaca. Along their shores is a fringe of verdure; llamas, alpacas, sheep, and cattle graze on the grass and rushes; flocks of wild ducks, coots, and silvery-winged gulls whirr from the surface of the water as the train rushes by, and in their azure depths the brown and ochre mountains, the stony peaks and the cloud-flecked sky are reflected as in a burnished blue mirror.

Beyond these twin mountain lakes there is little of interest to be seen. The country is less mountainous, the deserts less sterile and vast, but by contrast with the beauty of the twin lakes the landscape appears sad and depressing. Each wayside station is a little larger, a little more lively than the last; each green oasis about a water-tank shows more greenery and wider areas of cultivated land; in valleys, fields and gardens now and then appear; flocks and herds are more numerous; there are more Quichuas about, more huts and houses on the hill-sides, until at last the train reaches Juliaca.

PRE-INCAN MUMMIES

1. A Parakas mummy in its gorgeous robes and golden ornaments.
2. Mummy with wrappings removed.

Juliaca, the junction of the two routes—one to Cuzco and the other to Puno on Lake Titicaca, is a neat little town consisting mainly of a vast cobbled *plaza* bare of vegetation and a few streets of unpretentious buildings. Its only excuse for existence is the fact that it is a railway junction and its principal business is accomodating passengers who must stop over night in order to catch trains. It possesses two hotels—neither over good or particularly bad, and it is one of the coldest, most cheerless spots in Peru. Being almost at lake level and on a flat plain, the bitter cold winds sweep across it and even in mid-summer heavy snow falls and terrific hail storms are not infrequent. In the *plaza* of a morning, innumerable Quichua women squat on the bare cold pavement and spread their wares—*ponchos* and knitted caps, hand-made socks, mittens, and sweaters of rough pure wool; woven dolls and purses and a few curios. But they are by no means the colourful picturesque people one sees at Huancayo or at Ayacucho. Aside from their well-worn and usually dirty *ponchos* and *mantas* of bright colours, their costumes are dull and sombre, and the peculiar type of hats worn in the district—immense, floppy, black affairs—gives the wearers a rather funereal and lugubrious appearance. Neither are their products up to the standard of those in other parts of the country. Mainly they are a dirty white with touches of too vivid green and cerise—the result of the widespread use of aniline dyes, and the prices demanded are very high for the quality of the goods. But as there is nothing else to be seen, and nothing to do save stroll about among the market people, the *plaza* is usually well filled with travellers impatiently awaiting the arrival of the trains on which to resume their journeys.

If one is bound for La Paz or lake ports, Juliaca is passed by, for the trains from Arequipa go direct to Puno, the Peruvian lake port. Puno is of no interest whatever to the traveller, for it is purely a port, a small, uninteresting little village on a flat beside the lake. But all about it, in the quiet bays and coves of the world's highest navigable body of water, one sees the picturesque aboriginal *balsas* or reed boats with their crooked masts of poles and their ochre-tinted matting sails. These simple but exceedingly buoyant and practical craft are one of the most ancient forms of boats and are common to various races in widely separated portions of the world. They were in use by the aborigines of America from northern California to southern Peru, but the Incan people alone had discovered the use of sails, and in their *balsas* not only navigated the waters of Titicaca, but made long voyages in the open sea (see Chapter I).

Probably in all the world there are no boats that can be built so cheaply as these reed *balsas* of Lake Titicaca. Wishing to secure a specimen of the craft for one of our museums, I commissioned an old Quichua to build me a fifteen-foot *balsa* complete with all its fittings and rigging. A week later it was delivered to me, a beautifully-built little craft complete to the most minute detail. Imagine my amazement when, asking the aboriginal boat builder how much I owed him, he rather hesitatingly informed me that the bill amounted to nine *sols!* Nine *sols;* fifteen shillings, for a fifteen-foot boat! I felt certain the old Quichua had made a mistake and repeated my query. Very obviously he was embarrassed, and just as obviously he misunderstood my attitude and feared I thought he was asking too much!

"But my lord does not know," he explained in his native dialect. "Myself, my wife, and my two sons worked upon the *balsa.* For five days we worked to have it prepared in time for my lord. And of the nine *sols,* six are for the sticks (mast and paddles). We must go far into the mountains for the sticks, my lord."

I hastened to assure him that I did *not* think his charge too high, that I felt he had underrated the value of the labour of himself, his wife, and his two sons, and I handed him ten *sols.*

But I had not seen the last of him. The following day he returned, a shame-faced expression on his wrinkled brown face, and handed me two *sols.*

"My lord," he said in most apologetic tones, "I made a great mistake. When I returned to my home and spoke of the matter with my wife I found that one of my sons did not work the five days as I thought. And the sticks were but five *sols* intead of six. So, my lord, I have come to you to return the two *sols* that were not honestly mine."

Who says the aborigine is not an honest man? And when I insisted upon his keeping the two *sols* he hesitated about doing so, and only agreed when I promised to accept a gaudy Quichua hat in return!

Undoubtedly the most remarkable sight at Puno is the lake steamer moored to the dock—a miniature ocean liner—and not so very miniature at that, for these little ships are over six hundred tons burden and are about two hundred feet in length. To see such a ship in such a spot gives one a strange sensation of being in a dream or, as one traveller expressed it, like finding a skyscraper in a desert. And the marvel is no wise lessened when we learn that the ships were brought piecemeal overseas from England, were transported in dissected form across the deserts and the Andes, and were assembled here at Puno twelve thousand

feet above the sea. Still more remarkable was the feat of the engineers in bringing out the older and somewhat smaller steamers which still ply about Lake Titicaca. These were in service even before the railway was built (see Chapter VII) and were transported over the Andean heights and across the trackless deserts on mule-back and llama-back, to float at last upon this lake above the clouds.

To cross the lake and visit Bolivia and La Paz is a most interesting and worth-while journey, but beyond Puno one passes out of Peru and into another land.

Merely as a lake, Titicaca is something to brag about, for it is one of the really big lakes of the world. But added to this is the fact that it is over two miles in air. Moreover, it is unique in many respects. Its waters contain but one species of fish, a smelt-like fish found nowhere else in the world, its shores are unlike those of any other lake, and no other lake on earth can boast of a view of an unbroken range of snow-capped mountains nearly one hundred miles in length and nowhere less than twenty thousand feet in height. Its waters have been navigated by civilized human beings for a longer period than those of any other lake; beneath its surface lies hidden a treasure so vast that no one dares guess at its value, while finally it is the legendary or rather mythological birthplace of Manko-Kapak, the first Inca, and his sister-wife, Mama-Ocllo, the founders of the vast Incan Empire.

According to Incan tradition, Manko-Kapak and his sister-wife appeared one morning upon the sacred lake and announced to the wondering people that they were divine, the "Children of the Sun," and had been sent by their father the Sun-god to lead and civilize the people. Perhaps the legend is best told in the worlds of the ancient Quichua saga:

Over the lake the mist lay softly white.
Silence hung over all, no creature stirred—
When from afar the splash of paddles came,
And as the rising sun broke through the mist—
A balsa floated on the lake's calm breast.
Straight from the flaming sun it glided onward,
Until it grated on the rocky shore,
When from it stepped a man and woman—
Being like gods, in gorgeous robes arrayed.
Thus from the sacred Lake of Titicaca—
Born of the sun-god came the holy pair.
Manko, first Inca of Tahuantisuyo
With Mama-Ocllo, sister-wife so fair.

It is a very beautiful, a very poetical and a very romantic legend, but perhaps only an allegory and nothing more. Still it is not at all improbable that it was founded on actual fact, for in the light of recent discoveries there is reason to believe that, in the dim and distant past, some aliens—possibly Phœnicians or Europeans—actually reached Peru and may well have crossed Titicaca. And if so, it is logical that they should have declared they came "from the sunrise" or east, a statement which would easily and quite naturally and consistently be interpreted by the aborigines as being "born of the sun."

Certain it is, that the oldest traces of the most ancient civilizations are those about the shores of Lake Titicaca, and especially on the Island of the Sun and Island of the Moon, which strikingly bears out the legend of the coming of Manko-Kapak. But whatever the truth of the tradition, it is certain that if Manko-Kapak was the first Inca there is a tremendous gap to be filled in the history of the Incas and in their genealogy. According to tradition there were but thirteen Incas between the time of Manko-Kapak's appearance and the death of Atahualpa at the hands of Pizarro, and assuming that each Inca reigned for fifty years—which is highly improbable, if not actually incredible—then the Empire could have existed for barely six hundred years prior to the Spanish conquest. No one with any intelligence can believe that such an empire, such a highly organized social system, such a language, such a government, such a religion, such cities, transportation systems, engineering feats, arts, industries, and in short such an advanced civilization as the Spaniards found, could have been built up and perfected in six centuries. Moreover, we know from remains and ruins that the Incan civilization was far more ancient than that, and we can only assume one of two things: The one that the Incan legend of Manko-Kapak was comparable with our own Genesis, that the Incans, who possessed no recorded nor written history, selected Manko-Kapak as the personage with whom to begin their history, just as the old Hebrews started with Adam, and that there were unfilled gaps in the genealogy of the reigning Incas, many of whom were forgotten. The other alternative is to believe that the tradition and the genealogy of the Incas are approximately correct but that the Incan civilization was merely the continuation of some previous civilization, and that its fundamentals were brought, already well developed, to Peru by Manko-Kapak and his consort. There are innumerable arguments for and against either theory, and all we positively know is that what we call the Incan type of civilization and culture was

nearer two thousand than six hundred years of age when the Spaniards set foot on Peruvian soil.

And we know that for countless centuries highly cultured and civilized people dwelt upon the shores and upon the islands of Lake Titicaca. Everywhere are the ruins of their homes, their villages, their cities, and their temples; everywhere, on every available island and bit of mainland, their ancient terraced gardens extend from the verge of the lake to the summits of the hills. It must have been a dense, a teeming population to whom every arable square foot of soil was precious. And upon the Island of the Sun are the remains of immense buildings, of great temples, of magnificent architecture. Here for centuries, probably for thousands of years, the ancient people made their offerings to the Sun-god and the "Creator of the Lake," Wira-Kocha. For countless centuries the most precious, the most revered objects were cast into the waters of the lake. It is impossible even to guess at the value of those thrown into the water at this one spot alone, and the total sacrificed during thousands of years must have been beyond all calculation.

Unquestionably the accumulation of treasure still lying upon the rocky bottom of Lake Titicaca must amount to hundreds of tons, by far the greater portion of which is close to the shore of the Island of the Sun.

Of this immense treasure not an ounce has ever been recovered as far as known. No one ever has made any attempt to secure it, yet there is no reason why it should not be salvaged comparatively easily and at no great cost. To be sure, the waters are exceedingly deep. In places one may drop a lead-line for one thousand feet before touching bottom, even close to shore. But in other spots the water shoals for long distances from land.

With modern apparatus, with modern dredging and salvaging devices, even a thousand feet is not by any means prohibitive. And even if only a small portion of the treasure was recovered the salvagers would be richly rewarded, for the archæological value of the sacrificed objects would be many, many times that of their intrinsic worth.

As the voyager steams over the placid surface of the marvellous lake above the clouds, even the most unromantic and most unimaginative person cannot disclaim something of a thrill when he stops to think that deep beneath the keel of the steamer are treasures in gold, silver, and precious stones such as the world has never seen together at any one time.

CHAPTER XVI

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD

LAKE TITICACA always conveys to me the impression of immeasurable age. Voyaging across this great lake on the roof of the continent, one seems to be navigating waters that belong to a dead world, that hold the secrets of the ages in their silent impenetrable depths. The fact that one is travelling on a luxurious modern steamer does not dispel the sensation. Neither is it far from being the truth. On every side are the bare brown hills with scarcely a trace of vegetation, on every side are the ruins of ancient cities, temples, and palaces, and in the distance tower the endless snow-capped Andean summits. All seems deserted, dead, for the low stone and mud huts of the living aborigines, who eke out a precarious livelihood on the shores, are scarcely discernible, and rarely does one catch a glimpse of a human being.

Now and then a solitary reed *balsa* is seen, perhaps sailing slowly towards some distant village, laden with barley or potatoes, manned by a motionless *poncho*-draped aborigine. Or it may be a fishing craft drifting idly, its occupants as immobile as the ancient monoliths ashore. But the presence of these fellow-voyagers in their primitive craft upon the ancient lake seem to accentuate its dead and deserted aspect rather than otherwise.

Even Guayqui, the tiny port on the Bolivian side of Lake Titicaca, looks very old (although as a matter of fact it is quite modern) despite the presence of railway tracks, locomotives, motor-boats, and automobiles. The low adobe houses appear almost a portion of the surrounding red-brown plains. The *balsas* with their matting sails are the same as those of a thousand years ago, and the Aimaras (on this side of the lake the aborigines are largely of the Aimara race) in their bright-coloured *ponchos*, their rawhide sandals, their gaudy *mantas*, and their voluminous brilliant skirts, might well have stepped out of the distant past.

Hence it seems quite fitting that, near at hand barely twelve miles from the port, there should be the oldest city in America, if not in the entire world, a city that was ancient at the time of the

fall of Rome, that was old before the fall of Babylon; a city that was populous in the days of Moses, and in many ways the most mysterious, most puzzling city on earth. Here at Tiahuanaco, as it is called, was the centre of a civilization unlike any other; a civilization that rose to great heights in art, in engineering, in industries, and in religion so far back in the dim forgotten past that no tradition, no legend, no myth of its origin or its people remains, but which left its influence upon the arts and cultures of other civilizations over an area of hundreds of thousands of square miles.

Everything connected with Tiahuanaco seems mysterious and inexplicable. Even the site of the great city is most unusual. It stands upon an almost level plain in a far from fertile area, with no available water near it and midway between the two ranges of hills that provide the only stone in the vicinity suitable for buildings. Yet within a dozen miles is the great navigable lake with abundant water, arable land and easy transportation. Many archæologists have claimed that, when the city was built and occupied, it stood upon the borders of the lake and that during the thousands of years that have passed, the waters have receded. In support of this theory they point to the remains of what they claim were once docks and quays. But there is no valid geological evidence that the lake *has* receded appreciably for hundreds of thousands of years, and careful observations made by the engineers of the Guayqui–La Paz Railway, extending over a number of years, prove conclusively that at the present time the mean level of the lake remains almost constant and that, if anything, the level is rising rather than falling. Moreover, the so-called quays might just as well have been structures erected for some very different purpose. Finally, there is nothing in the sculptures, the pottery, the decorative motifs or other features of the remains to indicate that the Tiahuanacans were a lake-faring race.

Hence the mystery remains as to why this strange city was built in such a spot, and even greater is the mystery of its downfall, its abandonment. Who were these people, whence did they come, why did this marvellous civilization spring up, develop, and vanish in this one spot in an almost desert land in the heart of the Andes?

There is no other city like it or even remotely resembling it, no other locality on earth where there is a similar type of art or architecture. To the Incans it was known only as Tiahuanaco, or "The Place of the Dead," and they believed it had been built by the gods by supernatural means.

It is perhaps the greatest of archæological riddles, and while it has long been admitted to be the oldest city in the New World it was not until the past year that any reliable and definite estimate of its age was made.

Then Dr. Rudolph Muller, the eminent German scientist, visited Tiahuanaco and carried on a long series of elaborate and painstaking astronomical observations. By using the ancient sundial arrangement erected by the Tiahuanacans for determining the solstices and other dates, Dr. Muller was able to calculate the age of the city on the basis of the alteration of the earth's axis since the city was built. His first computation gave the age as fourteen thousand five hundred years. Then he employed another formula and equation and obtained ten thousand five hundred years as the city's age. So we can confidently assume that Tiahuanaco is between ten and fourteen thousand years old—and hence antedates by many centuries any other known city on earth. Yet even in that almost inconceivably remote time the people who built the city and dwelt within it were a highly civilized race.

They possessed an advanced knowledge of astronomy and mathematics, they were amazing engineers, and no race—ancient or modern—has ever equalled them when it comes to a matter of handling gigantic stone work and carving titanic stone monoliths.

Tiahuanaco seems to have no beginning and no reasonable end. There are no traces of ancient archaic or evolutionary cultures leading by regular gradations to the zenith of the city's civilization, nothing to show that there was a gradual decadence or a decline. Judged by appearances, by what is known, Tiahuanaco and its civilization might have been brought bodily, wholly perfected, from some other planet, whither, centuries later, its inhabitants returned.

At the time of the Spanish Conquest, Tiahuanaco was a far more imposing city than to-day. At that time many if not all of its gigantic buildings were standing, its magnificent temples and marvellous palaces were nearly intact; its titanic statues were in place. But nothing, not even the imposing wonderful city, escaped the Spaniards' greed. And what the treasure-hunting Dons did not destroy the fanatical Padres did. To them it was a holy duty to destroy everything that even savoured of paganism, and the wonder is that any idol, sculpture or image remained after their zealous crusade. Possibly they grew weary of destroying the stone images, and it must have seemed a rather hopeless task; or perhaps they had neither the time nor the money to complete the work. And it *did* cost both time and money. It is

recorded that at one spot the Spaniards found an image, carved from a single block of stone, that measured sixty feet in length by fourteen feet in diameter! To destroy this gigantic sculpture required the united work of thirty men labouring steadily for three days! Whether equally stupendous statues ever existed at Tiahuanaco no one knows, but even to-day there are several immense monolithic stone figures standing amid the ruins. Though they have been chipped, scarred, and defaced by vandals, and by the rifle fire of Bolivian soldiers, they still remain, gazing calmly across the plain towards the rising sun as they did thousand of years ago when Tiahuanaco was in its prime.

Originally the city must have presented a most magnificent aspect. Though doubtless the houses of the common people were of adobe and thatch, and ages ago have vanished, yet the great public and ceremonial edifices were of almost incredible dimensions, and were most ornately carved and sculptured.

As the ruins are to-day they may be roughly divided into three sections known as the Akapana or Fortress, the Kalasasaya or Temple, and the Tunca-Puncu or Place of the Ten Doors. But originally the entire area between and about these three principal groups of ruins was covered with structures, idols, immense stone monoliths, and other works of these people, who, judging by the remains they have left, might well have been supermen, giants who would have made Goliath puny by comparison. Just how the city may have appeared even at the time of the Incas, no one can positively state.

Through the ages that had then passed Tiahuanaco had become a veritable "Place of the Dead" and, through the centuries that have passed since the days of Incan dominion, this most ancient American city has been desecrated, looted, literally torn to bits. Choice portions of its magnificent sculptured stone work have been carried off by the natives and used to build their own miserable huts, and there is scarcely an Aimara dwelling within miles of the ruins that does not possess a doorstep, a lintel, or some portion of its walls formed of fragments of Tiahuanaco. Even the rough, narrow, filthy streets of the villages are, in places, roughly paved with pieces of carved or worked stone filched from the ruins. The little Spanish church at the modern village of Tiahuanaco is almost entirely constructed of portions of the ancient town, and flanking the entrance are the heads and shoulders of two colossal stone images that were ruthlessly knocked from the bodies of Tiahuanaco's stone gods. The aboriginal farmers have surrounded their stony, thin-soiled fields with walls constructed of stonework from the ruins, and vandals,

collectors, and curio seekers have done their part. But the greatest damage of all, the most ruthless and inexcusable destruction, was caused by the railway whose tracks run directly through the centre of the ancient city. Thousands of tons of stone, idols, statues, monoliths, carved columns, magnificent doorways, immense slabs and priceless sculptures were broken up, crushed, and used for ballasting the tracks.

As a result of all this, the ruins to-day are in pitiable shape, and at first glance seem scarcely more than meaningless piles of hand-worked stone. But even so their immensity, their perfection and the classic beauty of their sculptures cannot fail to arouse the wonder and the admiration of even the most indifferent observer. And as one examines them more closely and becomes accustomed to the surroundings, one can, in a measure, reconstruct Tiahuanaco in one's mind, and can—inadequately—visualize the buildings as they were in the long ago when the Condor-god was worshipped in the great temple.

Parts of the ruins may be viewed from the railway, and several of the great stone columns and images are within a few yards of the tracks. But to see the best of the ruins, to obtain any idea of their extent and their titanic proportions, one must walk about amid the remains.

Nearest to the railway, and most prominent of all, is the so-called fortress of Akapana, a pyramidal hill of artificial origin that rises to nearly two hundred feet above the fairly level plain. It is accurately placed so that its four sides are in line with the cardinal points of the compass, and at the base measures about seven hundred by five hundred feet. Originally, no doubt, its sides were completely faced with cut stone, like the pyramids of the Mayas and the Teocalli of the Aztecs. But few of these blocks remain, the greater portion having been broken up for use on the railway. Once, too, a magnificent stone stairway led to the summit of the hill where there was an immense basin, apparently for holding water, and from this a conduit or pipe line of beautifully cut stone troughs led down the pyramid. Why the Tiahuanacans should have devoted such an immense amount of time and labour to erecting this great mound merely to place a basin at its summit, or why, once they had done so, they should have installed a drain, are merely mysteries added to those encountered at every turn. Assuredly it had some very important and definite purpose. Possibly it was a sort of reservoir to be drawn upon in time of drought or necessity; but in that case the question of how the water was conveyed to the summit of the pyramid is as great a puzzle as the pyramid itself. Unless the climate has

greatly altered, the rain alone could never have been depended upon to keep the huge cistern filled, but possibly, thousands of toiling human beings may have carried water up the steep stairway by hand.

At all events, whether it was a reservoir, a fort, the site of a temple or the residence of the Tiahuanacan monarchs, to-day it is scarcely more than a stone-littered hill, and the casual passer-by would never give it a second glance or dream it was raised by the hands of men.

About one thousand feet from the base of the former pyramid is the so-called Temple-of-the-Sun or Kalasasaya, perhaps the best preserved of all the ruins. Here is an immense rectangular terrace, nearly five hundred feet square, with its edges outlined by rows of cut-stone columns from fifteen to twenty feet in height. Originally the entire area within the boundaries of these columns was paved with carefully cut and fitted stones, but between natives and railway builders, who found these paving-blocks most useful for their purposes, the pavement has been utterly destroyed and scarcely a stone now remains in place.

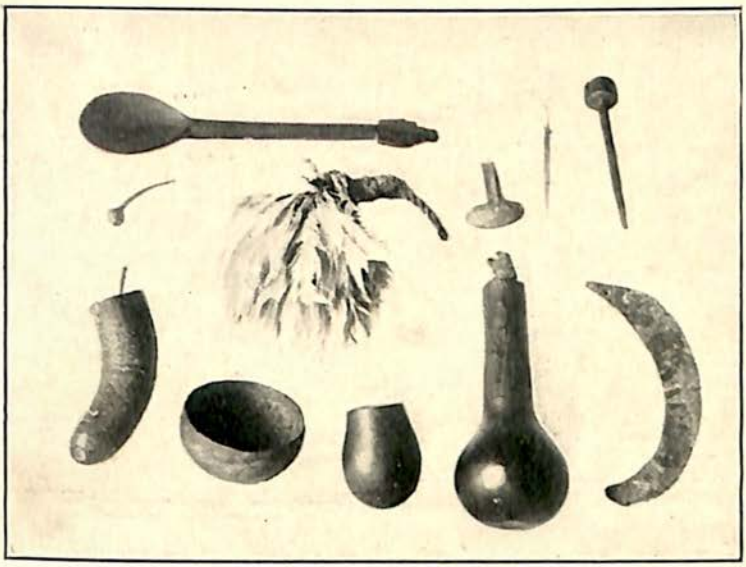
Originally, also, the columns were connected or capped by timbers or other stones, for the tops are carefully and accurately mortised, evidently with the purpose of supporting lintels. A short distance from the ruins and facing the east is a huge solitary stone figure gazing with enigmatical smile towards the rising sun, the only survivor of all the hundreds of similar statues that once guarded the temple. Access to the raised terrace is now easy at any point, but when in use the only entrance was by way of a flight of great stone steps on the eastern side. Each step is a single slab of cut stone nearly twenty feet in length, ten feet in width and three feet in thickness, and the whole is flanked by two huge sculptured monoliths.

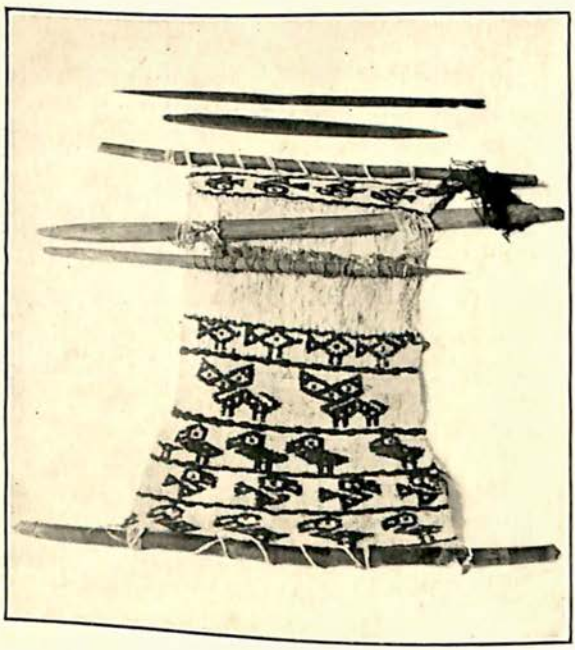
But by far the most remarkable and most interesting object in the " temple," if not in the entire city, is the " Gateway of the Sun " as it is called.

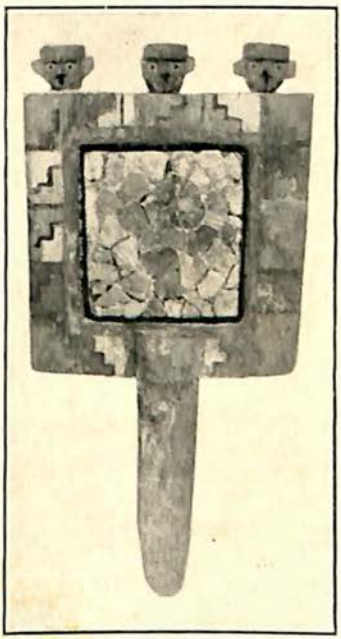
In all probability this served as a portal to an inner temple in Tiahuanacan days. This unrivalled piece of sculpture measures fifteen feet in length by eleven feet in height and two feet in thickness, and is pierced by a rectangular doorway nearly five feet in height and two feet in width. It is cut entire from a single block of hard arsenite rock—the largest single piece of stone sculpture in the world. But, remarkable as it is for its size, and as an example of the ancient stone-cutters' skill, one scarcely notices this in view of the far more remarkable sculptures that cover it. Upon one side, the upper portion above the doorway, it is

completely covered with a beautifully carved façade in low relief. Although no one can decipher the carving, yet it unquestionably, had a very real significance to the inhabitants of Tiahuanaco, and its motif is easily recognized. The largest and central figure is that of the Tiahuanacan supreme god, commonly known as a Sun-god. In all probability, however, it was more in the nature of the pre-Incan Pachakamak or the Condor-god, creator of the universe, maker of the lake and "He who Upheld the Heavens." Rays or feathers encircle his head, and these terminate in beautifully designed miniature heads of the jaguar, the symbol of the Night or Moon-god. On either side the chief deity is flanked by forty-eight other figures, twenty-four to a side, all facing the god and depicted as running towards him. In all probability these were symbolic of the god's supreme power and the homage paid to him by the lesser deities. Beneath the throne on which the god himself is seated is a row of sixteen carved figures showing small replicas of the god's head, as well as the heads of condors, separated by ornamental designs.

The opposite side of the portal, though wholly different, is even more remarkable. Here, the surface of the stone is bare of ornamental bas-relief carvings, but is decorated with a severe geometrical design. On the upper portion, at the opposite ends of the gateway, are four rectangular niches, two to a side, and on the lower portion there is a rectangular niche on either side of the doorway. These niches, which are cut into the hard rock to a depth of nearly six inches, together with their ornamental frames or borders, are so accurately cut and so mathematically perfect that even by means of a steel square and a millimetre scale I could not find a deviation of more than one-fiftieth of an inch in their angles or surfaces. This is perhaps the most astonishing feature of the Tiahuanaco stone work. At the Tunca-Puncu ruins, nearly a mile south-west of the temple, such geometrically and mathematically cut squares, rectangles, and crosses are abundant. Often they are carried into the rock in a series of concentric steps to a depth of a foot or more, the final, deepest niche being only two or three inches square. In places, too, there are cross, or key-shaped sculptures in high relief which obviously fitted into recesses of the same forms, thus locking the stones together, and the most painstaking measurements prove that the greatest variation in size between these recesses and the projecting crosses is less than a millimetre! How any human beings could have performed such amazingly accurate work in a hard refractory rock with only stone tools is a mystery that no one has been able to explain.







OBJECTS FROM THE GRAVE OF A PREHISTORIC FLAPPER

1. Contents of vanity case.
2. Partly woven textile and loom. 3. Marcasite mirror.

Even to-day, our most skilled stone-cutters, equipped with steel tools and machinery, would find it a difficult undertaking to duplicate the feat, and yet, as far as known, the ancient Tiahuanacans had no knowledge of steel, and no bronze or copper implement has ever been found that will make the least impression on the rock.

But regardless of how they did it, the ancient inhabitants of Tiahuanaco accomplished it, and, judging from the remains, did not find it a very difficult undertaking at that. To many, however, the immense masses of cut stone upon the low mound of Tunca-Puncu are more remarkable than the sculptures. Originally the mound, like the Akapana, was faced with stone, and immense stone steps led from the plain to the summit where there was a stupendous stone building the exact purpose of which is unknown. But, unlike Akapana, the stones that surfaced the Tunca-Puncu mound were of colossal size, while the structure that surmounted it was built of stone slabs that are far larger than any others known in prehistoric architecture.

Some of these are estimated to weigh over two hundred tons each, while slabs weighing sixty to one hundred tons are abundant, and all are as accurately and smoothly cut, trued and squared as though cut and planed on some gigantic machine.

Several of the largest of these immense slabs formed huge platforms or floors, and about their edges are numerous niches or recesses cut into the rock. Originally, these probably served as resting places for idols or statues. Although called the "Place of the Ten Doors" yet there is little evidence to show that the structure ever had ten doors. Far more probably there were no doors whatever, the building being more in the nature of an open colonnade with columns supporting sculptured lintels.

It was probably roofless, for in many places there are basin-like hollows and drains cut into the rock, with gutters evidently designed to carry off water that fell within the structure. With the place in the regrettably ruinous state it is in to-day it is difficult to say what it was like originally or what purpose it served. But that the stones were not cemented together, but were locked or keyed in place by immense metal staples is evident. Everywhere about the edges of the mammoth blocks of stone are T-shaped recesses cut deeply into the rock, and sometimes with a perforation extending entirely through the slab. In places, two of these mortises still remain in line so that it is easy to see how the metal staples held the two slabs together.

It has been assumed by many that these staples were of copper, but recently an employee of the railway discovered one of them

intact, and, instead of being of copper, it proved to be of solid silver. This is not, however, surprising. Silver is abundant in Bolivia, it was widely used by all the ancient races, and as it had no intrinsic value to them and was far stiffer and stronger than copper it was far more suitable for locking the great stones in position. And the fact that the staples were of silver explains in great measure why the massive structure collapsed. To the Spaniards, copper would have meant little—it was far too worthless to pay for the time and trouble necessary to tear the staples from the stones. But silver was a different matter. Each of the great staples weighed many pounds; there were hundreds, perhaps thousands of them, and the rapacious Dons wrenched and prized them loose, thus allowing the massive stones to fall apart and tumble to the earth. Possibly, very probably, many of the silver staples still remain in the lower portions of the stones, buried beneath the mammoth slabs, but even with modern devices and steam power it would cost far more to move one of the masses of cut stone than the metal staples would be worth, even though there were hundreds of them.

Where the Tiahuanacans secured the stone they used, or how they transported it, have always been mysteries. No similar stone exists within six miles of the city, and it would appear to have been an Herculean, an impossible task to have dragged these blocks, weighing one hundred to two hundred tons, across the sandy plain. And the theory that they might have been brought on rafts across the lake is even more improbable.

Of the inhabitants of this oldest American city we know little. Although many skulls and skeletons have been found in and about Tiahuanaco, it is doubtful if any are those of the builders or the original denizens of the city. More probably they are the remains of the later pre-Incas and Incans, for we know that these races occupied the district for many years. At all events, all the skeletal remains thus far discovered are not different, anatomically, from those of the living aborigines of Bolivia.

That the Tiahuanacans were a highly cultured and civilized people, and that their arts and industries were not confined to the erection of stupendous buildings and to amazing sculptures, is proved by the pottery, the metal work, and the other artifacts that have been obtained from the site. In their ceramic ware the Tiahuanacans had few equals and no superiors among the prehistoric races of South America, and throughout Peru, Bolivia, and even in Chile, one finds pottery, textiles, carvings, and other objects showing the strong influence of the Tiahuanaco art and culture.

CHAPTER XVII

AMONG THE PEOPLE OF SKYLAND

I DO not think there is a more surprising, a stranger, more unique sight in all the world that one's first view of La Paz. The train rushes onward across the seemingly endless rock-strewn *puna* towards the distant range of snow-capped peaks which seemed ever to recede before the speeding train. At last, far in the distance, an immense aeroplane hangar appears—a most incongruous object on this deserted sterile plain. Beyond it are a few sheds and a tiny railway station, and to the right a monument bearing an immense statue of Christ. Next the train skirts the golf-course—the highest in the world—with an automobile or two scurrying across the *puna*, but never a sign of a village, much less a town or a city.

And then—abruptly—the train swings around a sharp curve, the *puna* vanishes as if the bottom had dropped from the earth, and one glances down an almost sheer precipice to see—bathed in sunshine four thousand feet below—a great city spread like a map almost beneath the train!

On every side La Paz is hemmed in, surrounded with precipitous walls. On one side by the perpendicular cliff that culminates in the *puna*, on the other sides by even more perpendicular mountain sides with mighty Illimani dominating all. No steam locomotive could haul the train up the steeply twisting and turning tracks that lead from La Paz to the *alto*, as the high *puna* is called, and no steam locomotive can be trusted to take the train from the *alto* to the city far below. Doubtless both train and locomotive would arrive at the bottom of the gigantic bowl in which La Paz nestles, but the chances are they would arrive—a tangled mass of wreckage—in the central plaza, as did one freight car that "ran wild" when a coupling-pin gave way. So at the tiny station on the verge of the *alto* the steam locomotive, that has brought the train from the shores of Titicaca, is replaced by an electric locomotive in preparation for the final stage of the journey. Back and forth, around and around that fearful descent the train races downward, swinging about a hair-pin turn with a cathedral's roof where a pebble might be dropped upon it.

from the train window; taking a curve with a sheer drop of a thousand feet from the metals to a busy market beneath; roaring over bridges and viaducts where one may look down the chimneys of mills and factories hundreds of feet below; keeping one's heart in one's mouth, until at last with a final rush it enters the city and comes to rest in the station at La Paz.

There is much that may be said of La Paz, both good and bad. To my mind the worst features of the city are the pompous, overbearing, wholly obnoxious Prussian officers who are—or rather were, for perhaps, as I sincerely hope, the recent revolution and change of government has eliminated them—in command of the Bolivian army. And the best features, to my way of thinking, are the high-class Chola girls in their glorious costumes who are the best-looking, the best-dressed, the cleanest, and brightest, and the most business-like Cholas in all Spanish-America.

One would think from the attitude of the German officers that they owned La Paz, and that the other inhabitants as well as visitors to the city were so much dirt beneath their Prussian feet. They crowd and jostle all others from the narrow side-walks, they monopolize the lobbies and public rooms of hotels and clubs, and with their swagger-sticks or riding-crops they lash right and left at men, women, and children who do not give way to them *instanter*. They are, in short, the most brutal, callous, and objectionable of arrogant Prussian officers, yet arrant cowards and cravens, who will bluff and bluster the cowed natives but will cringe when one calls their bluff.

On one occasion I had a brief encounter with several of them who were standing in the hotel doorway completely blocking the exit. Having courteously, in Spanish, requested them to permit me and my Quichua servant to pass, but with no result, I repeated the request in English only to receive contemptuous stares. Then I lost my temper. First in English and then in Spanish I spoke my mind freely and at length. I told them in most unmistakable terms precisely what I thought of them, and I cursed them roundly, and most fluently. By good rights they should have turned upon me and knocked me down. I half-expected they would try it, and I would have enjoyed nothing better than to have punched their duel-scarred faces and blackened their monocled eyes. But their reaction to my tirade was totally different from anything I expected. For a moment they stared at me as if unable to believe their ears. Then with one accord they stepped aside, clicked their heels together and saluted, as with my Quichua at my heels I passed into the street!

Of the Cholas much might be told. In La Paz, unlike Peru,

there are castes, or perhaps better strata, of the Cholos with the full-blooded Aimara aborigine as the basic layer and the almost white, gorgeously attired, high-class Chola girl as the upper crust of Cholo society, each of the several castes being distinguished by the costume and hat worn. That is, among the women, for the male members of the Cholo population dress in ordinary conventional garments. The high-class Chola in her best attire is a sight for sore eyes. She is arrayed to outshine the Queen of Sheba in all her glory and she is, nine times out of ten, a splendid-looking creature with a superb figure, a perfect complexion of old ivory and pink and beautiful lustrous hair and eyes.

Dressed in her best—though she is always wonderfully arrayed—she often wears a costume and jewellery worth over two hundred pounds sterling. Upon her feet are high, white kid boots reaching almost to the knees and with silver or gold tassels at the tops. Her skirt, of flaming orange, cerise, emerald-green or sky-blue is of the richest, finest woollen cloth. She wears a frilled and ornate blouse covered with hand-made lace and a short *bolero* jacket of brilliantly coloured velvet, heavy with silver bullion and embroidery.

Upon her shapely head is a peculiar high-crowned, narrow-brimmed hat of the finest Panama weave, glazed until it is as hard and stiff as iron, and in form a cross between a bowler and a trench-helmet, while over her shoulders is draped a magnificent silk shawl held together at the front by immense silver pins set with jewels. Finally to complete the costume there are countless brooches, necklaces, bracelets, and finger-rings of silver and gold, often ablaze with gems. But this regally attired creature is no drone, no flittering butterfly by any means. She is a hard-working industrious being, the keenest of business women, the sharpest of bargainers, the best of merchants, and practically every stall, shop and store in and about the markets—and many of the more pretentious shops as well—are in these Cholas' hands. Rarely will the really high-class Chola stoop to menial labour. Occasionally she may be a servant—a maid or a governess in some well-to-do family—but usually such work, as well as all occupations not strictly mercantile, are left to the black-hatted or grey-hatted Cholas of the second or third class. Without the Cholas and the Cholos, for the males are as industrious and as smart in their lines as the females, it would be difficult indeed for Bolivia to exist. Nearly, if not quite, ninety per cent of the population is either pure aborigines or Cholos and they are the only native members of the populace who possess any initiative, any "pep," any business acumen or any desire to work.

In addition to the colourful and picturesque Cholas that fill the streets, the *plazas* and the markets of La Paz, there are the aborigines, the pure-blooded members of the Aimara race who are fully as colourful and almost as picturesque as the mixed bloods. Perhaps nowhere else on earth is there a more vivid—I might almost say blinding—galaxy of colours than those displayed in the La Paz market when, from far and near, the aborigines come to town to dispose of their fruits and vegetables, their woven cloths and *ponchos*, their baskets and their innumerable other articles of native handiwork and industry. Squatting beside their stock-in-trade with their gaudy *mantas* over their shoulders and their multicoloured skirts spread about them they produce a perfect riot of colour.

Perhaps the most striking detail of the Aimara woman's costume is her voluminous skirt—or rather skirts—for she wears layer after layer of heavy woollen nether garments until, as she walks or stands, they form an immense conical base upon which her torso seems to be set as if upon a pedestal. Just how many of these skirts or petticoats an Aimara woman wears no one, not even herself, knows. They are never changed, never removed for laundrying purposes; but as the undermost wears or drops to pieces another is added to the collection so that in course of time—much time—all have been renewed.

As far as manual labour is concerned, the aborigines are the mainstay of La Paz. No white man performs manual labour; few of the Cholos do strenuous work; but the thick-set, brown-skinned, *poncho*-clad, sandalled Aimaras do anything and everything. They are a strikingly colourful and picturesque lot with their gaily coloured *ponchos* of wool or llama hair, their close-fitting knitted caps of every hue, their loose, flapping trousers of homespun, and their inevitable slings of llama hair. And they are always as busy as ants and give the same effect of being forever in a hurry as they trot along the streets bending under heavy burdens, taking the places of drays and motor-lorries. The loads which these men can carry on their backs are incredible. It it is not at all unusual to see an Aimara porter bent almost double and travelling at a dog-trot with several huge packing-cases on his back, and even upright pianos are carried in the same manner.

Often, too, one may see a group of the Yungas tribe in the streets of La Paz, aborigines from the warm, semi-tropical, trans-Andean valleys to the east, who have come to town to see the sights. With their long hair falling over their shoulders, clad in beautiful, elaborately decorated *ponchos*, bare-legged and bare-

footed, with massive silver ornaments upon their chests, and carrying their slender, silver-bedecked ceremonial staves, they move along in single file in the wake of their leader, staring about at the strange sights, scenes, and sounds of the city like the occupants of a sight-seeing bus in London. Invariably the leader of the party is a chief or *caçique* who possesses a working knowledge of Spanish or Aimara and who has already visited La Paz. And like the courier of one of Mr. Cook's famous tours he is supposed to know everything and to explain everything that may arouse the curiosity or interest of his aboriginal tourists. Often he finds himself in a bit of a corner, but like his white prototype he never is at a loss. Did anyone ever hear of the conductor of a self-conducted tour admitting he did not know when asked a question by members of his party? Not a bit of it. And the stocky, brown-faced Yungas tour-conductor is always as ready with some plausible explanation or reply as the best of them. On one occasion I was watching a party of these Yungas when an automobile appeared and with raucous siren dashed past. With expressions of mingled amazement and terror on their faces the men sprang aside and gazed in awe at the rapidly vanishing car. It was the first they had ever seen and they at once began plying their leader with questions. All realized it was a mechanical device, something made by the white man and nothing supernatural nor magical. But they were filled with wonder and curiosity as to what made the thing go. No doubt the chief had seen motor-cars many a time before; but he was as ignorant of the principles or the operation of a motor as any of his tribesmen. Yet he did not hesitate for an instant. Within the thing, he informed his companions, the white man had imprisoned a devil and by torturing the devil they forced him to rush them wherever they willed. Did they not see the man grasping the device with which he tortured the devil within? And did they not hear the devil's screams as he protested?

It was a perfectly satisfactory explanation. To the aborigines' mind the white man is capable of doing anything and they could see no reason why a devil should *not* be made to do the white man's bidding. Moreover, they had, as their leader had reminded them, heard those startling screams such as only a tortured devil might make.

Aboriginal psychology, aboriginal reasoning, aboriginal mental processes are most remarkable and oftentimes highly amusing. On one occasion when stopping at an hotel I gave orders for boiled eggs to be served with my breakfast. Now to secure properly cooked boiled eggs in South America is the next thing to an im-

possibility. Either they will be *pasado por agua*, literally "passed through water," and will be served raw and barely warmed through or they will be boiled until they are the consistency of leather. Hence I summoned the *mozo*—a bright-looking young Aimara rejoicing in the name of Diogenes—and gave him most explicit and minute instructions to boil my eggs exactly three minutes.

"Si, si, Señor," he exclaimed. "It shall be precisely as the Señor so desires. See, I possess a watch of my own—an Americano watch, so it should serve most excellently to cook the eggs for the Señor Americano. Of a truth I will attend to the matter personally, myself. I will observe with all my attention that the eggs are cooked for exactly the three little minutes as the Señor desires."

To my surprise and delight my eggs *were* served perfectly cooked. For morning after morning they were the same. I flattered myself that for once I had solved the universal difficulty, that I could rely upon getting soft-boiled eggs as they should be. And then one morning when I opened my eggs I found them as hard as rubber.

I summoned Diogenes. "Look here!" I exclaimed. "Didn't I tell you I didn't want eggs hard-boiled? They have been quite all right up to now. Why do you send me such eggs to-day?"

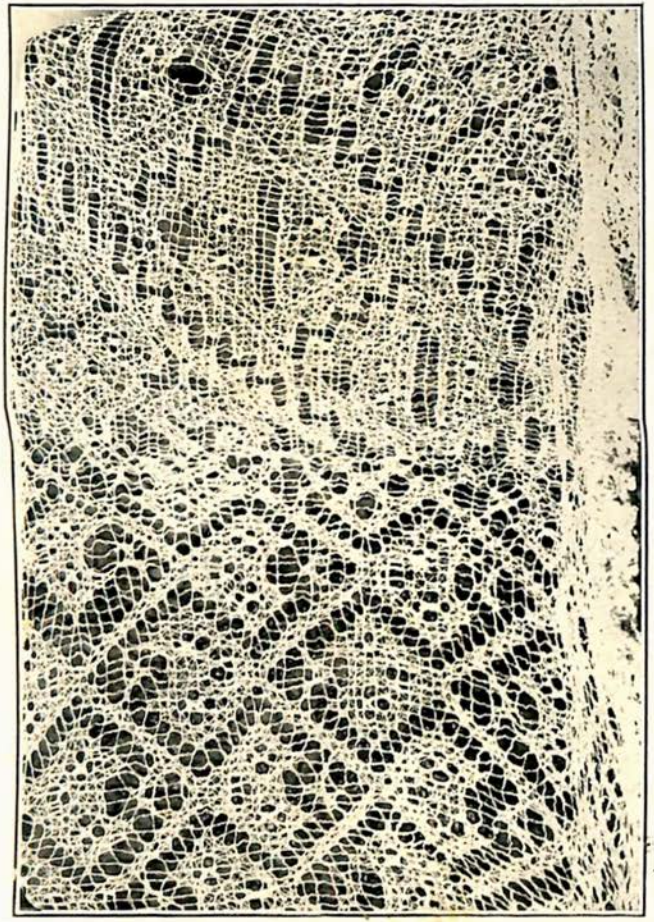
Diogenes' face fell, he stared, his mouth gaped as if unable to believe his ears. "But, but, Señor," he protested. "It is impossible. I saw to it myself. They were boiled but three little minutes by my watch, by my Americano watch."

"Nonsense!" I cried. "That's impossible. You can see for yourself they're as hard as rocks."

For a moment he stood silent, gazing at the opened eggs as if hypnotized. Then suddenly an expression of understanding, of vast relief came over his face. He positively beamed.

"*Caramba*, of course!" he cried joyously. "I have it, Señor. I had forgotten. You see, Señor, my watch is a trifle slow!"

Aside from its inhabitants there is much of interest in La Paz, but it is a tiresome city to explore, for it is famous as possessing the world's steepest streets. There is a tradition to the effect that La Paz boasts of one level thoroughfare, but like many another tradition, this, I am convinced, is purely mythical, for during all my residence in the city I failed to discover the reputed level street. Everywhere the streets run almost precipitously up and down hills, and the most nearly level spot in town—the Plaza de Armas—slopes sharply from the bandstand towards the side facing the enormous, half-finished cathedral. This building, con-



A PREHISTORIC EVENING GOWN

1. Chimu lace, 3000 years old.

2. A lace gown from the mummy of a prehistoric flapper.

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structed entirely of white marble, has been rising slowly, inch by inch, for the past two hundred years and more, and, judging from appearances, it will not be completed for another two centuries at least. Oddly enough, too, the artisans employed upon it are the descendants of the workmen who laid the first stones, and it is probable, in fact certain, that their grandchildren and great-grandchildren will be chipping away at the stone blocks, carving the façade and doing their bits, and that even their grandchildren will age and die without seeing the cathedral completed. But neither labour nor time are important in La Paz. Though it makes a normal being pant, puff, and blow to climb the streets, in places so abrupt that they are constructed in the form of long flights of stairs, yet the natives—especially the aborigines and Cholos, hurry up and down from dawn until dark—and far into the night as well—carrying their burdens, looking with contempt upon the snorting motor-cars that struggle from one level to another on bottom gear, and seemingly oblivious of the fact that they are traversing hills adapted only to goats.

But interesting as is La Paz, my interests lay in the country beyond, in the country of the Collas and the Aimaras—the aborigines of skyland.

Within the vast bowl-like valley orange trees and oleanders were in full bloom and the crotons and palms in the plazas gave a tropical touch to La Paz. But, against the ice-bright sky of the south, Illimani reared its snow-clad bulk, looking as if wrapped in a white *poncho*, and the chilly wind of dawn warned us that even if La Paz *was* semi-tropical, arctic realms were close at hand. And as the rattling battered car I had hired for my journey left the suburbs of the city and commenced its dizzy climb up the mountain side, we were glad to draw heavy woollen *ponchos* about us, and even then shivered in the cold morning air.

Marvellous indeed is the automobile highway that connects the city with the *alto*, thousands of feet above its red-tiled roofs. Around and around the rocky walls it swings, doubling upon itself, zigzagging back and forth, turning abruptly in S-curves and hair-pin loops, and maintaining an almost even grade of from six to seven per cent. Few are the cars that can make the climb without the radiator boiling over and at conveniently located spots along the way stand grinning Aimara boys, each with empty petrol tins filled with water to be sold for a few centavos to passing motorists. To those unfamiliar with conditions it may appear strange that a car's radiator should boil on such a comparatively short, even if steep, ascent. But at the altitude of La Paz the boiling point of water is far below 212° F. and though the radi-

ator may steam and boil until nearly empty the motor of the car will not heat up to the danger-point and the water will not even scald one's hands.

This effect of high altitudes upon the boiling point of water makes cooking something of a problem. One may boil potatoes or even eggs for hours—for all day—and yet find them raw. The country folk—the aborigines and Cholos—never dream of attempting to cook food by boiling and the inhabitants who do are compelled to use pressure-boilers in which the steam is confined and the desired temperature thus obtained.

Steep as is the climb to the *alto*, difficult as it proves for automobiles, yet the aborigines, accustomed to traversing the terrific slopes of the Andes, never deign to follow the highway, but climb straight up and down the mountain side, believing firmly in the geometrical assertion that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points, and absolutely regardless of the existence of gradients.

And on this particular morning when I set out from La Paz, scores of Aimaras and Cholos were toiling in long files, in knots and groups, up the mountain side; dozens of automobiles puffed and panted up the winding road, and on every side were people astride donkeys and on horseback all moving towards the *alto*, all subdued, silent. Files of soldiery and squads of police also marched upwards toward the heights, for, at sunrise, in the shadow of the giant statue of Christ, a man was to die. Executions in Bolivia and elsewhere in Latin-America are not such unusual incidents as to attract much attention; but this was in many respects a most unusual affair. Some time previously a Bolivian official, a general, had been assassinated. Several men had been arrested, charged with the murder, and there was apparently no question of their guilt. But as only one man legally could be executed for the crime, the prisoners—true to the inherent gambling instinct of their race—drew lots to determine who should die. And on this chilly morning that I left La Paz the loser was to face a firing-squad upon the wind-swept *alto*.

As our car topped the last rise and we glanced back at the town nestling in the bowl nearly a mile beneath us, we passed instantly from the temperate to the frigid zone. Across the high plateau a biting, bitter gale blew from the range of ice-sheathed peaks to the east, and the sand of the limitless desert swirled and rained like charges of bird-shot against the car. And as we bumped, swayed, and careened across the *alto*, following the easiest—or rather the least difficult—route regardless of ditches,

holes, and sand, it seemed as if the wind would win and the labouring engine might give up the battle and allow us to be blown back like a rudderless ship. But still worse was in store for us. Great black-bellied, ominous-looking clouds rolled down from the Andes; the air became frigid, and in ten minutes we were in a blinding blizzard.

The snow came in great soggy, wet flakes; in hard, frozen tiny pellets. It swirled about, filling the air, sticking to the glass windscreen, blotting out the landscape, and covering the sere brown plain with an even white blanket. Fortunately there was no true road to follow, no bridges, ditches nor culverts to be avoided. We had the entire desert to wander over as we willed, and there was little or no traffic. Sometimes, as we struggled along, the car sputtering and the wheels skidding while the Cholo chauffeur peered around the snow-covered windscreen striving to pick out some landmark, a troop of llamas would appear. Like wraiths they would materialize from the drifting white flakes; like ghosts they would vanish the next instant, with sometimes a glimpse of a plodding Aimara driver, his *poncho* so snow-covered that he seemed merely a denser bit of the blizzard. Once or twice a shaggy burro, laden with bales of wool or bundles of *ponchos* or produce would burst into view, to be swallowed up almost before the moving bundle beside him could be recognized as an Aimara woman with her youngster on her back. But never a cart, a vehicle nor another car. We were as isolated, as alone as upon a tiny ship in a limitless sea, and no sound but the howling gale, the rattle of hail and the chugging engine broke the vast silence. How the chauffeur found his way, how he avoided moving in endless circles, I never knew. But when, in the course of half and hour, the gale diminished, the snow gradually ceased and the sun broke through the racing clouds, I discovered we were on the right "road," that landmarks were where they should be, that we were still headed for the north and that not far ahead of us there was a tiny village. Already we were passing the outlying fields of upland wheat, yellow potatoes and wiry bunch-grass. Here and there an aborigine toiled, his *poncho* thrown back, his bare feet hidden in the recently fallen snow.

Llamas, cattle, and a few mud-bedraggled sheep browsed on the scant pasturage, and watching the flocks were Aimara women and children squatting, apparently quite comfortably, in the wet snow. One woman we passed sat with open blouse and bared breasts nursing an infant, her hands busy as always carding and spinning wool. The child in her lap was half-covered with the snow, its chubby face was flecked with snow, and melting snow

trickled and slid over the woman's bared bosom. So inured to the climate have these Aimaras become that they seem impervious to snow, cold, freezing winds or wet, water-soaked garments. They do not even trouble to brush or shake the snow and ice from themselves as it falls, but let it remain until the warmth of their bodies melts it. They even seem to enjoy the frigid temperature and storms, and before the door of one tiny stone hut I noticed two children, naked as the day they were born, playing and laughing uproariously in a half-frozen puddle, breaking the thin ice with feet and hands, splashing one another with slush, and wallowing like tiny bears in a nearby snowdrift.

The village, like all others we passed, consisted of a dozen or two miserable huts of loosely piled stones topped with straw-thatched roofs, of uneven, irregular, crooked walls of adobe; narrow, muddy streets or paths, a badly kept rum-shop and store combined, and dominating all, an immense adobe church with tiled roof and surrounded by high mud walls. Probably no country on earth is so church-ridden as Bolivia. Religion is all right in its way, but there is no excuse for carrying alleged Christianity to the point it is done here. The only inhabitants are the aborigines, miserably poor, ignorant and dirty, but industrious, as they must needs be in order to wrest a miserable existence from the barren, flinty soil in a bleak and frozen land, and yet every village, every hamlet, is compelled to support a church and from one to a dozen fat and sleek priests. Often, in a small village, there will be a priest to every ten people, and the bulk of what the few Bolivianos and the Aimaras earn goes to the church. Outwardly these people of Skyland are Christians. At heart they neither fully understand nor fully believe in the Christian religion.

Upon every hut there will be a crude cross, but just as inevitably the cross will be accompanied by the symbol of the Sun-god whom their Incan and pre-Incan ancestors worshipped. When they go to Mass they carry their ancient gods or idols with them, and while, for the sake of policy and peace, they profess the Faith and bear saints' names and kneel before the cross and mumble prayers and take part in the pageantry of the Catholic Church, their innermost thoughts are all of the gods and the beliefs of their ancient forbears, which after all is as it should be. But the veneer of Christianity has had strange effects upon their customs and life. Passionately fond of their domestic animals, the aborigines have set apart "saints' days" for their fowls, their dogs, their burros, their sheep, their alpacas and their llamas. Each to be sure is the age-old day designated by their ancestors

for the worship and offerings to the god of each creature, but the aborigines, anxious to be on the safe side, have supplanted the names of the old deities with the names of Christian saints, although the celebrations and rites are thoroughly pagan. It is the same way with everything in their lives. They pay ungrudgingly the fees demanded by the priests, for they do not feel sure the God of the white man is not too powerful to be ignored or enraged; but among themselves they also strive to placate the ancient gods. In every cultivated field they bury the rudely modelled "Corn-god" or "Wheat-god" or "Potato-god," and somewhere in the walls of every hut are the potent charms, the shrivelled embryo llamas, the bits of human hair and nail-parings, the bones and "medicines" that keep off the evil spirits and malignant devils of their ancestors.

And their ancient tribal dances and ceremonials still survive and hold full sway, even though, for policy's sake, they are now held on Holy Days of the Church. It was to be present at these dances that I had visited Skyland, and far ahead, at the feet of the glaciers, lay the remote Colla village which was my destination.

Soon the hitherto level *alto* became undulating; low hills appeared, and we commenced the irregular but steady ascent towards the higher lands. Although the *alto* itself is nearly 14,000 feet above the sea, yet it is mere lowland as compared to the terrific mountains we were approaching. From north to south as far as could be seen a dazzling rampart thrusts peaks, serrated ridges, symmetrical cones and vast bulks thousands of feet above the lower brown mountains, enormous in themselves. It is difficult to imagine a more wonderful display of mountain scenery than this great aggregation of the Andean giants. Although we were still nearly fifty miles from the range, yet the peaks seemed almost within stone's throw, and the wind, blowing to us from across the limitless glaciers and snow-fields, was frigid and chilled us to the bone. But the sun was warm, the sky was clear, and bird life was abundant despite the arid, uninviting character of the country.

Wherever there was a pool of water from the melting snow or a marshy spot there were herons, egrets, stately white and black Jabiru storks, and occasionally flamingos. The handsome but inedible Andean geese were abundant. Great white and green plover, and long-billed curlew wheeled and whistled as they winged past. Gulls soared overhead. Coveys of big, pheasant-like partridges whirred off at our approach. Far up in the blue vastness two broad-winged condors sailed on motionless wings.

Carrion-hawks watched us impudently with bold eyes, and I was greatly interested in one species with such long legs that at first sight they might readily be mistaken for some species of plover. In the occasional clumps of giant cacti were the bulky nests of the cactus-wrens who sang joyously from their spine-protected strongholds. Among the bell-like flowers of blooming agaves scores of bright-coloured warblers, finches and tanagers gleaned their food. Gaudy orange and black orioles flitted from clump to clump of wiry grass and thorny weeds, and the swallows twittered as cheerily and flew back and forth as erratically as at home.

Other forms of life were scarce, aside from the ever-present llamas, a few alpacas, flocks of bedraggled sheep and an occasional bunch of cattle. Several times we caught glimpses of *viscachas* as they scurried into their burrows. A mangy-looking Andean fox slipped like a grey shadow into a pile of rocks, and saucy little gophers chattered and scolded angrily as we trespassed on their domains. But not a human being nor a human habitation could be seen. We seemed to be in a deserted, uninhabited land; a waste of sand, jagged ridges, rough stones, cobble-filled gulleys, and boulder-strewn hills. Far in the distance the surface of Lake Titicaca shimmered in the sun far beneath us, but in all that stretch of land between the everlasting snow of the peaks and the shores of the distant lake there was not a tree nor a blade of green grass. What vegetation there was was stiff, spiny, grey and sere; cacti of endless forms, Spanish bayonets, giant agaves, and the strange dome-shaped *yaretta*, a woody plant which is the universal fuel of the natives and looks far more like a brain coral than a vegetable growth.

But despite appearances we knew the land *was* inhabited. Within a few miles, though invisible, were aborigines' villages, aborigines' huts, and hundreds of the hardy mountain Collas. The lower hills and mountain-sides were covered from bases to summits with their walled-in, terraced fields, looking like patchwork quilts, and where there are llamas there are always aborigines. But so perfectly do the low stone or adobe huts blend with the landscape, so well do the brown skins and the dull-red *ponchos* of the herders match the reddish earth and brown rocks, that they are invisible until close upon them.

And we soon had proof that we were in a populated land. As the car swung down a steep slope, and a faint trail or pathway could be traced across the desert, we came upon a group of aborigines who leaped and scurried aside with shrill screams and good-natured laughter. All were in gala attire and were bound for the same destination as ourselves. The men, sturdy,

muscular fellows with keen eyes, broad faces and ruddy cheeks, shouted greetings in Aimara. The women, their shining black hair done up in braids and ribbons, their rosy cheeks seeming on the point of bursting with health, giggled and cast shy glances at us, and the brown-skinned youngsters, trudging along or bundled on their mothers' backs, ogled us half fearfully. Against that sere brown land the gay costumes of these Collas fairly blazed. Green, orange, and cerise predominated, while huge silver spoon-shaped pins in the women's *mantas*, silver necklaces and bracelets, and the silver-mounted chief's staffs of the men glistened and flashed as the polished metal caught the rays of the brilliant sun.

For miles after we had passed them, I could look back and distinguish the plodding Collas by the splash of colour and flickering points of light in the midst of the dun-brown world.

But now, on every side, and at every few hundred yards, we saw similar groups, all headed the same way, all in their brightest and best costumes, and all gay and cheery despite the long and weary journey before them and the equally long and dreary miles they had traversed since leaving their mountain homes long before dawn.

Presently, too, the apology for a road swung westward, we sped down grade, vistas of Titicaca and its picturesque islands appeared between the hills, and, rocking and bumping, we roared through a narrow cleft in a ridge and came to a stop before a group of ancient adobe buildings.

No doubt, three or four centuries ago, it had been a fine place and a noted stopping-place for the mail-clad Dons *en route* from La Paz to new fields for conquest. Its walls, six feet or more in thickness, still showed traces of ornate plaster work and bright paint. Its rickety, sagging gallery and veranda of algorobo wood was elaborately hand-carved. Its deep-set windows were protected by rusty iron bars and hand-wrought grillwork, and where the façade had been protected from the elements by the sheltering balcony, the walls were covered with half-obliterated frescoes representing Biblical scenes, galleons under clouds of multicoloured canvas, and luxuriant tropical landscapes with waving palms. Over these, nailed to the plastering with spikes, pegs of wood, cactus spines and antique brass nails, were hundreds of skins, wings and heads of ducks, snipe, geese, swans, waders, storks, song birds, condors, and other birds, together with the feet and heads of foxes, gophers, *viscachas*, deer, vicuñas and other mammals, the whole constituting a strange record of the owner's prowess as a hunter

or, as he expressed it with a grandiose wave of his hand, his *museo*.

A strange character was the present owner of this once far-famed Fonda y Posada de la Santisima Concepcion, as the centuries-old, weather-beaten sign informed me it was called. A gaunt old Spaniard, hawk-nosed, leather-skinned, with fiercely bristling white mustachios and unkempt white beard; with flashing deep-set eyes under bushy white brows, and with a lean corded neck as red and rough as a buzzard's. Upon his head he wore the knitted, bright-coloured woollen cap of the aborigines. A patched and far from clean calico shirt covered his body. About his neck was an immensely broad and low collar many sizes too large for him and having no visible connection with the shirt. His bowed legs were draped with baggy, flapping trousers of homespun llama-wool cloth held at the waist by a flaming Colla belt, and his feet were encased in rawhide sandals of pig-skin with the bristles on. But his manners were those of a Spanish grandee as he welcomed us, and bowing low, assured me that his house and all it contained were mine, adding, as an afterthought, "*y todo el campo, Señor, tambien.*" (And all the country as well). He assured me that coffee would be ready in a *momentito*, insisted that after our long ride we must partake of his home-made brandy,—fiery, ill-smelling, mud-coloured liquor made from fermented *rice chicha* but possessing a kick like a mule. He offered me black, crooked cigars from the interior *montaña* and, as if exhibiting a palace, he showed me about the place.

Like practically all of the old Colonial *posadas* or inns of the country, the "Santisima Concepcion" was a combined dwelling, corral, hotel, restaurant, store, stable, and fortress. The *patio*, surrounded by the massive, thick-walled buildings with their immensely stout and heavily iron-bound doors of wood, was flagged with uneven slabs of stone worn smooth as glass by the feet of generations of aborigines, Spaniards, wayfarers, llamas, donkeys, cattle, and other beasts. Dirty water from kitchens and outhouses trickled between the stones and afforded a never-failing source of food supply for ducks, geese, fowls, and pigs. At one side the soot-blackened mud-walled kitchen vomited dense clouds of pungent smoke from the *yaretta* and llama-dung fires fanned by a naked Colla girl, and exhaled the mingled odours of burning coffee beans, frying pork, and garlic being prepared by an enormously fat Chola woman whom the Don informed us was his "*Señora.*" Her sweat-wreathed face turned towards us for an instant as she grinned an acknowledgment of the introduction. The Don, in a confidential tone, explained

THE REGALIA OF AN INCA

Wooden mask with crown of gold and feathers and golden ear coverings from the mummy of a royal Incan.

that the "fat one" was his *Señora primera* (first wife) but that two others were within the house; one *muy guapa* (very lovely), the other *mas jovencita* (younger).

"The Padre," he continued, "tells me I must have but one Señora. But, *Dios mio*, what am I to do, Señor Americano? Would he have me turn Josefa out, and she, *pobrecita*, so young and so beautiful, to become the mate of some Indio? Would he have me for ever condemned to Purgatory for casting adrift Politica, who mends my poor clothes and cheers my loneliness with her songs? Would he have me be rid of old Manuela who, as Padre Filomeno himself says, is such a most excellent cook, and without whom, of a truth, the Posada de la Santisima Concepcion would lose its name? Truly, Señor, it is a problem beyond my poor head. Cannot you, who like all the Americanos have seen so much of the world, give me advice?"

He sighed sadly but resignedly when I politely declined to interfere in his marital problems, and led me successively through the bakery with its beehive-shaped adobe oven, the reeking stables and corrals, the peons' quarters, and finally to a tower-like bastion in a corner of the corral walls where, to my utter amazement and delight, there was an ancient, corroded, and verdigris-encrusted carronade mounted upon a copper-bound, worm-eaten wooden carriage.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old Don, as I stooped to examine it. "That, Señor mio, is from Spain like myself. Of a truth it is old, Señor. It was here in the time of my father and my grandfather, and perhaps of his grandfather, *Quien sabe*? *Si*, it came here with Valdivia, brought from Cuzco with the army of Pizarro when the soldiers set forth to conquer Chile. Ten such guns there were, carried on llamas and by Indios across the mountains. Three were placed here, three more at Aitchicatchi, and the others—*Dios* knows where. This alone remains here. At Aitchicatchi the Señor may see another. Yes, of a truth, Señor, they are most old."

I had no reason to question the truth of his statement. The cannon was obviously of the sixteenth century, and, no doubt, in those old days of the conquest, the Posada de la Santisima Concepcion was an important spot, an outpost for soldiery of Spain, a stronghold commanding the pass, and of enough military value to warrant it being fortified. I cast longing, covetous eyes upon the relic of those old days of the Conquistadors, but Don Guillermo Montez Esquimalda y Zuniga de Pascal, refused to sell it at any price, although constantly repeating—between refusals—that it was mine.

By this time coffee was announced, and Don Guillermo conducted me to a small room opposite the kitchen. It was evident that he had done his best to prepare fittingly for his guest. Upon the rough table, made from packing cases, someone—either a servant or a wife, had spread a table-cloth which bore unmistakable earmarks of having once served as an altar-cloth, probably in the household chapel of the Posada. It was much mended and patched, the lace and embroidery worn threadbare, but it was clean. The crockery was more or less fragmentary, and while no two pieces were of the same set, it was old Spanish porcelain and worthy of having a place in a museum. And the cutlery, recently scoured bright, was heavy, hand-made, Colonial silver.

Evidently the chamber, temporarily used for my breakfast-room, served ordinarily as a harness-room. In one corner was a pile of sheep and llama skins and several greasy, sweat-caked woollen *coronas* or saddle-pads, topped by a dilapidated, high-pommelled, silver-mounted saddle. On cobwebby "viceroy's chests," of tooled leather, were thrown lassos, ropes, pack-saddles, and bridles, while, opposite the doorway and in an enclosure formed of empty petrol tins, a numerous family of guinea-pigs nibbled at frozen potatoes and awaited the day when they would be served up for the Don's dinner.

But one becomes accustomed to strange and incongruous surroundings when travelling through the Andean skyland. As the coffee was good, the fried pork crisp, the bread neither too gritty nor too doughy to be inedible, and as my Aimara camp-boy had with rare forethought brought along condensed milk and sugar, I made an excellent meal.

Daniel, my Quichua servant, and the chauffeur fared equally as well in some other nook, and much refreshed, I thanked the Don and enquired the price of the meals. The old fellow drew himself up proudly. "Señor," he exclaimed, "you owe me nothing. Would a Pascal, think you, accept payment for the hospitality, miserable as it is, which it is a pleasure and an honour to bestow? No, Señor mio, we dwell in a wild land far from civilization, but though I am poor yet am I a Caballero of Spain. May you go with God, Señor." Then, as I thanked him and he embraced me in true Spanish fashion, he remarked: "But Manuela is a Chola, Señor, and she knows nothing of the courtesies of gentlemen; and Josefa baked the bread and Politica placed the cloth upon the table."

I could not resist grinning, and the old Don's face wrinkled and he winked slyly, as I turned to the three expectantly waiting

women. After all, I thought, as we waved farewells, there might be some advantages in having three Señoras to be paid when one keeps a *posada*.

Beyond the ancient Spanish inn, the faint trail became recognizable as a road. Here and there fields were under cultivation. Isolated huts and small villages were passed. Domestic animals rapidly became more numerous, and constantly, along the main road and converging towards it from side lanes between adobe walls, were groups, knots, and parties of Collas. Often they would be accompanied by men with drums and flutes. At other times a party would be led by several men or boys playing on Pan's pipes, and frequently we would pass some single, *poncho*-clad wayfarer with lips pressed to the mouthpiece of a long wooden *quena* or Incan flute and filling the air with the plaintive, pathetic, sweet melody of "Ollantay," "When the Indian Weeps," or some other immeasurably ancient tune of the Incas and their ancestors.

Unlike the aborigines of the tropical jungles or the red men of North America, these people of the Andean heights are truly musical. They have no love for the booming tom-tom, the shaking rattles, the shrill discord of whistles which we usually associate with so-called red-Indian music. Instead they make use of the *orcharina*, the flute-like *quena*, flageolets, and Pan's pipes. The latter are often of gigantic size with the longest pipes ten feet or more in length, and are played by several men, each blowing upon his own immense tube.

Only in their dances do they use drums, and even then the cadence and rhythm merely keep time to the flutes and pipes and have none of the primitive, savage character of ordinary red-Indian music. With few exceptions the tunes played by these people of Skyland are of a sad or at least a plaintive type, for while the Andean aborigine, be he Quichua or Aimara, is jolly and fond of fun and a good time, yet somehow the sad and the morbid always appeal to him. Perhaps it is the age-old tragedy of his race, or perchance it is the result of countless generations of his ancestors having dwelt in the austere, hard-bitten land of snow-covered mountain heights. But whatever the reason, he prefers a picture of a martyred saint or a soul in Purgatory to more cheerful subjects, and most of his music might well be the wails and laments of lost souls. I know of nothing more expressive of drama, tragedy, and sorrow than the notes of a *quena* floating across the sterile hills as some shepherd watches his flocks and whiles away the long hours by playing the ancient tunes of his ancestors.

And as we drew near our destination, and the groups of Collas converging from innumerable highways and by-ways joined to form a rainbow-hued crowd, the melodies from hundreds of primitive instruments blended in a veritable chant.

Never was there a more colourful procession. The *ponchos* of the men and the *mantas* of the women, the flaring petticoats, gay sashes, and belts were of every colour of the spectrum. Brilliant sky-blue, cerise, emerald-green, orange, and magenta were the popular shades of the women, while the men favoured scarlet and crimson, old rose and grey, or orange and black. Many were heavily laden with bundles and bales of produce and other articles, many drove donkeys or llamas loaded to their capacity, for the aborigines combine business and pleasure, and while the men make merry and dance and drink, the women squat beside their wares and carry on a brisk market trade.

Presently, as we topped a low rise, the one-storied dwellings and the inevitable adobe church of a village lay before us. A moment later our steaming car came to an enforced halt where the lane between the huts became too narrow for further progress. Instantly we were surrounded by Collas, all excited and curious over the car, all laughing and chattering like magpies. Leaving the car in the charge of the *corregidor*, a wrinkled-faced old fellow carrying an enormous silver-decorated staff indicative of his position as Mayor of the village, we started towards the market-place, picking our way along the rough uneven paths between the houses. Much to my surprise, the little square was a veritable oasis in the desert of brown hills, mud walls, towering mountains, and snow-capped peaks.

Hemmed in by the long low walls and the one-storied buildings, the village market-place gleamed gloriously green in the clear cold air. Between the cobbled paths that crossed the square at every conceivable angle, were flowering shrubs, blooming plants, pine trees, and cedars, and many hardy, rather stunted palms. In a large city, even in an ordinary Peruvian or Bolivian town, the *plaza* might have seemed a very poor and shabby apology for a garden. But here on the Andean heights amid the bare austere surroundings, and in an aboriginal village, it appeared most attractive and delightfully unexpected.

Everywhere the Collas fairly swarmed. Every lane and pathway was filled to overflowing with the women squatted beside their wares. Some had spread their stock of colourful hand-woven *mantas*, *ponchos*, and rugs before them. Others had pottery of varied colours and forms. Others displayed baskets, others knitted woollen caps, gloves, socks, and shirts. But the

bulk of the commodities were edibles. There were potatoes of various sizes and unusual colours; peanuts and figs, cactus fruit and palm nuts; barley and maize, a surprising and most instructive exhibition of the vegetable resources of the apparently unproductive land. Many of the women presided over tiny braziers or fires of dried llama-dung where weird viands were cooking in earthenware pots. Others toasted dried fish over coals, and still more were busily serving thick syrupy coffee, still thicker chocolate, or muddy-looking *chicha*, to the thirsty crowd.

So thickly were the women packed between their wares that there was scarcely room to step without treading upon their persons, their garments, or their goods, and yet scores of the brown-faced, *poncho*-draped men were crowding and pushing their way about, taking a drink here, munching a flinty-hard roll or a dried fish there; bargaining vociferously, shouting salutations to one another, laughing and chaffing with the women. It was a brilliant, picturesque, noisy throng but no place for a person with sensitive nostrils. The combined odours of sweating, not over-clean, human beings, frying fish, rancid dried beef, stewing garlic, burning coffee, llama-dung smoke, and countless unidentified smells were overpowering.

Through the babel of sounds filling the market came the notes of flutes and pipes, and following these we came to a crowd of men gathered about an open space paved with hard-packed adobe. On the opposite side was a low wall, and before the doorway in this stood the musicians. One had his lips to a trumpet composed of a dozen or more cow-horns fastened together to form a snaky, twisty instrument with deep sonorous bass notes. Another bore a small snare drum. Still another carried a larger bass drum, and the other four were playing upon *quenas*, Pan's pipes, and *orcharinas*. As we reached the spot the music burst out in full force, a peculiar tune with a suggestion of "Ollantay," and yet with a rhythm that marked it as a dance tune. Quickly the crowd of onlookers grew. Women came hurrying from the market: men seemed to appear from nowhere, and in an instant the place was packed with odorous aborigines. Suddenly, from the arched opening in the wall, half a dozen men rushed out. Upon their heads were crowns of waving, gay-coloured parrot and macaw feathers. From shoulders to heels they were draped in beautifully embroidered white woollen smocks. Their leg-coverings were heavy with silver bullion, and to the accompaniment of the musicians they began dancing. There was nothing of the wild, savage abandon of most aboriginal dances in their performance. Instead, they moved gracefully, somewhat deliber-

ately; swaying their bodies, turning from side to side, going through intricate steps and gesturing expressively with their hands. Presently a group of female dancers joined them. They wore the typical bright-coloured petticoats, but their blouses were ornate affairs loaded with silver lace and embroidery, and upon their heads were enormous, complicated head-dresses of feathers, silver, coloured worsted, and cleverly fashioned artificial flowers. Passing back and forth between the men, and by some amazing miracle managing to retain their ponderous head-coverings in place, they commenced to dance. Curiously, too, their steps were not in time with those of the men, and to my surprise I discovered that the band was playing two distinct tunes at the same time, two of the flute players and one drummer furnishing the music for the women while the others continued with the air for the men. And yet there was no discord, nothing inharmonious; the two tunes, although wholly different and in distinct time, blending and harmonizing perfectly. The dance was obviously of a symbolic character, and the Colla beside me explained that it was the planting dance, the men representing the benevolent spirits or deities whose favour ensured abundant crops, while the women were the spirits of the plants. Scarcely had he finished his rather involved explanation when shouts and harsh screams interrupted the music, and a third group came dashing from the doorway into the arena. Garbed in pantaloons and jackets so covered with silver that they gleamed like coats-of-mail; with horribly grotesque masks covering their faces, they were savage, terrifying-looking figures, and no second glance was needed to recognize them as demons. Now the music changed to a faster, shriller tune, and as the demons rushed among the dancers the white-robed figures whirled and gyrated before them while the women shrank back, cowering and afraid, and expressing their terror by their gestures and steps. These, my Colla friend informed me, were the bad spirits or devils who were responsible for blights, droughts, and other misfortunes to the crops. It was evidently a contest between the good and bad influences for supremacy, and as the mimic struggle, expressed by dancing, waged fast and furious, the onlookers became wildly excited. To them, no doubt, it was all very real, and the outcome was of the most vital importance. Being firm believers in omens and symbols, and believing also that the invisible spirits controlled their living representatives, they were absolutely convinced that the result of the dance would foretell the fate of their crops during the coming season. Whether or not the dance always ends in the same way I cannot say, but on this occasion at any

rate, good triumphed and evil was most ignominiously put to rout. As the defeated demons scurried for shelter and the women once more whirled and gyrated and their skirts flew out until they appeared like descending parachutes, deafening cheers arose from the hundreds of throats and the unfortunate demons were pelted with decayed vegetables, lumps of dirt, and other unsavoury missiles. None of the Collas needed to worry over their crops, and everyone was in high spirits. But all was not over. As the last nodding feather head-dress disappeared, and the last woman doffed her head-dress, the tired musicians gave way to a fresh band. They, too, carried drums, *quenas*, and Pan's pipes, but unlike the first lot they were elaborately costumed in silver-embroidered trousers, short, fringed *ponchos*, and feather head-dresses. Commencing with a low-toned, almost funereal air, they paraded about the open space swaying to right and left, bending forward, and clearly expressing by their movements that they were farmers cultivating and gathering their crops. Gradually the music quickened, the men danced faster, and at last came to an abrupt halt in two rows facing each other. Now another group of dancers appeared. These also carried musical instruments. About their necks they wore large hoops, and upon their shoulders were stiff cape-like or *poncho*-like affairs of jaguar skin.

When they first appeared I assumed that they represented jaguars and were about to go through a symbolic attack upon the others. But my neighbourly Colla informed me they were symbolic of the jaguar-god and most benevolent and friendly deities. Their appearance was greeted by loud shouts and cheers and a burst of stirring triumphal music. As they reached the centre of the open space they, too, commenced dancing, and the next instant every one of the hundreds of aborigines joined in. From somewhere, as if by magic, drums, pipes, and *quenas* were produced. Groups of musicians began parading about. Dancing men and women trailed after them, and the din of a score and more bands, the shouting hilarious Collas, and the stamping of hundreds of sandalled feet was deafening.

Hitherto the people had been most decorous and had remained sober. But now that their symbolic ceremonial was over, and everything augured good fortune and prosperity for the next six months, they commenced to celebrate with a vengeance. Fiery native rum took the place of edibles in the market. Every man appeared to possess his own private stock, and rapidly the liquor showed its effects. Bleareyed, staggering aborigines careened giddily, uttering maudlin shouts. Groups swayed and rolled about with locked arms and

affectionate embraces. Solo dancers much the worse for liquor brought roars of merriment from their more sober fellows as they attempted to follow the notes of *quenas* or the beat of drums in the hands of musicians as badly off as themselves, and here and there helpless fellows sprawled on the ground or snored lustily, oblivious of everything. But there was no rowdyism, no savagery. All were happy, good-natured, and peaceful. Thick-voiced arguments waxed warm to be sure, but there were no quarrels, no fights, and the disputes invariably ended in the opponents embracing, drinking from the same bottle, and parting the best of friends.

Even the *caçiques* partook overmuch of the rum, and while they strove manfully to conceal their condition and took no part in the drunken dancing, their legs were none too steady, their gaudy hats were awry, and their speech was thick. Several approached me and offered to sell their silver-embellished staffs of office. Ordinarily these are prized more than life itself, and one might as well ask an Aimara or Colla chief to part with his head as to ask him to sell or trade his staff, handed down for generations and originally the gift of a Spanish Viceroy. When a *caçique* offers to dispose of his insignia he is drunk indeed, and while I would have been glad to secure one or two of the staffs, I declined the offers, for I well knew that when the owners regained their sober senses they would demand the return of their sceptres in no uncertain terms.

Strangely enough, as I thought at the time, the women remained sober. A few drank sparingly of the liquor, but the majority contented themselves with the harmless *chicha*. But I soon discovered that there was a reason for this. As the afternoon drew on and the sun swung towards the western hills, the women began gathering up their belongings, packing their donkeys, their llamas, and their own shoulders, and preparing for their long tramps back to their distant homes. How the intoxicated, almost helpless men would ever manage to follow road or trail was a puzzle to me, but the Collan women soon solved it. Pushing and shoving their way among the men, each woman rounded up her man or men and commenced driving the fellows from the *plaza*. Some responded readily and obediently to sharp words and commands, but others held back. But the women paid no heed to protests. When words failed, fists, feet, and sticks were brought into play, and with cuffs and blows the reluctant males were urged onward. Many were far too drunk to keep their feet or to walk straight, and when a woman found that her lord and master was actually incapable of obeying her commands she would call

several of her friends or family to her assistance. Many a befogged Indian was dragged like a sack of meal along the cobbled streets. Others were half-carried, half-led, and a few utterly unconscious merrymakers were lifted to the backs of donkeys, and, lashed in place like any other burden, were carried from the village. No doubt, through countless ages of similar celebrations, the women had learned the necessity of remaining sober, but it must have been a sore temptation for them, and I marvelled at their self-restraint.

In a remarkably short time the crowd had melted away. Only a few loiterers or unfortunate bachelors remained. Climbing into our car, we headed for the Posada de la Santisima Concepcion, where we would be obliged to pass the night. Beyond the hills the sun was setting in a blaze of fiery glory. The snow-clad peaks of the Andes gleamed like molten silver; the desert glowed, the whole world took on a ruddy hue as though bathed in the glare of a stupendous conflagration, and the plodding Collas, homeward bound, appeared like sprites or imps moving through an inferno.

CHAPTER XVIII

BY THE SOURCE OF THE AMAZON

OF all Peruvian cities Cuzco holds the most of historic interests, historic associations, and of ancient architecture. It is doubtful if any other city in the world, inhabited to-day, can boast of occupied buildings antedating those of Cuzco, for there are those in this ancient capital of the Incas that were built three, five, perhaps ten thousand years ago, and still are in perfect, serviceable condition.

For countless centuries in the forgotten past a populous city of the pre-Incas, for centuries the capital of the vast Incan Empire, for more centuries the capital of the Spaniards in Peru, Cuzco fairly reeks of history, of archæology, of bloodshed and battle, of siege and conquest, of drama and of romance, and the way to Cuzco leads by the source of the mighty Amazon.

Onward from Juliaca the route is far more interesting and attractive than between Arequipa and Juliaca. Much of the country is bare, sterile, and practically a mountainous desert; but there are more and larger villages, more cultivated lands, more fertile valleys, more flocks and herds, more aborigines; and for the greater part of the entire distance to Cuzco the railway follows close to the rivers.

At each wayside station the aborigines swarm—men, women, and children—selling food, textiles, fruits, and handiwork, or idly watching the train and its passengers with as much interest and curiosity as if it was the first they had ever seen and its occupants were strange beasts in a travelling menagerie. At each station, too, the aborigines differ markedly in costume, complexion, and appearance, for while all speak Quichua and call themselves Quichuas, there are innumerable tribes and each is distinguishable by the costume, and more especially by the hat worn. Thus the women about Juliaca wear floppy black hats; those about Laro and Pucara use oval, flat hats with hanging flaps of bright-coloured cloth at the sides; the women farther along the route prefer saucer-shaped headgear with the tops covered with dull-coloured cloth and the lower sides gorgeous red and yellow. About Sicuani the hats are broad, slightly

convex, and covered with geometrical patterns in every colour of the rainbow, while near Cuzco the local hat is a heavy affair with sharply upturned brim and hollow crown decorated with tinsel and embroidery. By their hats shall ye know them, might well be applied to these aborigines, for never would the inhabitant of one district or a member of one tribe, dream of donning the type of hat belonging to the members of another tribe or district. It is a very, very ancient custom dating back to Incan days when under Incan law the inhabitants of each village were compelled to wear certain costumes or details of costume by which they could instantly be recognized or identified—a sort of raimental passport as it were.

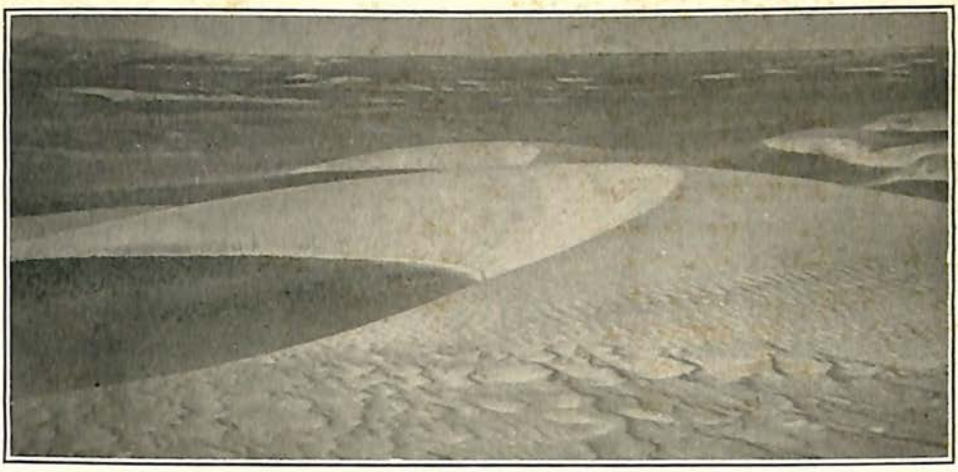
Though the aborigines may differ in clothing or hats, in features or in the colour of their skins, yet in certain respects all are alike. All are dirty, unkempt, vermin-infested, and, to judge by appearances, as poor as the proverbial church mice. As a matter of fact, however, they are by no means poverty-stricken. All own farms, llamas, alpacas, sheep, and cattle, and many are wealthy, while many possess several hundred pounds (Peruvian) in good minted silver besides their real estate and live stock. While it has repeatedly been stated that they never wash either themselves or their clothing, this is a gross injustice as I can testify from personal observation. Wherever there is a stream or an irrigation ditch, there one may see the women—and a few men as well—bathing and washing their garments. But it is rather a hopeless task, the water being as a rule far dirtier than either the people or their clothes which, after the laundering, are usually worse than before.

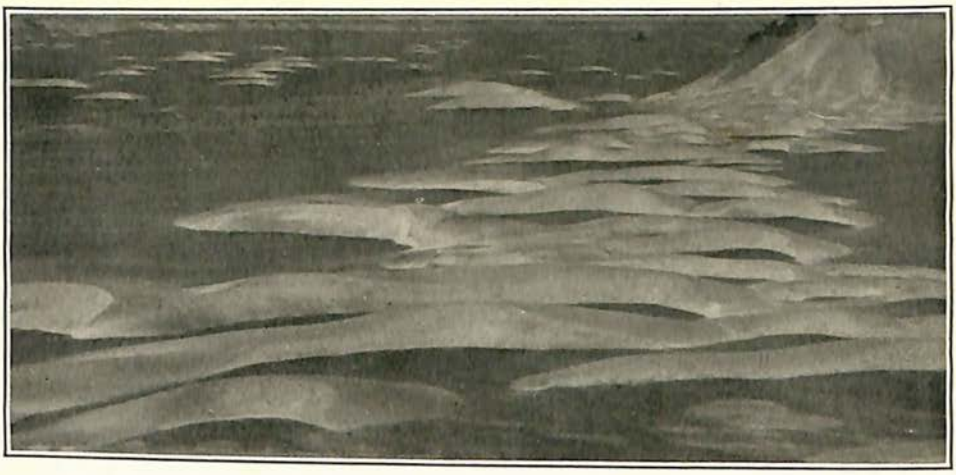
With all their faults and their filth they are, however, a most industrious race. Everywhere in the fields one sees the men laboriously ploughing the earth with a crooked stick drawn by a yoke of oxen or cultivating their crops. In doing this they use immensely heavy hoes with such short, crooked handles that the aborigines are forced to bend almost double. When I asked one of these farmers why he and his fellows used such crude, heavy, ungainly implements instead of long-handled, lighter hoes, he replied that it was because the heavy hoe dug deeper by its own weight. No amount of argument would convince him that the effort in lifting the heavy blade was far greater than would be needed to drive a lighter hoe into the soil, for the Quichua of this district is most conservative and follows the custom of his ancestors, and his hoe is merely a steel replica of the ancient stone hoes of his prehistoric forbears. Moreover, labour and time mean nothing to the aborigine.

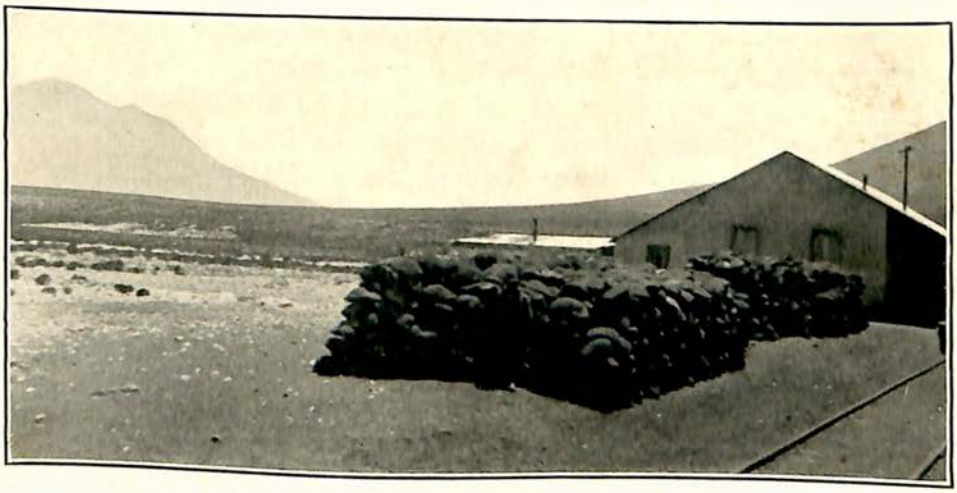
He has enough and to spare of both and he is as tireless as a machine. In every field are immense piles of stones culled from the land and often larger than the fields themselves, and yet there seem just as many stones left in the soil. The utter hopelessness of ever removing all the stones from the earth would discourage any white man, but the aborigine goes patiently on, picking up the stones by hand, tossing them into the great piles, and never stopping to think that his task is endless.

On every mountain side, too, one sees cultivated fields reaching to the very summits and covering the hills and ranges like a patchwork quilt. How such an apparently sparse population could ever have tilled so much and such precipitous land is incomprehensible at first. But the Quichuas have been cultivating this country for countless thousands of years; every member of the family works, and during many centuries of unremitting hand toil every available inch of soil has been tilled and made to yield its quota. The women are fully as industrious as their men and regardless of what they may be doing—whether tending flocks or babies, whether sitting or walking, whether carrying immense burdens themselves or driving burros or llamas with their loads of produce, they are ceaselessly, forever spinning the wool of sheep or llamas into the thread from which their *ponchos* and clothing are woven.

Even about the modern woollen mills at Chectuyoc and Sicuani one sees the women deftly spinning their wool in the ancient, primitive manner, and while the flashing spindles within the mills may be able to spin more thread in an hour than a Quichua woman can produce in a year, and although the machine looms may weave hundreds of yards of cloth while the patient aborigine laboriously weaves a single *poncho*, yet no machine has ever yet been devised which will produce textile the equals of those made by the aborigines by hand. Years after the machine-woven good have faded and have been worn to shreds, the *ponchos*, *mantas*, and blankets of the aborigines will be whole, serviceable, and with colours as bright as ever. Judging by the general appearance of the garments worn by the majority of these Quichuas, their apparel must have been woven in the days of the Incas. This is not because the people are either lazy or improvident as regards clothing, but because they have learned that farming and stock-raising are more profitable occupations than weaving textiles. As a result, little time is given to weaving to-day and—more is the pity, machine-made cloth rapidly is taking the place of the home-spun and native-made goods for *ponchos* and other garments.







1 AND 2. THE MOVING DUNES OF LA JOYA

3. PILES OF YARETTA (THE STRANGE FUEL PLANT) BESIDE THE RAILWAY

Aside from the mission-farm at Calca, and the model sheep-farm at Chuquibambilla, the entire district is Quichua, the only outsiders being the innumerable priests and the employees of the railway. For that matter the majority of the padres are Quichua, as are many of the minor officials and most of the labourers on the railway, which is as it should be in a land which not so long ago belonged to the aborigines, and, under Incan rule, was far more prosperous and more civilized than it is to-day.

Perhaps under the Incas, the aborigines were cleaner, more attractive people than at present. History fails to enlighten us on this minor point; but the chances are that the aborigines here, as elsewhere, have degenerated and have assumed the worst of the white man's vices and faults through contact with European civilization and the baptismal font, for as one sensible and observant Jesuit missionary once admitted to me—"You cannot Christianize an aborigine without civilizing him, and you cannot civilize him without ruining him."

But regardless of his shortcomings, his faith, his sanitary or insanitary habits, his rags and the miserable hovel wherein he dwells, the Andean Quichua is a hardy, healthy, peaceful being admirably suited to his environment, or rather because of his environment. Through countless generations he has developed a resistance, an immunity to the conditions that face him at every turn. It has been a case of the survival of the fittest, for all who were unable to fight the ceaseless battle against nature and win, succumbed, and only those who were triumphant survived. As a result, the Quichua is almost immune to fatigue, oblivious of hunger, and impervious to cold. He is, as he so frequently repeats in his songs and verse, a true son of the Andean heights: "Born of the snow-fields and the mountain peaks."

At La Raya, the highest point on the route from Juliaca to Cuzco, there is a magnificent view of the vast glaciers covering the mighty peaks to the east.

To those who have seen only the glaciers of Switzerland, Alaska, the Arctic, and the Antarctic, these rivers of ice at La Raya will be something of a surprise. Here the immense, slowly moving masses of ice never reach the valleys. A few thousand feet below the summits of the peaks they come to an abrupt end, and at the limit of perpetual snow they melt and dissolve to form streams that flash and tumble through deep cañons to the valleys far below. Here also, at La Raya, is a most anomalous state of affairs. Within the shadow of the ice-sheeted mountains are hot springs and streams of boiling,

steaming water which, flowing eastward from the western side of the valley meet the ice-cold streams flowing westward from the glaciers and join forces to form two rivers, one of which flows north and the other south from the divide.

The southward-flowing stream, which for hours has been within sight from the train, feeds Lake Titicaca, while that which winds northward, ever increasing in size, eventually reaches the Amazon. It is fascinating to watch this little stream, born of the mingled hot and cold waters of La Raya, and realize one actually has viewed the birth of the world's mightiest river. What a strange, marvellous, adventurous trip it would be to follow this principal tributary of the Amazon to the distant Atlantic! To journey down the Apurimac through cañons and defiles, through untrodden endless jungles, past vast, silent, long-dead cities of bygone races, among wild untamed tribes for the thousands of miles that lie between La Raya and Para. It is a trip no man has yet undertaken, which few would dare to undertake, for much of the course of the river lies through unknown, totally unexplored districts; through an unmapped territory almost as large as the whole of France, and with no one knows what rapids, cataracts, and myriad other dangers along the route. But if the traveller cannot follow the Apurimac to the Amazon and the sea, he can and does follow the ever-increasing river through the rich Andean valleys to Cuzco.

Very beautiful is this "Quebrada de Cuzco," as it is called. Shut in between towering heights and frowning mountains; at times narrowing until it is almost a cañon, again widening out for miles, and everywhere filled with colour so intense, so brilliant it seems unreal. The mountain sides glow in impossible scarlets, purples, mauves, and yellows; the distant ranges loom impossibly blue, and the fields of the valley are impossibly green of every shade from palest emerald to deepest malachite. Crossing the cultivated lands and dividing them into irregular squares and rectangles are the low, red-brown adobe walls. Among groves of poplars and eucalyptus rise the square towers of adobe churches; low thatch-roofed or tile-covered adobe huts and homes dot the landscape, and everywhere—laboriously ploughing the land, cultivating their fields, tending their flocks and herds or merely stoically watching the roaring train, are the Quichuas. Nine out of ten wear red *ponchos*; their skins are reddish-brown, their rough woollen garments have taken on a reddish tone from countless days of contact with the red soil and red dust, and they seem almost like bits of the prevailing reddish earth modelled in human form.

Almost as numerous as the aborigines,—and it must be confessed almost as dirty, are the priests and friars who seem always to be travelling from one tiny unkempt little station to another. Mostly they are Quichuas, and like their peasant fellows, their cassocks of black, brown, or white have taken on more or less of the reddish adobe tint of the land. At every village, no matter how small, or poverty-stricken, there is a church or two, often covering a greater area than the entire *pueblo*, and for every church there are friars and to spare.

In one tiny hamlet with less than one hundred inhabitants I counted ten priests, and how the hard-working, patient aborigines ever manage to keep soul and body together and support the multitude of churches and priests is a mystery. But that both are well supported is obvious, for regardless of the squalor and filth in which the aborigines live and labour, their fellow-tribesmen in clerical garb are invariably fat, sleek, and complacent. Most assuredly, if the number of churches and churchmen in a community are any indications of the sanctity of the population, then the lowly aborigines of the Cuzco Valley must be the most saint-like of human beings, and they should find a direct and easy road to Heaven.

God knows they deserve it after all they have suffered in the past and the little comfort and happiness they can find in their present lot, and personally I hope there is a special aborigines' Paradise where the "red man" may at last be free from oppression, exploitation, and cruelty at the hands of the "superior race."

It must be admitted, however, that the aborigines of this district are far from being the "noble red man" type. They are probably the least intelligent, the dirtiest, and the most degenerate of the Peruvian Quichuas, and one must possess an immense amount of imagination and enthusiasm in order to find them picturesque or interesting. But we must bear in mind, before judging them too harshly, that hundreds, thousands of years of grinding oppression, abuse, and actual slavery have played their parts in making these people what they are to-day. No race could be so crushed, so debased, so cowed and brutalized without degenerating. It is not the fault of the aborigines but the fault of the white race that the Quichuas are what they are to-day, for they are of the same stock, the same blood as those cultured, civilized, vastly powerful and industrious people whose works make Cuzco the Mecca of countless visitors to Peru, and which are, in many respects, one of the true wonders of the world.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CITY OF THE SUN

CUZCO, founded and built by an unknown race before the fall of Babylon, for untold centuries the capital of the vast Incan Empire; for many years the seat of the Peruvian viceroys and the Inquisition, and for long the most important city in America, is still the most fascinating and historic city of Peru.

Though time has wrought great changes in Cuzco—even within the past few years; though wars, fires, the hands of the ruthless conquerors have all had their part in destroying the handiwork of its original builders, yet Cuzco still retains much of its past glories, its marvellous architecture, and its romantic associations. It is replete with magnificent examples of Colonial Spanish buildings, shady *portales*, outjutting, carved wooden *miradors*, ornate iron window-grills, massive hand-carved doors, elaborate façades, and delightful *patios*. Within its boundaries are the oldest university on the continent of America; the magnificent cathedral with its treasure of old masters, jewels, and golden vessels; innumerable old churches; astounding Incan and pre-Incan walls; palaces wherein dwelt the Incan monarchs; the unparalleled Temple-of-the-Sun, and everywhere the steep, cobbled, narrow streets—as well as the modern concrete paved thoroughfares—filled with *poncho*-clad aborigines and strings of laden llamas.

Until recently, however, Cuzco was not a pleasant spot to visit if one was a bit squeamish or susceptible to odours that are far from desirable. For centuries it had borne the reputation of being the dirtiest and most malodorous of Latin-American towns, and its people rather gloried in their boast that it never had been cleaned since the days of the conquest—and probably not for centuries before. The sewers—where there were any—were merely open ditches in the centres of the streets, and were usually choked with garbage and filth. During rainy weather they flooded the pavements and distributed their flotsam and jetsam everywhere, while in the dry weather they became festering pest-holes of decomposing offal. Sanitation was as

unknown to the inhabitants as to the pre-Incans. But to-day all this has been changed. Under ex-President Leguia's *régime* cleanliness, sanitation, and good roads took precedence over everything else, and Cuzco was the first inland city to be attacked by the army of engineers, sanitary experts, and road builders.

And the ancient stronghold of the Incas capitulated without a struggle. A modern sewerage system was installed, property owners were compelled to install proper sanitary arrangements, the city was cleansed and disinfected, new pavements were laid, and last but by no means least, the railway company erected an excellent hotel, thus filling what was probably Cuzco's greatest need.

Considering the condition of the city in the past, one marvels that any of its hundreds of thousands of citizens survived, and the stranger who visited the city became sceptical of our accepted ideas of germs and microbes.

Cuzco, however, is blessed with a very healthful climate, for it is nearly eleven thousand feet above the sea, and during the winter months the weather often is very cold. On a June or July morning it is not unusual to find the water in one's room covered with ice, and I have more than once seen the roofs white with hoar-frost and the surrounding hills gleaming under a mantle of snow. But during the coldest weather the sun shines brightly and with most grateful warmth. During the winter, from April until the end of October, which also is the dry season beyond the Andes, Cuzco's climate is almost ideal and very equable.

Though not tropical, yet in the trans-Andean area there are well-defined wet and dry seasons as in tropical countries, and the visitor will find that climatically, botanically, and faunically Cuzco and its neighbourhood are very distinct from the coastal or Andean regions. In fact, the valley of the Apurimac, in which the city lies, is the chief tributary of the Amazon and the water flowing past the ancient city eventually enters the Atlantic.

Few visitors to Cuzco are particularly interested in such matters, for there are more interesting features on every side.

From Cuzco all those bold, adventurous old Dons set out on their conquests of Chile, Bolivia, and the wild interior. Here, for many centuries, was stored all the vast treasure won by conquest and pillage and loot, and here were enacted the countless tragedies, adventures, crimes, romances, and intrigues that entered into the conquest of Peru and the enrichment of Spain.

Here, too, was the seat of government of that astounding Empire of Tahuantisuyo (The Four Corners of the Earth) ruled

by the Incas, and which comprised over one million square miles of territory with over twenty million inhabitants—the largest single government in the world in those days.

Here were the countless magnificent palaces of the long line of Incan kings, the homes of the Virgins of the Sun and the other six orders of Incan nuns; the great storehouses, the quarters of the Incan army, the mighty forts and the wonderful Kori-Cancha or Temple of the Sun. And within Cuzco, in Incan days, was the greatest accumulation of gold in the entire world.

No spot in the New World can boast such a wealth of pre-Columbian remains as Cuzco, and it is a crying shame that the Peruvian Government did not, long ago, make Cuzco's Incan, pre-Incan, and colonial remains the property of the government and national monuments, as they have done now. Following the Spaniards who destroyed all they could destroy, collectors, vandals, and every Tom, Dick, and Harry have had a hand in destruction. Priceless, irreplaceable buildings and walls have been demolished, antiquities have been broken or sold for a trifle, and about all that now remains in Cuzco—outside the museum and private collections—are those things which are beyond the power of man to destroy. Even the old Dons gave up in despair when it came to tearing down Cuzco's pre-Incan architecture, and merely erected their flimsy dwellings upon the masonry of the ancient forgotten people. So to-day one finds the most astounding examples of the so-called "Cyclopean" architecture scattered everywhere along the streets and often forming portions of quite modern edifices.

To those not interested in ancient ruins and ancient civilizations, the city offers a wealth of old-world architecture and romantic history, and the visitor who knows little and cares less for the works of the Incas and their predecessors—and he must indeed be blasé—cannot fail to be impressed by the rare and beautiful artistry and priceless relics of Spain's greatness in the New World. The city possesses more old churches and convents than any other city of its size in the western hemisphere, and each and every one is a treasure-house of art, for, thank Heaven, the hand of modernism has not yet invaded Cuzco and the buildings, with few exceptions, remain precisely as they were in the days of the *Conquistadors*.

Noteworthy among these Spanish buildings is the University of Cuzco that dates back to 1592, and which has been co-educational since 1910. It contains priceless collections of antiquities, ancient books and manuscripts, paintings by old masters, and historical records. Among the churches, the

most beautiful and interesting is the huge cathedral on the Plaza de Armas, with its altar of heavy, beaten silver standing in the centre of the immense structure, its reredos and panellings of carved cedar, its monstrance of gold adorned with symbolic designs and biblical scenes wrought in emeralds, rubies, pearls, and precious stones and valued at several million dollars, and its innumerable huge paintings by the old masters, prominent among them being the famed " Crucifixion " by Van Dyck.

Every junk-shop, pawnbroker's, and second-hand furniture dealer's in Cuzco is filled with old paintings. Many are doubtless worthless copies, others may be by artists of little fame whose work has small value ; but some among them unquestionably are artistic treasure-troves. Not being an expert on the subject of old paintings I cannot say positively, but as in the old days the wealthy Spaniards brought countless paintings by the most famous European masters to Cuzco, and as most of these eventually find their way to the pawnshops and junk-shops, there must be many priceless canvases tucked away in the dusty dark corners of Cuzco's innumerable little holes-in the-walls shops. Their present owners know nothing whatever regarding them. They would not recognize a Titian, a Rubens, a Rembrandt, or a Murillo if the artist's name was legibly printed upon the picture. But they *do* know they are old.

On one occasion, I was attracted by a small but very beautiful and old painting of the Virgin and Child in a Cuzco junk-shop.

" Is it old ? " I asked the wrinkled, brown-skinned proprietor.

" Old ! " he exclaimed. " Señor, it is antediluvian ! "

An entire volume might be devoted to describing the old Spanish colonial buildings of Cuzco. Almost every other edifice is an ancient church, a colonial mansion or a palace, and practically the entire city is erected upon Incan and pre-Incan ruins. At every turn, along every street, used as walls and foundations for houses, churches, and other structures, are the massive indestructible walls, the time-defying marvellous masonry of the civilized aborigines who built Cuzco centuries before the coming of the Spaniards. Though the Spanish buildings, less than five hundred years old, are crumbling away, though earthquakes that have shaken the town have tumbled the Dons' masonry about their ears, yet the works of the aborigines have withstood time and the elements, fire and earthquakes, the destructiveness of man for thousands of years and yet remain as solid, strong, and unchanged as on the day when they were first erected.

No mortar nor cement was used in the pre-Incan masonry and none was required. Though the blocks of stone may be square

or rectangular, irregular, hexagonal, twelve, twenty, even thirty-two sided, yet each block is so truly cut, so accurately fitted to its place that nowhere can a crevice be found that will permit a knife-blade to be inserted between the stones.

Often the blocks are of enormous size, weighing as much as twenty to thirty tons each, with faces many feet across, and very frequently the largest will be at the summits of the walls. Owing to the immense size of the stones used in these immeasurably ancient pre-Incan structures, they have been called "Cyclopean" and are easily distinguishable from the later Incan work.

The Incans, although astonishing engineers, were primarily efficient and practical, and instead of wasting their strength and employing wholly unnecessary labour to cut and fit immense stone blocks, they used small squared stones laid in regular tiers like brickwork. But they usually fitted their stone units as carefully and as accurately as did their predecessors, and their masonry is almost as enduring. However, the Incan work varied a great deal in character. Oftentimes rough, uneven stones were used and were cemented or fastened in place by mortar.

It is hard to state just where the best or most interesting of these ancient remains may be seen in Cuzco for they are everywhere. And even to-day it is possible to locate the buildings, the landmarks, the palaces of Incan days and—if one has any imagination—it is possible to revisualize the city as it was when Pizarro and his men first marched in triumph through its narrow streets. But do not expect to find the ancient palaces, temples, and other edifices in the same condition as in those days. Most have been greatly altered and so transformed by architecture and by names that even the Incan people would not recognize them should they come back to life and wander through their one-time capital. Perhaps of all these old buildings the most famed and the most notable was the magnificent Temple of the Sun or "Kori-Kancha," now almost obliterated by the Church of Santo Domingo erected upon and about it. In Incan days this temple, that long antedated the Incan era, was filled with such a wealth of gold and jewels as the world had never seen.

Even the Spaniards—past masters at exaggeration—could not exaggerate the wonders and the riches of this sacred spot, and we fortunately possess excellent descriptions of the temple as it was when first seen by the rapacious conquerors. Perhaps the best of these accounts by eye witnesses is that of the priest, Fray Alonzo Martinez, who, with several soldiers, was sent by Pizarro to Cuzco to learn if the treasures had been removed as

directed by the captive Atahualpa for his ransom. The document —in quaint old Spanish script—when translated, is as follows:

"Facing the main entrance of the temple there were one hundred and ten steps of cut and carved stone. Above the great altar was an image of Inti (the Sun-god) in the form of an enormous disk with a human face cut upon a thick plate of gold. About the circle projected rays of the same metal ending in stars of silver. To the right of this image of the sun was that of his woman, the sacred moon or Mama-Quilla, figured with the face of a woman cut upon a plate of heavy silver and whose crown ended in a series of gold stars. In the side nave, close to the image of the moon, were seen great idols cut from blocks of stone and crowned with plates of copper gilded and tinted in many colours to represent the rainbow (Huaya-Cauri). In small spaces, like ovens, were sacred vessels showing the conquests, the laws, and the pagan religion, the mythology and the history of the people. To one side and the other of the principal portico of the temple, where they faced the image of the sun, were the twelve *chuquihuancas* of gold, which were life-sized statues of the Incas who had gone before, and at the feet of each of these and beside it was the respective mummy of every emperor. Facing the place of the statue of Manko-Kapak, was the twelfth door of the temple that gave entrance to the sacred garden or Willcamuya, truly a jewel wonder wherein, in fantastic communion, were encountered five fountains of gold surrounded by flowers, grass, plants, trees, birds, butterflies, lizards, crawling things, and a great diversity of fruits and animals, large and small, all of gold and jewels, as well as a great quantity of utensils and implements of silver. The walls of the temple were overlaid with sheets of gold, and the ceiling was studded with gold stars. The cornices of the twelve doors and of the windows were of gold, and on the outer part of the temple was a band of gold a yard in width that embraced all the temple. The cornices of the doors of Venus and the moon were of silver, and those of the other ten doors were of gold; and the mummies of the dead emperors were seated in stone chairs called *tiyanas* encrusted with gold plates."

Such riches, such a wealth of blazing gems and gleaming gold, seem almost incredible. It is almost impossible to conceive of it, but to the rapacious Dons it meant only so much loot, so much bullion for the melting-pot. The most exquisite works of art, the most remarkable examples of native workmanship, were ruthlessly smashed, hammered out of shape and melted down. In the final accounting of the treasure stripped from the Cuzco

temple by Pizarro's men the value was found to total more than two million pounds. And yet only a portion of what the temple had contained fell into their hands. The great solid golden band, a yard in width and several inches thick, that encircled the building resisted the efforts of the Dons to dislodge it, and remained in place for long after the capture and sacking of the Incan capital. The twelve golden statues, and most of the marvellous gold, silver, and jewelled objects from the sacred garden—as well as the famed golden chain made at the order of Huayna-Capak to commemorate the birth of his son, Huascar, and which contained over ten tons of precious metal—were hidden in the fastnesses of the mountains when the cargo-bearers, carrying them to distant Cajamarca, learned of the betrayal and death of Atahualpa. Their hiding place has never been revealed, they have never been found, and to this day this vast treasure remains somewhere amid the mountains beside the ancient Incan road.

To-day there is no treasure, nothing of worth nor beauty in the sadly altered Kori-Kancha. The perfection of its masonry, its mathematically perfect curves and radial lines may still be seen, for they have defied everything, and in places one may still find traces of the groove from which the massive golden belt was ripped to add to the Spaniards' loot. But the glory, the wealth—even the character of the temple, have gone forever, and the tawdry, badly cared-for church of Santo Domingo is far more conspicuous than the remains of the Kori-Kancha which it supplanted.

Though the Dons might disrupt an empire, though they might murder kings, though they enslaved a nation, yet they were unable to destroy all of the vanquished people's works, and to-day the remnants of Cuzco's grandeur dwarf and make insignificant the conquerors' edifices above them.

Gazing at these ruins and these mighty walls, a thoughtful person is more impressed than when looking at the Pyramids, the Sphinx, or the ruins of Pompeii, or Memphis. The Greeks, the Romans, the Egyptians—even the Phœnicians and the Babylonians—were familiar with many of our own arts and sciences, and they left their literature and their story. They left their imprint upon the civilizations of to-day; their entire history is known, and they held a very important place in the advancement of Europe, and hence our own race. So we always think of them as vivid personalities, almost as our own ancestors. But these buildings at Cuzco, these engineering feats unsurpassed if not unequalled by anything ever fashioned by human hands, were the work of a race whose known existence and whose extermina-

tion were almost simultaneous. They were the work of an unknown people hidden behind the mighty Andes in the New World; of beings who left no written nor sculptured history of themselves; by a race or races whom we associate with naked savages, and whose only part in the history of the world—as we know it—was to enrich the coffers of the King of Spain through the mediums of torture, fire, and the sword.

Mystery! Romance! The very air of Cuzco is redolent of both. Mystery surrounds the origin, the identity of the builders of these stupendous works. Mystery surrounds the Incas and their origin. And it is an unsolved mystery as to how they cut the hardest rocks, how they moved them, how they planned and fitted them. The bronze tools we find are far too soft even to cut limestone, and it seems preposterous to assume that the gigantic, many-sided blocks could have been quarried, faced, fitted, and finished with stone implements. Romance, too, surrounds and envelops them. The romance of a lost, forgotten civilization; the romance of those strange, superior civilized beings—the Incas—who founded and maintained one of the greatest empires the world ever has known, who established and most successfully carried out the most remarkable of communistic governments. The alluring romance of vast riches, of limitless gold, of countless gems, of the pageantry of a court that equalled that of King Solomon. The romance of a religion wherein human sacrifices played no part, a creed that included an all-powerful supreme God, a semi-human son born of a peasant woman, a divinity who was persecuted and put to death; a religion with its Holy Trinity, its resurrection, its Heaven and its Hell—yes, even its devil—a religion in many respects so much like our own that the Spanish priests declared some holy saint must have visited Peru before them. And there is the romance of conquest, of war, of hopeless struggles for freedom. The romance of a mighty, civilized, peaceful, happy people ruthlessly murdered, betrayed, robbed, enslaved, and annihilated solely for the treasures they possessed and which, to them, had no intrinsic value!

Yet of all spots in Cuzco none holds greater historic and romantic associations than the mighty fortress of Sacsay-Huaman (The Eagle's Nest) that frowns down from the mountain top above the City of the Sun.

Upon the summit of the walls of that immeasurably ancient fort, whose titanic stones were hewn, fitted, and erected thousands of years before Columbus set sail from Palos, centuries before the birth of Christ, I stood late one afternoon awaiting the

sunset. The spot whereon I stood was the apex of a single cut stone, a monolith over twenty feet in height and weighing perhaps two hundred tons, yet but one of hundreds that, fitted together without mortar or cement, formed a sheer, smooth wall with scarcely a visible crevice between them.

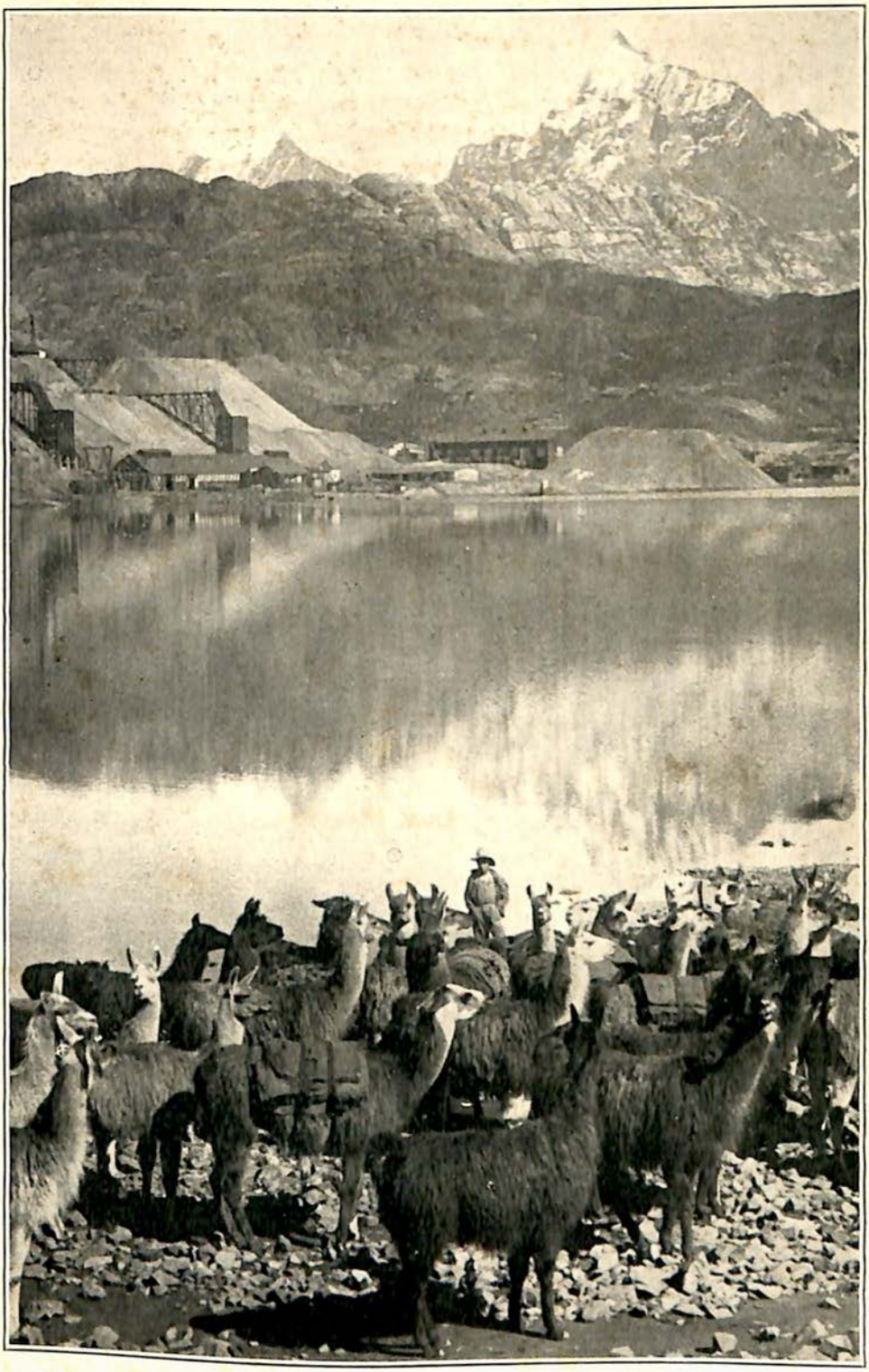
All was silent, deserted. I might well have been the only living man on earth, the last human being, standing on that mountain summit crowned by the prehistoric fort.

Yet I had only to glance down at the valley below in order to see Cuzco with its teeming human ants, its scurrying beetle-like automobiles, and a toy-like locomotive laboriously puffing as it drew its train of passenger coaches from the station.

What, I wondered, would the Incan warriors who once garrisoned the fort have thought had they looked upon Cuzco as it is to-day? What, for that matter, would their deadliest foes, the Spaniards, have thought of the city they conquered and laid waste could they have seen Cuzco as it would be four centuries later?

How many times both Incans and pre-Incans and Dons must have stood there in the waning light of dying day and gazed across the fair green valleys, the hill-sides with their terraced gardens, the tumbled Andean ranges and the Incan capital.

Upon the very spot where I now stood Incan warriors had battled furiously for their lives, their Inca, and their homes. Perhaps upon the very stone where my own feet rested, that gallant Incan general, last survivor of the garrison, had defied the Spaniards single-handed, had driven back the Dons time after time, dashing their brains out with his mighty battle-axe, holding the fort against hundreds, until at last, realizing the cause hopeless, he had hurled his weapon from him, and with a prayer to Inti, the Sun-god, he had leaped from the parapet over the verge of the precipice to find freedom and peace in death. I could picture him in my mind, could almost see him there; a giant, heroic figure in the blue and white uniform of the Inca's bodyguard; a gleaming bronze and golden casque upon his head, a plume of scarlet features denoting his rank; his powerful muscular arms with their golden bands swinging the long-handled, bronze-headed battle axe; springing now to one side, now to the other as he caught sight of some Spaniard's head appearing above the wall; his eyes flashing, his features set; shouting defiance at his foes; oblivious of cross-bow bolts, of musket balls, of arrows, until even the Dons drew back and cheered his bravery and heroism. And I could visualize him when, as for a moment his enemies ceased their onslaught, he



THE CAMELS OF THE ANDES

Llamas beside a glacier lake with a copper mine on its shores.

drew himself erect, looked westward at the sinking sun, and breathing a prayer to his god, he tossed his blood-stained axe into the abyss and leaped after it.

I glanced down and shuddered at thought of hurtling through space to the jagged rocks hundreds of feet below. Yet his death had been far easier and more merciful than those of his fellows and his emperor who were tortured, burned at the stake, garrotted, merely because they had fought for their homes and freedom or had refused to disavow their own gods and accept the faith of their inhuman conquerors.

Now Cuzco, the Incan capital, the City of the Sun that once had contained greater wealth in gold and precious stones than all of Europe, gleamed softly in the slanting rays of the setting sun. And though it no longer was the Cuzco of the Incas, though many and great changes had taken place during the four hundred years and more that had passed since the last Inca sat upon his golden, gem-encrusted throne in the ancient city, yet in the soft glow of that fading afternoon I could still trace many of the landmarks that had been so familiar to the warriors who had once paced the walls of Sacsay-Huaman and had looked proudly and longingly down at their capital.

There, massive and square, was the palace of the Inca Roca. I could trace the broad avenue of Ahuac-Pita leading to the circular Kori-Kancha, the Temple of the Sun, now transformed into the Santo Domingo church near the railway station. There, too, was the bulky mass of the palace of Maita Kapak Inca wherein, after the conquest, Gonzalo Pizarro dwelt. There was the palace of Ipa Huako that had served the infamous and famous Francisco Pizarro for a home, and is now occupied by the Prefect of Cuzco. Half-hidden in the shadows cast by more modern buildings was the once magnificent residence of Manko-Kapak, the first Inca, with its marvellous wall of incredibly-fitted immense stone blocks. With my eyes I followed the Calle de Triunfo, known to the Incans as Kora-Kora, to that strange polygonal structure " The House of the Twelve Corners." But all were dwarfed, overshadowed by the great cathedral, the Jesuit College and the Christian churches, just as the ancient faith of Cuzco's builders had been overshadowed by their conquerors' faith, and all built from the fragments of razed palaces and temples. The sounds of their discordant, jangling bells reached my ears even on Sacsay-Huaman's heights, calling men to worship in temples dedicated to a God of love and peace and goodwill towards all on earth, yet founded on blood, torture, cruelty, and wanton destruction.

Swiftly the shadows spread across the city like a veil of mourning for the sins committed, and all about me the mountains and the fortress walls glowed golden in the sun's last rays. No wonder the Incans worshipped the fiery planet. Standing there as he dropped lower and lower towards the Andean peaks, and as the turquoise sky turned to rose and crimson and a golden glow suffused all the visible world, I felt awed, reverent, and to my mind came the words of the ancient Incan " Chant to the Setting Sun."

Now wearied with his journey through the sky
Inti, the Sun-god, glorious to see—
Hastes to his couch beyond the ocean's rim
And robed in gold and red sinks down to rest.

Above him in the vast arch of the sky
His banners flaunt their folds of gorgeous hues
Waving farewell to him who rules the world.
Then swiftly darkness wraps the tired earth
Within the soft cool mantle of the night.

Inti's eyes close and now the Sun-god sleeps,
The mountains are but shadows, spectral things,
The pampas, seas of blackness ; night has come,
The day has ended and the whole world rests.

Carefully I picked my way across the rock-strewn mountain-top, as the afterglow faded from the sky, to where a battered Ford awaited me.

How had the mighty fallen! The Quichua chauffeur, descendant of Incans, was sprawled across the torn and patched seat, his eyes closed, his mouth open, and was snoring lustily. Ghosts of long-dead warriors, of Spanish adventurers ; the glory of an Andean sunset, the Sun-god of his fathers, meant nothing to him.

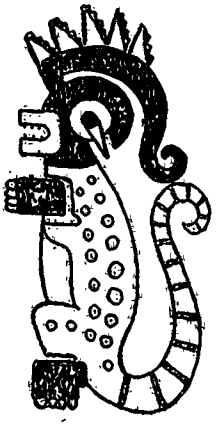
Sleepily he yawned, rubbed his eyes, and reluctantly climbed from his extemporized couch and cranked his ramshackle car. Then, as the ancient machine shook and rattled to the racing motor, and he clambered back to his seat, he turned to me with a grin.

" Does the Señor wish to visit a cabaret ? " he enquired. " We of Cuzco are up to date. We have a most excellent cabaret—with the *musica* of jazz and the Señoritas dancing *muy desnudo*. Does the Señor wish——"

My " No ! " and my look silenced him. Ye gods ! To visit

Cuzco, the City of the Sun, the one-time capital of the Incan Empire, and spend one's time in a cabaret!

With a sigh of deep disappointment the degenerate Child of the Sun gave his attention to his gears, and shook his head deprecatingly. To him the way of the *gringos* were past understanding, for who could be crazy enough to wander about staring at old buildings, poking amid ruins, gazing at stone walls, when one might sit in a brightly lit cabaret and drink beer and listen to a jazz band and see painted and spangled Señoritas dancing *muy desnudo?*



CHAPTER XX

SITES OF HISTORY AND DRAMA

MILES beyond Cuzco, in the mountains of the tropical jungles, is the ruined fortress-city of Macchu-Picchu. A few years ago Macchu-Picchu was hidden in the depths of almost unknown forests, and was inaccessible to all but the hardiest, most experienced of explorers; but to-day it is within easy reach by railway and automobile.

Much has been told and written of this so-called "lost city" of the Incas, much that is truth and much more that is far from the truth. One writer, possessing a far greater love of the dramatic and a far more vivid imagination than a knowledge of history and archæology, gave to the public a most wonderful and romantic story of this ancient pre-Incan city. He related how Macchu-Picchu had been lost to all of the Incans save the priests; how, when the Spaniards entered Cuzco and desecrated the temples and violated the "Mamakunas," or Virgins of the Sun, the virgins fled from the city and sought sanctuary in Macchu-Picchu. There, according to his tale, they remained—as much lost to the world as the city itself—and aged and died and were interred by survivors until but one remained. Old, helpless, alone, with no one to give her burial, this sole remaining Virgin of the Sun passed away, leaving her body to the vultures and the foxes, and her bones to bleach amid the silent deserted ruins.

It was a most poetic, touching, dramatic story—a story and nothing more, for there was no basis of fact upon which to build it. In reality Macchu-Picchu was never "lost" to the Incans. It was of pre-Incan origin and, like so many of the pre-Incan cities, was repaired, added to, and occupied by the Incans for many years. But it was an outpost of the empire, isolated and distant, and was exposed to the frequent and disastrous raids of the wild and savage tribes of the neighbouring jungles. Hence, eventually, it was abandoned and left to the jungles and the birds and beasts. But the Incans had not forgotten it, and when Manko, heir to the Incan throne, raised the rainbow-standard of the Incas and led his faithful followers in armed revolt against

the Dons in Cuzco, he used Macchu-Picchu as his base and retired to it when his heroic attempt to free his people failed.

As a ruin, as a wonderful example of prehistoric engineering and architecture, Macchu-Picchu is fascinating and interesting; but it is of far less historic and romantic interest than the citadel of Ollantaytambo much nearer Cuzco. This remarkable fortress, built entirely of immense blocks of pink granite brought from a quarry several miles distant and on the farther side of a wide river, was the scene of the wonderful Incan drama—"Ollantay," an opera-drama whose beautiful, haunting melodies have been copied and embodied in the music of many lands.

Near Ollantaytambo, too, there is a remarkable stone monolith with a most romantic tradition connected with it. It rests beside the road, an enormous piece of peridotite rock of a kind which, as far as known, does not occur within hundreds of miles of the spot. According to the Incans' tradition and songs the monolith was brought from Quito in Ecuador (over one thousand miles distant) in pre-Incan days by the *caiçque* Urkon, son of Wira-Kocha. The stone, tired with its long journey and homesick, cried out: "Saycunin, I weary!" Pitying its sufferings, Urkon abandoned it to rest forever beside the road. The aborigines point to the red oxide which covers it as proof of the truth of the tradition, for this they declare (and believe) to be the dried tears of blood shed by the stone. Among the many Quichua verses and songs there is one embodying this ancient legend and which is very popular among the aborigines of the district. As nearly as it can be translated it is as follows:

Saycunin——! Saycunin——! I weary—
Long and dreary has my journey been.
From my native mountains you have dragged me—
Far from Quito over pass and plain.

Saycunin——! Saycunin——! I weary—
Will this journey never have an end?
Saycunin! I weep with pain and heart-aches.
Weep, and tears of blood I shed like rain.

Thus the living stone from Chimborazo
Unto Urkon, son of Wira, spoke.
Then the heart of mighty Urkon softened—
Wira Kocha's pity he invoked.

Saycunin——! Saycunin——! He suffers—
Lord, my father, give unto him peace.
So until this day the stone remains there—
By the road to Ollantay it rests.

Saycunin——! Saycunin——! He sleeps there—
Where Chief Urkon left him long ago
And the tears of blood he shed in weeping,
Yet remain and redden all the stone.

Even more closely associated with history, tradition, romance, and drama are the little-known ruins of an Incan *chimpa* or country house a few miles from Cuzco. Here, in Incan days, dwelt Kopahuana, the elderly governor of the district of Rumicola with his beautiful young wife. The place was a veritable Eden, but it had its serpent in the form of a young lover. There was the inevitable triangle, the inevitable tragedy, and these were woven into the famous Incan drama of "Kora," probably the most elaborate, the most romantic, and the most tragic of all the Incan story-dramas.

Kora

A Love Drama of Incan Days.

Seated upon a jaguar skin in the doorway of her house, Kora was deftly spinning llama wool into yarn. Half-dreamily she hummed an ancient Incan song as her fingers automatically performed their familiar task while her eyes were fixed upon the orchard of cherimoya, palta, and lucomo trees that stretched to the wooded banks of the river. Through the leaves the morning sun sketched golden patterns on the rich red earth. Wild doves cooed softly from the trees. A gorgeous troopial whistled from the topmost branch of a durazno tree. Restless goldfinches twitted among the weeds. A sickle-billed humming-bird hovered before a clump of scarlet salvia. Bees hummed and droned about the jasmine vines that clambered over the stone house, and the roar of the river came faintly to Kora's ears.

Before her marriage to Kopahuana, Kora had been deemed the most beautiful of the Virgins of the Sun of Cuzco, where she had been a novitiate. And when barely sixteen years of age she had been bestowed by the Inca—like any other gift—upon the nobleman who was now her unloved husband. She had had nothing to say in the matter, yet she had not complained. She was even grateful for thus having escaped the life of a nun; she respected Kopahuana, and she had been surrounded with everything she needed or craved in this charming *chimpa* or country home in the midst of fields, orchards, and gardens beside the river. Her middle-aged husband, who was in charge of the nearest *tambo* or post-station on the nearby Incan road, adored her. He was

kind, gentle, and never returned to his home without bringing some gift—luscious fruits, gorgeous orchids, a silver pin or ring, or priceless fish brought by the swift-footed couriers from the distant Pacific. Nor did he stint her in anything. Her clothing was of the finest vicuña, soft as silk. Nothing was too good for her, and her duties were light. Her husband's duties kept him from home from dawn until dark, except for a brief rest-hour at midday, and Kora's only work consisted of cooking meals, spinning llama and alpaca wool, and weaving *ponchos*, blankets, and cloth for home use.

But Kora was not happy, Into her life had come Kespi. It had been a case of love at first sight on the part of both, and though she had struggled against it, she was as helplessly borne along on the torrent of his passion as the floating leaves on the surface of the rushing river.

And now, as she spun and sung, she waited with fast-beating heart and anxious eyes and ears for the appearance of her lover.

Presently one of the two dogs beside her lifted his head and growled.

"Be quiet, Kaycho!" she commanded him as she ceased twirling the spindle and with parted lips peered down the dim avenue of trees. Then her lips curved into a smile, her eyes sparkled as her straining ears caught the distant notes of a *quena*. Nearer and clearer sounded the silvery music of the flute, playing a plaintive *sarawi* or love-song:

The clouds of doubt have drifted from your thoughts.
The sunshine of my love now warms your heart,
And melts it with the passion of my kiss,
Until, responding to my *sarawi*—
Within thy breast now sprout and bud and bloom—
Bright flowers of love to gladden heart of mine
As sunshine on the mountains melts the snow——

As the last note wavered through the grove, Kespi stepped from the shadows into a patch of sunshine. Lithe as a panther, straight as a pine of his native hills, with the keen hawk-like features of his race; with sombre eyes that were half-sorrowful, half-afire; with golden-russet skin glowing in the sun, Kespi was a strikingly handsome youth; a man, like Kopahuana, of noble blood, a famed *quena*-player and a *checollo* or singer—a combination that few women could resist.

For a moment he stood motionless, like a spirit of the woods, gazing fixedly at Kora who, dropping yarn and spindle, sprang to her feet and gazed furtively about.

"Come not to-day," she warned him in lowered tones. "My husband may return!"

With a smile Kespi placed the bone flute to his lips and piped the last strains of the *sarawi*. Then, tucking the instrument in his belt, he stepped from the shelter of the trees, and stretched his arms towards her.

"Thy husband," he said, "left at dawn to plant his fields. I watched him from the hill-top. He will not return until the sun rides high. We have three golden hours to ourselves."

With a half-hearted gesture she evaded him. "But—know you not the penalty for infidelity is death?" she whispered.

He laughed, and with a swift motion drew her unresisting to his breast. "I know that more than anything on earth I want you!" he cried huskily. "And that you love not Kopahuana nor wed him of your own free will."

She made an effort to free herself, then lay quiet with fast-beating heart in his embrace. "It is time we forgot such things," she expostulated. "Time for us to say *ayhualla* (farewell) for the last time."

He smothered her words with a passionate kiss. "Time rather to forget the law," he muttered. "For the law knows only what it hears and sees, and there are no eyes in the passing wind and no ears in the babbling stream. What do you owe the man who bought you with his power as he would buy a llama, and holds you captive, while I who love you now and ever have, must grieve, and like a thief steal in to rob a kiss?"

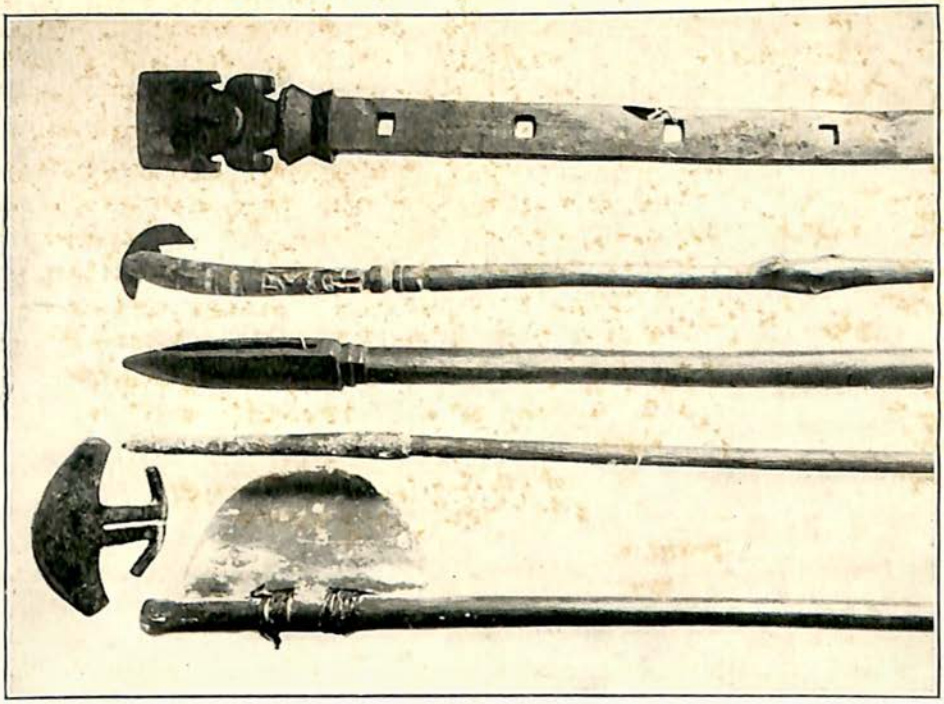
With a happy sigh she snuggled to him. Her hands reached up and caressed his hair. "Kespi, beloved," she whispered. "Would that this hour might never end. Would that forever I might rest within thy arms and taste thy lips and know thy love."

A happy yelp from one of the dogs startled them. Kora's eyes turned to a mirror of polished silver hanging near, and with a half-suppressed cry of terror she freed herself. "My husband comes!" she cried.

Stooping quickly, Kespi pressed a last kiss on her lips. With a bound he reached the trees and melted from sight among the shadows.

For a moment Kora stood motionless, with heaving breast, parted lips, and flushed face, watching the figure of her fleeing lover. Then, with a deep sigh, she sank to her seat upon the jaguar skin and once more her fingers twirled the spindle as she spun the soft yarn.

Kopahuana had ceased his work earlier than usual in order to



1. WEAPONS AND IMPLEMENTS FROM ANCIENT GRAVES.

Chapter XII.

2. A STONE "LION" FROM TIAHUANACO

Chapter XVI.

visit the dove snares he had set, before returning to his home. Passing through his fields and orchards on his round of the traps, he had gathered the choicest of fruits, the most beautiful of the flowers, as with a smile he murmured to himself the Quichua proverb: "To hold a woman's love one must ever bring gifts."

At last, laden with all he could carry, and with several brace of doves and quail he turned towards home. As he reached the frail suspension bridge that spanned the deep cañon bordering the farm on the east, and stopped to remove his rawhide sandals preparatory to crossing, his ears caught the sound of a distant *quena*. For a moment he hesitated, listening. Who could be playing a *quena* near his home? Then he recognized the tune—the *sarawi*: "Now the snow is melting." What did it mean? To whom was the fellow addressing his love-song?

Sudden suspicion flamed in Kopahuana's mind. There was but one woman in the neighbourhood—Kora, his wife. Did she have a lover who visited her during his absence from home?

Then he laughed at his fears, his doubts. Probably it was merely some passing herder who had stopped to beg a handful of parched corn or a drink of *chicha* and who was paying for Kora's hospitality by a tune on his flute. It was ridiculous even to suspect she might have a lover. He knew every man in the district. Mentally he checked them off: his hundred runners or *chasquis*—certainly not one of those fellows. His assistant, Kapcha—beyond suspicion. Surco, the Inca's llama-drover—he was away on the distant road to Cajamarca. Kespi, the government hunter—no, he should be in the jungles hunting wild beasts. Only one remained: Sulki, Kapcha's brother, a half-witted hunchback who dwelt like a hermit on the mountain side. Surely he was beyond all suspicion.

Reassured, Kopahuana crossed the frail bridge and followed the path that led to his house among the trees. Now the notes of the *quena* had ceased. The fellow had gone on his way, no doubt. Then once more he became suspicious. After all, how could he be certain there was not some man in the neighbourhood who was unknown to him? There were plenty of spots where such a man might dwell in secrecy. There were the ancient ruins across the river, the labyrinth of caverns in the limestone cliffs, the deep jungles in the river-bottom, the ravines or *quebradas* that branched in every direction from the cañon. And during the hours when he was away—often for the entire day and sometimes for all night—Kora and her lover would be safe. He cursed himself for a jealous fool for harbouring such

thoughts. He tried to laugh off his fears and doubts; but with only partial success, and—just why he did not know—he stepped aside and hid the game he had taken.

Kora was seated, spinning, as Kopahuana emerged from the trees. She sprang up at his approach, greeted him effusively, and hurried to the kitchen to prepare his food. But the question that had been on his lips remained unspoken. His eyes, trained to follow trail of jaguar, deer, or other game, had noted the imprints of human feet upon the soft earth—the marks of a man's sandals close, far too close, to those made by the tiny slippers of his wife.

All his suspicions came back with redoubled force. He felt choking with fury. There was a lover, then! The flute-player had been no chance wayfarer! Kora was unfaithful!

But all other thoughts, all his seething anger were subservient to his one consuming desire for vengeance, his determination to learn who the man might be, to trail him to his secret hiding-place.

With no change of tone in his voice, with no trace of emotion upon his face, he entered the house, emptied the contents of his sack upon the floor, and in level tones told Kora he had already eaten at the *tambo* and would go on hunt before dining again.

Arming himself with a heavy bronze-headed spear he left the house and vanished among the trees where, a few moments before, Kespi had disappeared.

The trail left by the fleeing youth was not easy to follow. Kespi was as skilled a woodsman as Kopahuana himself and, once he was out of sight of the house he had used every artifice of the aborigine to leave a blind trail in case he was followed. He had swung himself into trees, had leaped from rock to rock, from fallen log to fallen log. He did not expect to be trailed but he took no chances. He had escaped being surprised by mere good luck, by Kora having seen her husband's reflection in the mirror, and he was by no means certain Kopahuana had not caught a glimpse of him as he had fled through the orchard. He cursed Kora's husband under his breath. Why hadn't Kopahuana remained away until noon as usual? It was the first time such an event had occurred, the first time the lovers had been so nearly caught, and as Kespi sprang into a tall tree and mounted quickly to look back and learn if he was being followed, his brain was busy seeking some means of avoiding such narrow escapes in the future. He and Kora must arrange some code of signals, some means of communication that her husband could not suspect.

He peered back from his lofty vantage-point. Yes, he was being trailed. A flock of blackbirds were chattering, scolding above the trees—someone was there—and Kespi had no doubt it was the outraged husband.

Quickly Kespi sprang to the ground, in a few bounds he reached the verge of the ravine, and springing from rock to rock gained the river. Knee-deep in the water he hurried upstream, ducked into the fringe of jungle, and a few moments later vanished in the maze of caves that honeycombed the cliffs.

Kopahuana meanwhile was slowly but surely following Kespi's trail. He was aware of every device and trick for hiding a trail known to man or beast. But when he at last reached the spot where Kespi had descended the side of the ravine, he hesitated. He would run a grave risk by climbing down the steep slope where the other might strike him down at a disadvantage. And he had no doubt that the man he was following would take to the water and make for the caves where it was hopeless to follow. Abandoning the chase, he turned reluctantly towards home. As he tramped along he grew calmer and mentally and calculatingly reviewed the situation. He could not absent himself from his duties to spy upon Kora, for any dereliction of duty on the part of an employé of the Inca was punishable by death. He could not hope to surprise his wife and her lover by returning at unusually early hours, for his present experience convinced him they were constantly on the alert for just such a contingency. And once Kora thought he suspected her she would be more than ever on her guard. He even realized, too late, that he had acted hastily and foolishly by trailing the fellow. That would warn him and the two would be more careful in future. No, he decided, his course was to allay their suspicions, to pretend he was ignorant of what was taking place, to act as if nothing unusual had occurred, and to trust to their feeling of security to present him the chance to surprise them.

Securing the birds he had concealed, he re-entered his house and tossed them down as though he had just secured them on his imaginary hunt. Then, having eaten as usual, he left to resume his duties at the *tambo*.

For a long time Kora sat silent, idle, deep in thought. Something in her husband's manner had aroused her fears that he suspected the truth. Yet he had said nothing, had asked no questions. Still it was unusual for him to go on a hunt before eating. And, moreover, she had been quick to note that the blood upon the birds was hard and dry, that they had not been freshly killed. A dread filled her and she paled. What if he had

followed Kespi and had killed him? She fairly shook with terror at the thought, and feeling weak and faint, and with horror and dread of what she might find, she examined her husband's spear. To her intense relief there was no blood upon it. Still, he might have cleaned it. How could she feel sure? How could she—— Her forebodings were interrupted by the cry of the mountain falcon from the orchard—the signal she knew—and hurrying from the house she ran through the aisle of trees and threw herself into Kespi's arms.

His first words confirmed her fears that Kopahuana suspected a lover. But the fact that he was unharmed, that her husband had failed to find him, was such an immense relief that the knowledge of his suspicions appeared trivial. Both realized, however, that they were in imminent peril if their trysts were continued. And while Kora insisted their only course was to say farewell forever, that to continue meant certain discovery and death for them both, yet she knew in her heart that to live without Kespi would be even worse than death. Even as she spoke and shook her head to Kespi's ardent words and pleas she nestled in his arms and thrilled to his caresses and responded with her own.

And when Kespi spoke of the necessity of some safe means of communication it was her fertile brain that suggested the method.

"Below the shadow of the *apacheta* (mound) we will place a little pile of stones," she told him. "Each day as I go to gather the sweet corn I will place a stone so that you, beloved, may know if you may safely come to me or if I will go to you or if my husband is here and danger threatens. If upon the pile you find a white stone all is well and I await you here in the wood. If upon the pile a black stone is placed, then danger threatens, while if at the base of the pile you see a white stone, then may you come safely to the house."

"And if I come at night?" he whispered as he crushed her tighter in his embrace.

For a moment she was silent, with half-shut eyes, luxuriating in his love. Then she smiled. "Have you not noted the names of the two dogs?" she asked. "The one I call Kaycho (he is here), because he is lazy and stays about the house, the other, Manacan (she is not) because always she wanders far. So, Kespi, my adored one, the dogs shall be our passwords. Scratch upon the door as if you were a dog begging to enter and should Kopahuana not be beside me but absent for the night, then will I call out Manacan and you may enter safely and lie with me until dawn, but should I call the name of Kaycho, then hasten

away and leave no trail to let him know 'twas a man and not a dog that begged to enter."

Kespi kissed her passionately, almost savagely. "O, Heart of gold," he exclaimed throatily. "Sweet the words from thy sweeter lips. Fear not he will find the imprints of my feet. Upon them and upon my hands will I wear the paws of jaguar or bear and he will think a prowling beast has been about the house."

The plans of the lovers were destined to be interrupted for many days to come. Before Kopahuana left for the *tambo* on the following day, a messenger arrived from Cuzco summoning him and his wife to attend the Incan New Year's celebration or Birth of the Sun (Kapak-Rimi), the most important festival of the empire. The royal command was, however, little more than a formality, for no man or woman within hundreds of miles of the Incan capital would, willingly, have been absent on this greatest of days, the summer solstice in Peru.

Accompanied by a *yanacona* or porter carrying their baggage, and followed by their two Incan spaniels, Kopahuana and Kora joined the throng of wayfarers hurrying along the great Incan highway. All were dressed in their finest, gayest costumes, and the roads were ablaze with colour; and all were excited, elated, for upon this great holiday the reigning Inca would bestow his royal favours upon those who served the government and would promote those who deserved the honours.

Late in the afternoon, Kora and her husband entered the Incan capital where all was gaiety, where crowds thronged the avenues and *plazas* and where fountains, that provided water on ordinary days, now spouted *chicha* that all might drink and make merry. In every house were spread feasts free to all who cared to enter and eat. Groups of musicians and singers strolled through the streets. Everywhere were people dancing, singing, carousing, until night fell over the city and all was stilled. The next day at dawn the impressive religious ceremony was celebrated, and following this, the Inca received tribute from outlying provinces and announced the honours conferred upon his faithful servitors. The name of Kopahuana stood high in the list, for he was appointed governor or *tokri* of his district of Rumicola. And though Kora smiled and congratulated her husband upon this good fortune and the favour shown him by the monarch, yet her mind was elsewhere and her heart was heavy.

Kespi, too, was there, and when his name was called she felt as though the earth had opened beneath her feet, for the Inca had selected her lover to lead the annual hunt in the distant jungles of the Grand Chaco with their savage beasts and more

savage tribesmen. Though it was a signal honour, yet to Kora it was a terrible calamity. For months Kespi would be absent. He might never return, and as Kora thought of the long days and weeks without her lover, with never the sound of his *quena* nor the words of his love-songs to gladden her heart, she felt that even death might be more welcome. But there was one consoling thought: the hunt would not begin for another ten days. During those ten days they must make the most of their time. And in ten days much might happen.

. . . . . .

Kopahuana's duties as governor of his province kept him far more busily employed than before and forced him to be absent from home, not only for entire days but for many nights also. Needless to say the lovers, so soon to be parted, took full advantage of these opportunities. Whenever Kespi found the white pebble upon or beside the pile of stones, the two met boldly and spent long and glorious days together, and, night after night, Kespi, his hands and feet encased in the skins of bear or puma feet, crept to the doorway of the house and scratched at the wooden portal. Often Kora's cry of Kaycho! would send him scuttling for safety in the woods; but quite as frequently he would hear the welcome call: Manacan! Then, discarding the disguises upon feet and hands, he would boldly enter the dark chamber where Kora awaited him aglow with expectation and aflame with passion.

Yet, whenever they met, she fought against the tide of their love that, she felt, was bearing them both towards inevitable destruction. Gradually, too, she had become more fond of Kopahuana. She did not love her husband with the mad, consuming passion she felt for Kespi, but she had a certain affection for him, and always her conscience troubled her at thought of being so unfaithful to him. Always she declared to Kespi that they must not meet again, that she no longer could betray the man who loved and esteemed her, and always she reminded him that the penalty for infidelity was death by torture.

But always Kespi would silence her lips with kisses, would overwhelm her by the ardour of his love and caresses, and would declare that nothing mattered but their love, that she was his heaven and earth, his very life, and he would whisper the words of some sweet *sarawi* into her ears. And invariably she would yield to his pleadings, would sigh contentedly as she rested in his arms, and would forget Kopahuana, her duty as a wife, everything but the pleasure and the passion of the moment, until Kespi again left her to her thoughts and her forebodings.

She lived only for the hours when Kespi could be with her; time no longer was measured by the sun but by his visits, and on days and nights when Kopahuana was at home she was morose, nervous, irritable, and utterly miserable. But even when her husband's presence made it impossible to be with her lover, she knew he was near, that his thoughts were of her.

As the time approached when Kespi was to start on his trip into the jungles Fate seemed to favour the lovers, and Kopahuana was more and more frequently absent for several days at a time. And as the two thus found more and more opportunities for their trysts they grew bolder in their feeling of security and their conviction that the husband suspected nothing.

But Kopahuana had never forgotten the incident of the mysterious flute-player. Over and over again it recurred to him, and though he tried hard to cast aside his suspicions as unworthy and unfounded, yet he was too keen an observer not to detect a change in his wife. Still, he thought, that might be due to some feminine mood or caprice, perhaps a slight illness or even because, during his long absences, she was lonely or bored. Yet try as he might he could not avoid being prey to fears, doubts, and suspicions. Several times these had become so overwhelming that he had unexpectedly hurried home after having told Kora he would be absent over night. Yet never had he found anything unusual nor had he surprised a lover if lover there was. Each time Kora had been alone, and nothing had disturbed them other than one of the dogs scratching at the door. And at Kora's command of "Kaycho, go!" the beast always ceased his efforts to enter.

But there was another matter that worried him not a little, though it had no apparent connection with the half-suspected infidelity of his wife. Several times he had noticed the footprints of a puma or a bear in the vicinity of his house, and he wondered why the dogs had not attacked the creatures, why they showed no signs of conflicts with these natural enemies. He even mentioned the matter to Kora, but she assured him she had no fear of wild beasts, that the door was strong and was always shut, and that when the dogs barked or snarled she took no chances by opening the door to learn what aroused them. And, she added with a laugh, both Kaycho and Manacan were far too sensible to attack such powerful creatures as bears or pumas.

Then one day, Kopahuana's ever-watchful eyes discovered the imprint of a man's sandal among the puma tracks, and instantly this half-formed suspicions were thoroughly aroused. What was a man doing near his house unless he were a lover? Who was he?

As he stood there, frowning in perplexity, his eyes fixed on the tell-tale track, a noise caused him to glance up and he saw a man approaching through the orchard. For an instant hot blood raced through his veins. At last! At last he would learn who the rascal was, and would wreak vengeance in full!

The stranger showed no signs of fear, but approached boldly until within speaking distance. Then: "I come from Kapcha, lord," he announced. "He begs you come at all speed to Saparumi. The road there has been carried away by an avalanche."

Vast relief swept over Kopahuana at the man's words. If this fellow came that way others might have passed there also. A man's footprint, after all, was no evidence of wrongdoing. With his conscience troubling him to think he ever had suspected his wife, he bade her a hurried but affectionate farewell and hurried off with the messenger.

But her husband's discovery of the footprint and his manner had not escaped Kora. She was sure his suspicions had been aroused and that only the timely arrival of the messenger had prevented Kopahuana from questioning her. But she had gone too far to draw back and she salved her conscience and calmed her fears with the thought that Kespi would leave for the Chaco in a few days, that he could not be with her more than once or twice before he left and that, having escaped detection for so long, there was little chance of her husband learning the truth in the short time remaining.

Hurrying to the pile of stones, she placed the white pebble at the base of the pile, and returning to the house, awaited her lover who could safely remain with her for at least twenty-four hours.

Presently from the woods floated the sweet strains of his *quena* as, having seen the signal, he came boldly towards her playing the *sarawi* that she loved best of all his love-songs:

> Black is the night, but blacker is your hair.
> Bright shine the stars, but brighter are your eyes.
> Fair is the sky of blue, but fairer far your face
> Sweet is the juice of cane, but sweeter are your lips.

* * * * * *

Throughout the day heavy ominous clouds had rolled and billowed about the Andean peaks, and as the afternoon waned they spread slowly across the entire sky. Vivid lightning rent them, and thunder rolled and reverberated among the crags. To Kora and Kespi the gathering storm meant nothing. The strong stone house was built to withstand gales, torrential rains, and even earthquakes, and although the elements might battle in

TIAHUANACO

1. Some of the titanic stone building blocks.
2. The gateway of the sun cut from a single stone block.
3. A portion of the rows of giant monoliths.

demoniacal fury among the mountains, the worst of the storms seldom reached the valley between the hills. And the lovers were far too happy in each other's company, too much engrossed with their stolen hours of passion, to give any heed to the weather.

But to Kopahuana, hurrying to Saparumi where the road had been carried away by the landslide, the storm presaged dire results. He knew only too well the havoc to the Inca's highway that was caused by such tempests. If the storm broke before he could reach the spot where the landslide had already occurred it might be days before repairs could be made, and the Inca's road must be kept open at all costs. So, stopping only long enough to secure one hundred men at the nearest station or *tambo*, Kopahuana hurried on his way muttering fervent prayers to Inti, the Sun-god, that the storm might be delayed until he reached Saparumi. And as if in answer the storm-devils fought and roared about the upper peaks and summits, but held themselves in check until he and his men arrived at the scene of the disaster.

As Kopahuana laboured and toiled in the raging storm throughout the long hours of the night, Kespi and Kora, clasped in each other's arms, listened to the incessant peals of thunder, the roar of wind and the slashing rain, and blessed the gods who had sent the tempest that assured them of safety and of Kopahuana's absence. But as the sun rose and the rain-drenched valley was flooded with morning light, they realized the husband might return at any moment, and with heavy hearts they parted, for on the following day Kespi was to leave for the jungle hunt. Unless by some chance Kopahuana should be called away this would be their last meeting for months—perhaps forever—and Kora felt as though her heart were being torn asunder as Kespi, after promising to return at sundown, slipped into the orchard and vanished.

Kopahuana, having snatched a few hours' rest, started for his distant home. Tired as he was with his terrific labours of the night, he avoided the usual route that led across the bridge and took the longer but easier way that led through the valley. This took him past the pile of stones that served the lovers for their signals, and they at once attracted his attention. He did not recall having seen the little mound before, but as such piles of stones were common everywhere in the neighbourhood he thought little of it, and was about to continue on his way when he noticed two stones that, apparently, had been dislodged by the storm. Being, like all of his race, extremely superstitious, and believing the mounds were sacred things erected by some bygone people,

he stooped, lifted the two pebbles—one black and one white—and tossed them on to the pile. The black stone dropped into a crevice and the white one rolled to the base of the pile. Feeling he had rendered a service to the spirits of those who had built the mound, and little dreaming of the tragedy his deed would cause, he continued on his way. But as he neared his home he once more noticed the numerous tracks of a puma in the soft earth, and decided to prepare a trap to capture or kill the beast as soon as he had eaten and rested. Then he noticed that, strangely enough, all the tracks led *towards* his home but none led *from* it. For a space he stood lost in thought, puzzling his mind to account for this seeming phenomenon. The next instant a half-stifled exclamation came from his lips, he sprang forward, and bending down examined with flashing eyes the fainter tracks that he had seen. There was no mistake. They were the imprints of human feet, and they were superimposed upon those of the puma. And every one led *away* from the house!

Instantly all his former suspicions came crowding back. There *was* a man. He *had* visited the house during Kopahuana's absence. Kora *must* have a lover!

Suddenly another thought flashed across his brain and he drew back, glancing furtively about with frightened eyes. What if the tracks were those of neither beast nor man! What if they were the trail of some demon, some evil spirit who could assume the form of a puma or a man at will! To him such a thing appeared possible and natural. Demons, evil beings, supernatural creatures—all were as real to him and his race as were pumas, bears, or other beasts.

Still, the suspicion of his wife's infidelity would not down. For a brief instant he even considered the possibility of Kora having a liaison with a demon who appeared to her in human form. But he immediately discarded the idea as being too far-fetched, for he remembered the mysterious *quena*-player, and he could not believe demons played love-songs on flutes. Besides, he was sure the *quena*-player had been a mortal. He had trailed him far enough to be positive of that, for had the fugitive been supernatural he would have transformed himself into some terrible monster. No, he decided, the tracks were those of a puma and of a man, not of a demon, and, anxious to learn whence they came and whither they led, he turned and with trained eyes followed the tracks back to the woods.

Presently he once more halted, and once again vague, nameless fear swept over him. The puma tracks vanished and only the human footprints remained! And now there were two sets—

one leading *towards* and the other *away from* the house! The thing *was* a demon then, a monster that could be beast or man at will!

With this thought came memories of the nights when something had scratched at the door, when Kora had cried "Kaycho, go!" Was it possible the thing that had scratched had been this spirit in puma form? Or had it been—— Suddenly Kopahuana laughed, wildly, maniacally. "Kaycho"—He is here! What a blind fool he had been! No puma, no demon had scratched for admission, not even the dog. It had been Kora's lover! And her utterance of the dog's name had been merely a warning. It was all clear to him now. Even the mystery of the puma tracks was explained. The man had worn the skins of the creature's feet to disguise his tracks. But, careless fool that he was, he had forgotten to replace them when he left the house.

With full realization of the manner in which he had been betrayed, Kopahuana felt a strange sense of calmness and relief. There was no longer any doubt in his mind as to Kora's infidelity. No longer did he doubt that for months she had been visited by her lover whenever her husband was absent. But he felt no mad, insane fury, no overpowering desire to destroy her, to face her with his knowledge, to force her to confess. Now that mere suspicion had given place to certainty, Kopahuana became calculating, calm, obsessed with a cold, inflexible determination to destroy the man who had stolen Kora's love. And he planned to do so as deliberately and carefully as he would have planned the building of a bridge or the planting of a field. The man had come as a puma; let him die as a puma, thought Kopahuana. Kora had known of the fellow's disguise—perhaps had suggested it, for it must have been her fertile brain that had evolved the idea of the dogs' names for signals. Very well; it was no more than grim justice that she should be forced to destroy her lover by her own act.

Already a plan to bring this about had been formed in Kopahuana's brain, and with a smile of satisfaction, he resumed his interrupted way to his home.

Having dined, Kopahuana rose, and from their resting places on the rafters, he secured a heavy bronze battle-axe and a bronze-tipped lance, explaining in casual tones to Kora that he had seen puma tracks near and intended setting a trap to kill the beast if it came prowling about that night.

Her eyes widened and her face blanched at his words. For an instant she felt sure her husband suspected the truth, that he planned to hunt down and destroy Kespi. But she could not

credit that idea. Her lover had been careful to wear the puma's feet, to approach the house on all fours, and there was no reason for Kopahuana to suspect the tracks were not those of a genuine puma. No, far more probably he believed a prowling beast was about and thought to destroy it.

But if he set the trap and Kespi should approach, it would be as fatal to him as to the puma for which it had been devised. Then she smiled at her foolish fears. She had warned her lover to remain away unless he found the white stone at the base of the pile. He would not approach the house otherwise, and hence was in no peril from her husband's trap. And on the next day he would be on his way to the distant Chaco, and all danger, all worry would be at an end until he returned—months hence—by which time Kopahuana would have forgotten all suspicions, even if he had any, which she doubted.

Still, she could not repress a shudder as she watched her husband arrange the trap and realized how devilishly ingenious and deadly it was. And she thanked the gods and her own foresight that Kespi would not approach that night, that he would not come scratching at the door above which Kopahuana was placing his death-dealing device.

The trap was as simple as it was effective. Above the door was hung a heavy blanket secured by a thread to a balanced timber that in its turn was held in position by a cord passed through the door and fastened with a slip-knot inside the room. To the other end of the timber was attached a simple trigger which, at the least movement of the beam, would release the poised spear. At a twitch of the cord the blanket would fall over any creature at the doorway and thus prevent it from springing aside as the heavy lance plunged down.

Having at last completed the device, Kopahuana placed his heavy battle-axe within easy reach of his hand. Cautioning his wife not to utter a sound nor to call a dog's name under any circumstances, he instructed her to slip the knot of the cord the instant there were sounds of scratching at the door. Then, with axe in hand, he squatted by the door, ready to spring forth and put the *coup de grâce* to whatever unfortunate fell into the trap.

Certain that her husband's vigil would be in vain and that Kespi, warned by the stones, would remain away, Kora threw herself upon her bed all unconscious of the whim of Fate that had caused her husband to toss the white stone at the base of the little pile.

Yet, despite of her conviction that Kespi would not approach

the house, she was filled with strange fears and forebodings, a premonition of impending tragedy, until gradually she became obsessed with terror lest her lover, in his desire to be with her this last night, might come to the door without examining the stones. Also, she was torn with doubts as to whether or not her husband suspected the truth, whether he had commanded her not to call the dogs' names because he realized they were signals, or whether it was merely to avoid frightening off the supposed puma. She was hot and cold by turns, tense, her nerves keyed almost to the breaking point, with every sense strained to catch the sound she assured herself would not come, but which she awaited with bated breath. She felt helpless, under a spell; powerless to move, to cry out. She wanted to scream, but as she glanced at the dim figure of her husband, with the battle-axe across his knees, her lips felt paralysed and she cowered back with stark terror in her eyes. It was if she were in some terrible nightmare, and trembling with nameless dread, with cold sweat chilling her skin, she waited, scarcely daring to breathe, in numb hopeless terror for——

Faintly to her strained ears came the almost inaudible sounds of stealthy footsteps outside the house. Her heart seemed to cease beating. She felt as if frozen, incapable of movement. Nearer and nearer came the sounds. Oh, if only she might scream, might cry out a warning! But she dared not, and her dry fevered lips and tongue were incapable of uttering a sound even had she dared.

And then—the scratching of claws upon the door!

Silently as a shadow Kopahuana rose to his feet. His right hand gripped the haft of his weapon, with his left he touched her shoulder. "Now!" he whispered.

In the darkness he loomed above her like some ghostly monster. His eyes seemed to her overwrought nerves to blaze like living coals. As if hypnotized, almost unconsciously she reached for the knot and pulled the fatal cord!

There was a dull jar as the balanced timber swung, a soft rustle, the thud of the descending spear. Then an agonized, horrible cry that died in a gurgling, choking moan!

Kora's nerves gave way. Shriek after shriek shattered the silent night, as Kopahuana, exultantly shouting: "The puma dies!" leaped to the door with upraised axe.

Screaming, as if bereft of reason, Kora threw herself before him, tore madly at the folds of the blanket, babbled endearments oblivious of her husband's presence. The next instant wild, maniacal, hysterical peals of laughter burst from her lips. Be-

neath the blanket was—the dog, Kaycho, pinned to the earth by the heavy spear !

For an instant Kopahuana stood gazing, amazed, incredulous, puzzled, at the body of his dog. Then, with a hoarse shout, he sprang forward, jerked his spear from the impaled creature, dashed into the night. He had caught a fleeting glimpse of a shapeless, bulky form galloping, like some ungainly monster, across the patches of moonlight under the trees.

" It is a demon ! " he yelled as he gave chase. " A devil ! "

To his eyes and senses, strained with his long vigil, the thing seemed neither beast nor man, and at any other time he would have been filled with insane terror at sight of it. But he had reached that stage of all-consuming fury where fear held no place, and grasping his throwing-spear, he raced madly in pursuit.

Close behind him came Kora, panting, speechless with horror, for she knew only too well that it was no demon but Kespi. Saved from death by the merest chance, by the dog having scratched upon the door before he had reached it, he had seen the trap sprung, and instantly had turned and fled. But impeded as he was by the puma paws upon his feet he could not hope to escape his fleet-footed, rage-driven pursuer. Each moment Kopahuana was gaining on him. It would be but a matter of minutes until the outraged husband could hurl his spear, and each second Kora expected to see the weapon flash through the moonlight and bury itself in her lover's back.

Kespi fully realised he was losing, that he could not hope to outrun Kopahuana, and as he reached a dark shadowy patch of woods he sprang aside and crouched at the base of a tree. Then, as Kopahuana, carried onward by his impetuosity, passed by, Kespi flung himself at the other's legs. The spear flew from Kopahuana's grasp and struck quivering in the earth as the unexpected attack brought him crashing down.

Half-stunned and shaken by the fall, yet Kopahuana now realized it was no demon, no supernatural being he had to deal with, but a fellow-man, and he struggled, strained, and writhed in the grasp of his enemy.

Each realized that it was to be a duel to the death, and savagely, silently, like wild beasts they fought ; kicking, scratching, biting, gouging ; each exerting all his strength, every effort to fix his fingers in the throat of the other, while with horror-filled eyes, white face, and trembling limbs, Kora gazed, transfixed at the struggling men.

The two were equally matched for strength. Both were powerfully muscled, with sinews of steel, inured to every hardship

and accustomed to almost superhuman exertions. But age was all in favour of Kespi, and gradually his youth began to tell. Kopahuana's breast heaved with his gasping breath, his heart seemed on the point of bursting; but still he struggled furiously until, with a quick twist, Kespi bore him under, his fingers closed on Kopahuana's throat, and he buried his knuckles in the yielding flesh.

Then for the first time Kora found her voice. "Don't! Don't kill him!" she screamed. "The sin is ours. He is my husband!"

As if compelled to obey by some power beyond his control, Kespi loosened his throttling grip, gazed as if in a trance at Kora, leaped to his feet, and stopping only to tear the puma paws from his feet, he raced off towards the bridge.

With a groan Kopahuana struggled to rise. He swayed unsteadily, lurched forward, seized his spear, and staggering like a drunken man, started in pursuit of his foe. His eyes felt as if bursting from their sockets, his throat was on fire, and he was suffering agonies; but all was forgotten in his overwhelming desire for vengeance.

Fifty, twenty, ten feet separated the fleeing lover from the verge of the cañon. Before him yawned the black void with the bridge, like a silver spider's web in the moonlight, vanishing in the shadows of the further bank. Twenty paces behind him was his implacable pursuer. With a bound Kespi reached the brink. Without ceasing his mad pace he sprang on to the bridge and raced across the swaying, rocking, undulating structure.

For a moment Kopahuana hesitated as he reached the verge of the cañon. To his bloodshot eyes and reeling brain there seemed to be a dozen bridges before him. Then, as his clearing vision saw the other speeding towards the opposite side and safety, he uttered a savage yell and sprang on to the frail bamboo footpath, suspended from the sagging cables of twisted fibre.

Down the steep curve of the bridge he sped, heedless of peril. He reached the sagging centre to see Kespi running up the further curve. A moment more and he would be safe. With a wild war-cry Kopahuana raised his spear and hurled it with all his remaining strength in a last despairing effort to destroy the betrayer of his home.

The weapon struck within an inch of Kespi and buried its point in the stout timber that supported the cables. Before him were the jungles and safety. He wheeled to shout defiance at his baffled pursuer, and stood dumb, horror-stricken at what he saw.

Kopahuana's effort in hurling his javelin had overbalanced him. He swayed, clutched wildly at the air, and with one terrible, despairing scream plunged from the swaying bridge and vanished in the blackness of the abyss.

An agonized scream from Kora aroused Kespi from the trance-like horror in which he stood, gazing into the impenetrable depths of the gorge. No longer did he think of flight. Kopahuana's awful fate had freed him from all danger for the present. But he was weak and trembling, and as he looked at the slender structure spanning that terrible chasm, and over which he had raced but a moment before, he shuddered and felt faint at the mere thought of recrossing it. Even to traverse that bridge in daylight required steady nerves, a steadier head and utter fearlessness. The pathway was a scant eighteen inches in width, of smooth bamboo sections connected by twisted withes. There was no hand-rail, no guard; and the structure sagged in almost a semi-circle between the posts at the two ends.

And at night, with blackness on every side, with the bridge indistinct and spectral in the moonlight, few men would have dared attempt the passage. Under the stress of danger, with certain death at his heels, Kespi had dashed over it at full speed. But now, shaken by the tragedy, with Kora's screams ringing in his ears, he found it impossible to force himself even to walk across. Clinging with clutching fingers, on hands and knees, with teeth chattering, not daring to glance down he crawled and crept back over the bridge. Again and again the frail affair seemed to his overwrought nerves to be on the point of giving way beneath his weight. Over and over again he shut his eyes, held his breath and was forced to summon all his nerve in order to continue on. But at last it was over. Completely exhausted he reached the bank and threw himself on his knees beside Kora who, weeping hysterically, had sunk to the ground overcome with a paroxysm of grief and repentance. In vain he tried to comfort her, to console her. She repulsed him, cursed him, reviled him, declared she hated him.

She blamed him for everything, vowed she always had loved her husband, and she struggled madly when he restrained her from throwing herself over the verge of the precipice. The next instant she was sobbing convulsively, was clinging to him frantically, was begging him to protect her, to flee with her beyond reach of the law. Gradually she became calmer, her hysteria subsided and she nestled in Kespi's arms while he argued that her husband's death was fate, that had he not lost his balance he, Kespi, would have been killed by the spear he so narrowly had

TIAHUANACO

1. Monolithic idol.

2. Blocks of stone showing mortised grooves for silver staples.

3. Stone monuments.

escaped. He even argued that the gods must have decreed that Kopahuana should meet death as he had for, he said, if the gods had not placed the white pebble at the base of the pile he would not have approached the house, and the tragedy would not have followed. This roundabout reasoning at once appealed to Kora as logical and did more to console her than anything else. To her mind, following the curious psychology of her race, it seemed a plausible explanation, for to both herself and Kespi the idea of a supernatural being having misplaced the pebble explained everything. The far simpler and more natural suspicion that Kopahuana might have done so, either innocently or for the purpose of luring Kespi to the trap, never occurred to either of them. And once they had accepted the idea that the divinities had brought about the tragedy in this way, they reasoned that the gods must favour them and must approve of their love and, doubtless, had taken this means of removing the only impediment to their happiness.

By the time the moon dropped behind the hills and the eastern sky lightened with approaching dawn, Kora had overcome all her sensations of guilt and repentance, and when Kespi reminded her that they must descend into the cañon and hide the body of Kopahuana, she made no objection.

Clinging to him, she descended the steep gulley that led to the bottom of the gorge. But when, in the dim light, she saw the shapeless, pulpy thing in its torn and blood-soaked garments, she uttered a cry of horror and felt deathly sick. But she possessed the stoicism of her race, and though she averted her eyes and shuddered, still she grasped the corner of the *poncho* in which Kespi had wrapped the corpse, and struggled with him over the rocks as they carried the gruesome burden down the cañon. At one spot the ravine widened into a small vale that at one time had been cultivated, and after some little difficulty the body was dragged on to the grassy slope. Here there were a number of small mounds of cobbles that had been culled from the soil by those, who, in the past, had tilled the spot, and the lovers set diligently to work removing the stones from one of these piles. Then, digging a shallow grave in the soft earth, they placed the body within, covered it over, and carefully replaced the stones, leaving no indication that they had been disturbed.

Then, feeling certain no one ever would suspect what was hidden under the mounds of rocks, the two hurried to the house. There were many matters to be discussed and arranged, many plans to be thought out and perfected, and little time in which to do so, for Kespi was forced to hurry off to the Chaco.

Kopahuana's death had completely altered conditions and had brought about unforeseen complications. It was imperative that some plausible explanation should be prepared to account for his disappearance, and both realized that to be seen together would arouse suspicions.

By the time they reached the house their plans were perfected. No time was lost in removing the trap and replacing its various parts where they ordinarily belonged. Then, as Kespi stooped to pick up the body of the unfortunate dog, he paled and cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He had forgotten the spear! The weapon remained in the post where it had struck, and at any moment someone might approach the bridge—perhaps someone already had done so—and would discover the weapon. He must recover it at once. Turning, he dashed off, filled with dread lest he should find someone had been before him. But his fears were groundless. To his relief he saw that the spear still remained in the timber.

With a shudder he passed the spot where Kopahuana had plunged to his death, secured the weapon, and carrying the body of the dog, Kaycho, he hurried to the bottom of the cañon. Removing a few of the stones from the pile over Kopahuana's body, Kespi dropped the dog into the cavity, replaced the stones, and returned to the house.

Cautioning Kora to clean the spear thoroughly and to restore it to its accustomed place, he bade her a hurried but affectionate farewell and hurried off to his duties in the jungles.

During the day following the tragedy Kora remained in her home, her mind filled alternately with regret and sorrow for her husband's death and with relief and delight, for, if all went well, Kespi upon his return from the Chaco would become her husband. But with twilight she became nervous, terrified, and filled with superstitious fears. Still, if the plans she and Kespi had formulated were to be carried out with success she must remain until after dark, and wide-eyed, starting at every sound, peering into the shadows, half-expecting to see the mutilated Kopahuana's spirit appear, she forced herself to remain until the customary hour of her husband's return had passed. Then, shuddering as she ran, she hurried with all possible speed to the *tambo*.

Her obvious terror, her eyes—reddened from weeping during the previous night—her whole manner, betrayed the greatest worry and anxiety as she told Kapcha that her husband had not been home and asked, in a shaking voice, what had become of him.

No one knew, but those in the *tambo* were not worried. In all

probability, they assured her, he had gone to Ispana in order to learn if repairs were necessary in that section. No doubt he would be back in a day or so. In the meantime she could remain in the *tambo*—no need to go back to the Chimpa where she would be alone to magnify her misgivings.

But the following morning, when no word had been received of the missing man, she insisted upon going to Ispana in search of him. As she passed along the road she enquired for her husband of all whom she met but (quite naturally) with no result. No one had seen the missing governor at Ispana, and at sundown she returned to the *tambo* tired, distraught, and utterly despondent.

"Ai! Aiah!" she moaned, to the sympathetic Kapcha, "a woman from Antisuyo has robbed me of my husband! A herdsman told me he had seen them going towards Yucay."

Kapcha could not believe it. It was incredible, impossible that Kopahuana, the governor, the noble, the respected, should have run off in such a manner. But, he reflected, Kopahuana had at one time been stationed in Antisuyo. Was it not possible he might have had a sweetheart there? And how account for his disappearance otherwise? However, he did not mention his misgivings to Kora, but endeavoured to reassure and comfort her. But she refused to listen. She declared that her life with Kopahuana had been little less than slavery, that he had reviled her because she had borne him no child. But she insisted she still loved him, that she would not give him up, and that at dawn she would set out and would follow and overtake him.

Two days later, utterly exhausted, she returned from her supposed search for the man whose body was under the stones in the cañon, and weak and utterly exhausted, she besought Kapcha to send soldiers on the trail of the alleged errant husband and his paramour.

As she and Kespi had foreseen, she had sown seed of scandal on most fertile ground. Her story that Kopahuana had fled with another woman spread rapidly. Suggestion and imagination did their parts, and wherever the warriors went they were assured that the missing governor and a woman had been seen together and were by then well beyond the borders of the empire and safe from pursuit.

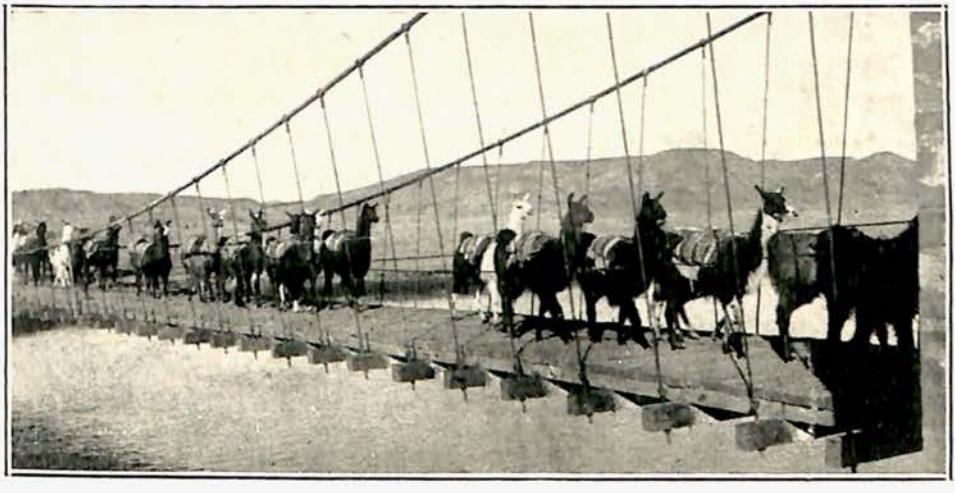
Satisfied that it was hopeless to continue their search, the soldiers returned with the report of what they had heard, and soon everyone accepted the gossip for fact. And as is ever the case, all of Kopahuana's services, his reputation, his justice, his honour, his virtues, and his good deeds were forgotten and he

was reviled, cursed, and dishonoured, while Kora was extolled, praised, comforted, and honoured for her fidelity and constancy towards a man to whom she had been little more than a chattel purchased from the Inca. No one even suspected the truth, and Kora felt sure that her secret would forever lie buried under the mound of stones.

Meanwhile, in the distant Chaco jungles, Kespi was distinguishing himself. Never had there been such a successful hunt, and when at last it was over the *Curaca* or governor of the district loaded him with honours. It was then for the first time that Kespi learned of how matters had been going and heard the accepted version of Kopahuana's disappearance. And by that time the story, like a snowball, had gathered innumerable additions as it had spread throughout the land, until by the time Kespi heard it, it was to the effect that Kora's husband had been decoyed into the Amazonian forests and had been murdered by savages. Kespi smiled to himself when he heard the tale. Most assuredly all had gone well. Kora was legally a widow and there was no obstacle to their marriage. Moreover, fortune seemed to favour them. No sooner had Kespi presented himself to the new governor who had taken Kopahuana's place than the *Curaca* suggested that as a reward for his services he should be married to the beautiful widow of the former governor. That Kora might have her own ideas on the subject never occurred to him. But Kespi, declaring he would not marry any woman unless she desired it, insisted that the well-meaning governor must first consult the widow whom, so he averred, he scarcely knew.

At first, as had been pre-arranged with her lover, Kora demurred. She refused to listen to the governor's suggestion. She knew nothing of this fellow Kespi, she declared, and moreover, she added, she did not wish to marry a second time without love. But the patriarchal old governor was a born matchmaker. It was high time Kespi married, he insisted, and Kora was the only suitable woman in his district. So, finding he could not wheedle her into consenting, he boldly declared that, as representative of the Inca, he would insist upon the marriage. Summoning Kespi, he placed Kora's hand in his, declared them man and wife, and with a sly wink and chuckling to himself, he hobbled off and left the bride and groom alone.

No sooner was he out of sight than they flew into each other's arms. All their deeply laid plans had worked out to perfection. No one suspected the truth. No one dreamed they ever had been lovers. And no one ever would imagine they had plotted and planned as they had when the garrulous old governor related how



1. LLAMAS ON THE ROAD
2. A LLAMA TRAIN CROSSING A SUSPENSION BRIDGE
3. A HUMAN LORRY. A QUICHUA PORTER AND HIS LOAD

he forcibly had wedded the charming widow to the young chief of government hunters.

For a time all went well. Kespi and Kora were as happy as they had expected to be. Their life was a continuous honeymoon, for Kespi had been granted a three months' vacation, and from morning until night the notes of his *quena* trilled through the orchard or the words of some *sarawi* floated from the doorway where he sang to Kora while she spun the wool and wove a gorgeous *poncho* for her lover-husband. All the past had been forgotten; the tragedy of that awful night had become a dream-like memory, and moss covered the stones that had been the indirect cause of Kopahuana's death.

But there was one who had not forgotten the drama of that fatal night. The dog, Manacan, still pined for her lost mate, and often her dismal howling aroused the two in the dead of night. Often, too, the dog would rise suddenly, would sniff the air, and pricking up her ears, would go bounding into the woods with joyous leaps, only to return dejectedly, with her tail between her legs and with drooping head and ears.

Presently Kespi noticed that each night she left the house and did not return until morning. But he thought little of the matter. Kora had named this dog Manacan because of her roaming habits. No doubt, he thought, she hunted squirrels or wild rats during the night. Then one day, as he happened to pass the spot where Kopahuana had been buried, he made a most disconcerting discovery. With whimpering cries the dog was digging furiously at the mound of stones over the grave!

Kespi felt chilled with dread. What if some passer-by should see the dog, should wonder what it sought, and should remove the stones? His fears were not allayed when, hurrying to the spot, he drove the dog off and found several of the stones already had been dislodged. With shaking hands he replaced them, obliterated all signs of the dog's activities, and hurried to Kora with his tale. She was as terrified at Manacan's actions as was Kespi, and without a moment's hesitation she agreed that the dog must be destroyed.

But Manacan, as if sensing their purpose, could not be found, and the next morning Kespi discovered that several more stones had been moved from the mound by the dog's efforts. Superstitious fear filled him. He began to think the creature had supernatural powers, that he was possessed of a devil or some spirit bent on avenging Kopahuana's death. Or wasn't it possible—he shivered and hurried from the spot at the mere thought—wasn't it possible that the spirit of Kopahuana had entered the dog,

that in this way he was working out a terrible revenge for the betrayal of his home?

Still Kespi's dread of the supernatural did not prevent him from making every effort to kill the dog at once. But Manacan evaded him as if in truth she possessed uncanny knowledge of his purpose. He set traps but she refused to enter them. He hunted her like a wild beast but she kept out of sight. And each night the faithful creature toiled at the mound that covered the bodies of her mate and her master, and each day Kespi was forced to repair the damages she had wrought.

But eventually fortune favoured Kespi. Stealing towards the mound, he surprised Manacan as she dug at the pile of stones. At the twang of his bowstring she leaped away, but too late. The arrow buried itself in her hip, and yelping in agony, running on three legs, she vanished up the *quebrada*.

Kespi could not be sure whether or not the dog had been fatally wounded. But when, for the next two nights, the mound was left undisturbed and there were no fresh tracks of the dog to be seen, he felt certain the creature had succumbed, and he and Kora breathed freely once more.

But had they known what actually had occurred they would have been far from tranquil and would have lost no time in fleeing from their home and seeking sanctuary beyond reach of the Incan law.

Unknown to them, Sulki, the half-witted brother of Kapcha, had abandoned his hut and had taken up his residence in a cavern that overlooked the *chimpa*.

The farm, embowered in vines and surrounded by trees, was practically hidden from Sulki's sight. But his ears were keen, the howling of Manacan had disturbed him, and he knew the dog was neither baying the moon nor crying from pain or fear. Once his interest was thus aroused he watched and saw Kespi as he drove the dog from the mound of stones beside the cañon. And very soon he discovered that Kespi was trying to hunt down and kill the creature that, normally, he should consider his faithful friend. Finally he had seen Kespi draw his bow and shoot at the dog, and though he could not know if the creature had been killed, its frenzied yelps told him it had been wounded. So the moment Kespi had turned towards his house, confident Manacan had been destroyed, the hunchback half-wit scrambled down the mountain side, made his way through the jungle, and finding blood drops, soon came to the wounded dog where she crouched, weak and incapable of flight. Lifting her tenderly, Sulki hurried like a great ape up the slope, and in the seclusion of his cave

dressed the dog's wound and fed the half-starved creature he had rescued.

Why, he wondered, had Kespi tried to kill the dog? Why had she howled so dismally? Why had she always returned to the mound after having been driven away by kicks and blows?

There was, he felt sure, some mystery about the whole affair. There must be something hidden in the mound, something Kespi did not wish found. And then suddenly to his dull mind came memory of Kopahuana's mysterious disappearance.

Sulki was by no means as crazy as he was considered. His mind, though that of a child in some ways, though incapable of understanding many things, was able to reason along certain simple lines. Had he been a man of normal intellect he doubtless would have accepted the popular explanation of the governor's disappearance. But he had not fully understood this, had not grasped *why* Kopahuana had vanished. All he knew was that he had disappeared, that everyone said he was dead. And if he were dead wasn't it possible his body might be under the mound of stones? That would account for the dog's persistent digging at the spot. It might even explain Kespi's desire to kill the creature, for as Sulki mulled the matter over in his mind, squatting like a gargoyle before his cave, he remembered having seen Kespi in the vicinity about the time Kopahuana had vanished. But he was unable to get beyond that point in his reasoning. He was incapable of correlating events, of drawing any logical conclusions. Still he felt there was something amiss, some matter to be explained, and having made the wounded dog comfortable, he hurried to his brother Kapcha to whom he babbled the whole story.

Kapcha laughed. Kopahuana, he assured Sulki, had gone to the jungles and had probably been killed by savages. He had taken the other dog, Kaycho, with him, and no doubt its mate howled from loneliness. Moreover, no one could blame Kespi if he tried to rid himself of a beast that made the nights hideous. As for the dog digging in the mound, there was nothing unusual or suspicious in that. No doubt gophers or rats lived among the rocks, and the dog merely had tried to dig them out. And as for Kespi having been near the farm before Kopahuana vanished; why shouldn't he have been in the vicinity? He was a government hunter, and wherever there were bears, pumas, or wild beasts to be destroyed, Kespi might be expected to be there. But, he insisted with what he felt was the truth, Kespi had not even known Kora in those days. The new governor had brought them together and had forced them to marry.

But despite his assurances, Sulki's words began to trouble Kapcha after his half-witted brother had left. He recalled many little incidents that had not previously recurred to him. He remembered, now he came to think of it, that he had seen Kopahuana start in the direction of his home and not towards Ispana on the day preceding his disappearance. And he recollected that, on more than one occasion, the governor had seemed worried and troubled over something. Also, his brother's description of how Kespi had driven the dog from the mound and had replaced the dislodged stones began to seem suspicious. After all, he reflected, there might be something at the bottom of the affair. There was no real proof that Kopahuana had fled with a woman or had been killed by savages. It was all supposition, hearsay. Yet to suspect Kora of infidelity, of having made away with her former husband, was preposterous. But even if she had had no part in it, how about Kespi? Suddenly Kapcha remembered that Kespi had left for the Chaco on the very morning Kopahuana had vanished. Wasn't it possible they might have met, might have quarrelled, and—— Rising, he left the *tambo* and sought out the *Amautu*, the local "wise man" or judge, and to him related all Sulki had reported.

The representative of the Tribunal of Justice listened attentively. There was not, he declared judicially, any evidence of wrong-doing. But, he added, it might be wise to investigate. It would be an easy matter to determine if a crime had been committed. It was only necessary to visit the place, tear down the mound that was the real basis of the suspicions, and learn once and for all what, if anything, was concealed beneath the stones. Calling one of the fellows, and summoning two stalwart warriors, the *Amautu* with his party and Kapcha made their way to the *chimpa*.

Kora, spinning as usual in the doorway, sprang up with surprise at the appearance of the men. But she showed no visible sign of fear, and Kapcha, who was the only member of the party whom she knew, asked where they could find her husband, While they were speaking Kespi appeared from the orchard and though he paled at sight of the armed guard and the stern-faced judges, he appeared at ease and asked, quite casually, what they desired.

"Why," demanded Kapcha who acted as spokesman, "did you seek to kill your dog?"

Kespi laughed. "Does the law forbid one to destroy one's own dog if one so desires?" he asked sarcastically. "And does such a trivial matter as killing a dog bring two judges and soldiers

ABORIGINAL DANCES AND DANCERS

and yourself to my door? But the answer is simple. The dog pined for her mate that was taken by Kopahuana, and she howled so we could not sleep."

The *Amautu* nodded sagely and Kapcha felt vastly relieved. This was exactly the reason they had thought had led Kespi to destroy the creature. But there were other matters less easily explained.

"Then why did the dog dig ever at the mound in the cañon?" asked one of the judges. "And why," asked the other, "did you take the trouble to replace the stones?"

An involuntary exclamation escaped Kora's lips and her eyes widened. But Kespi merely smiled and shrugged. "Who can read a dog's mind?" he countered. "I replaced the stones because I intend to cultivate the land about the mound."

The reply sounded plausible, but Kora's start had not escaped the attention of the judge. "That may be so," he observed. "But I would learn why a dog desired to tear down a pile of stones each night. We will soon know."

He nodded to the soldiers who instantly took positions beside Kespi and Kora, who was now shaking with terror, who felt that within the next few moments the secret would be bared, and who saw certain and terrible death staring herself and Kespi in the face. Who had betrayed them? Someone must have seen the dog digging at the mound. The *Amautu* said he would soon know what lay beneath the stones, and both she and Kespi knew that if the stones were removed their guilt would be discovered!

As they reached the cañon and descended towards the spot where the mound rose above Kopahuana's grave, the two felt as if they were approaching their doom. Yet aside from a slight pallor Kespi gave no signs of fear, no dread of what was to come, and Kora, faint and trembling, bore up and strove not to betray herself by her manner.

Reaching the pile of rocks, the *Amautu* gave an order and one of the guards commenced removing the stones. Kora's heart seemed to stand still. She felt suffocating, dumb with terror, and even Kespi gazed with wide, fear-filled eyes, as if fascinated, as the warrior tossed one stone after another from the pile. Presently he uttered an exclamation and drew out the body of Kaycho, the dog, wrapped in a bit of cloth.

Instantly Kespi recovered his self-possession as a wild idea that held one chance in a thousand flashed through his mind. He forced a smile to his lips, and turned to the astonished men.

"There you have the reason for the dog digging," he exclaimed

triumphantly. "Doubtless Kopahuana killed the creature to prevent it following him. And its mate, knowing it was buried here, tried to reach its body."

For a moment Kapcha and the others stood silent, staring at the body of the dog. Its presence in the mound explained everything. Sulki's suspicions had been unfounded, their own actions unwarranted. Feeling exceedingly small, the judges managed to stammer profuse apologies and lame explanations to Kespi and Kora, and with their guards and Kapcha hurriedly departed.

Kora sank, faint and weak, into Kespi's arms. Now it was over her tensed nerves gave way, and even Kespi felt shaken and weak. They had stood in the very shadow of death. By a mere chance they had escaped. But both realized they were no longer safe. Someone—Kapcha, one of the judges, one of the soldiers, or whoever had laid the information before the officials—might still entertain suspicions. At any time the search might be resumed and the real grave uncovered. To remain at the *chimpa* meant to live in constant fear of discovery, in never-ending dread of what any hour might bring. Their only safety lay in flight, in hurrying to some far-distant spot beyond the borders of the Incan Empire. They must be cautious in their flight. To travel over the main roads would be to arouse suspicion at once, and all would then be lost. But Kespi was familiar with every trail through the mountains and forests and he assured Kora he could lead the way to safety by paths unknown to others and where there would be no chance of their being seen. Once beyond the boundary, beyond the Urubamba River, he knew a spot—a little settlement of peaceful aborigines—where they might forever dwell in security.

There was no time to lose, and the two hurried to the house and at once commenced gathering their most prized possessions together, packing them compactly, filling wallets with parched corn and dried meat, and making all preparations for immediate departure. Before another day dawned they would be far on their way and safe from any possible pursuit.

But as they worked feverishly another was toiling even more furiously at the mound of stones. Sulki, who had watched all that had taken place, was not at all satisfied with the results. With the perseverance and stubbornness of the weak-minded, he still believed the mound held a gruesome secret. The idea that Kopahuana's body lay there had obsessed him, and no sooner had Kespi and Kora left the spot than, with the wounded dog in his arms, he scrambled down the hill-side to the mound. Placing the dog on the ground he watched her intently.

Whimpering, she sniffed at the dead body of her mate and then, limping to the pile of stones, she tried weakly and pitifully to dislodge them.

That was enough for Sulki. With a hoarse, guttural cry he began hurling the rocks aside. His strength was prodigious. His long arms and immense hands made the heavy stones fly, and presently he exposed the earth beneath the mound.

Digging with his hands like a gopher, he tossed the soft earth aside, and in a moment came upon the *poncho* in which Kespi had wrapped Kopahuana's body.

Heedless of its ghastly contents, Sulki tore open one corner and peered within the folds. Then, leaping to his feet and seizing the dog, he raced off towards the *tambo*. Half-way there he overtook Kapcha and the *Amautus*, and in incoherent words babbled his tale. The men listened, aghast. They could scarcely believe their ears. But Sulki was not one to imagine things. They suddenly realized they had been fooled, that they had been hoodwinked by Kespi, and turning, they hurried back towards the *chimpa*. Sulki, however, was far too impatient to move at their pace, rapid as it was. He had made a great discovery. He had triumphed where even the wise men had failed. And he took the idiot's delight in anything of a morbid, gruesome, or repellent nature.

Leaping and bounding, his misshapen form making him appear like some monstrous evil spirit, he dashed ahead, uttering strange, savage, inarticulate cries of victory. But as he came within sight of the pathway leading to the bridge, he gave vent to a blood-curdling howl of rage. Kora and Kespi, laden with their burdens, were trudging towards the structure, and instantly Sulki realized they were trying to escape.

As the two heard the hunchback's shout and saw him rushing towards them they felt intuitively that it was he who had betrayed them, that he knew what lay beneath the mound. Numbing terror filled them. Turning, they raced for the bridge, their one thought to outdistance the malformed creature who, to their terrified conscience-stricken eyes, appeared a demon rather than a human being.

Once across the bridge Kespi could cut the supporting cables and, plunging into the jungle, they could be far on their way before the hunchback could cross the cañon.

As they passed the spot where Kopahuana had been buried their worst fears were confirmed. The mound had been removed, and even from where they stood they could see the freshly turned earth and a bit of the scarlet *poncho*. With a wild cry Kora

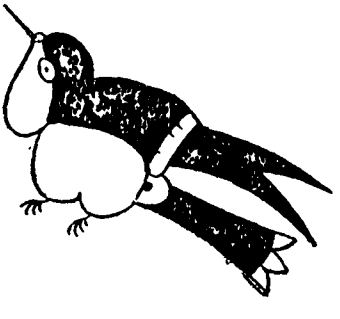
dashed for the bridge with Kespi, panting under the weight of his load, by her side.

A moment more and they reached the bridge, and with Kespi leading, hurried as swiftly as they dared across the swinging footway, leaving Sulki, shaking his fists, mouthing and cursing, behind them. Then, just as they felt they were safe and had made good their escape, a despairing cry rose from Kora's lips. She swayed, staggered back, stood wild-eyed, staring at the opposite bank. Emerging from the trees were the two warriors with gleaming battle-axes in their hands, and close behind them were Kapcha and the two judges.

For an instant the two upon the bridge hesitated. To go forward meant certain capture and death. At the other end of the bridge crouched the hunchback, like a gigantic spider, a horrible leer upon his face, and grasping a heavy club in one enormous hand.

They were cut off, trapped! Even if Kespi should throw himself upon the idiot and should destroy him they could not hope to escape, for already Kapcha and one soldier were hurrying towards a gulley to cross the cañon below the bridge. Capture meant death—death in a terrible, lingering form—death by torture, the penalty for murder, for who would believe that Kopahuana's death had been an accident? Even if they were not condemned to pay the extreme penalty for killing him, death for infidelity would be their sentence, for in order to refute the charge of murder they would be forced to divulge the causes that led to Kopahuana's tragic end. All this flashed through their minds in an instant, in that brief space that they stood there, like trapped creatures, on the centre of the swaying bridge.

Then, dropping his load, Kespi stretched out his arms. He smiled and Kora read his meaning in his eyes. She threw her arms about his neck, turned her frightened face to his. For a moment they stood, locked in a last embrace. Then together they leaped from the bridge into the abyss.



CHAPTER XXI

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN

AS I have so frequently mentioned the Incans and some of their customs, and have devoted considerable space to their living descendants, and as so many erroneous ideas regarding the aborigines and their ancestors have been circulated and accepted, I feel that a few pages devoted to these people will prove both interesting and instructive.

Just who the " Incas " were, whence they came, or at what exact period of time they came into power in Peru, no one knows with certainty. According to tradition and fable, the first of the royal line was Manko-Kapak and his sister-wife, Mama-Ocllo, who were supposed to have arrived from the Island of the Sun as already described (Chapter XV). But whether the tradition is purely allegory or whether it was based on actual facts, has never been fully determined.

However that may be, we know beyond question that, many centuries before the establishment of the Incan dynasty, the Andean regions had been the home of races who had reached even higher stages of culture and civilization than the races under Incan dominion, but who had completely vanished so long before the Incans that there were not even traditions regarding their identities or their fates.

Also, we know that there must have been a long lapse of time between the pre-Incan and the Incan civilizations and that, before the traditional advent of Manko-Kapak and the establishment of the Incan Empire, the aborigines who inhabited what is now Peru, Bolivia, Chile, and Ecuador were divided into innumerable tribes and races having little or nothing in common.

Under the Incas most of these were welded into a more or less homogeneous commonwealth, the official everyday language of which was the Quichua.

The Incas, however, were far too wise to attempt to mould the widely diversified tribes and races into a composite whole for, being aborigines themselves, they understood the aborigine's psychology, the aborigine's conservatism; his stubbornness, especially when driven, his fear and distrust of all changes and

innovations and his fanatical love for and adherence to ancient tribal rites, life, and customs.

So, like all who have been successful colonizers, the Incas adopted measures to meet conditions, cutting their clothes to fit the cloth, so to say, and were content to let each tribe or race follow its own ancestral ideas as to life, customs, and other affairs, just as long as Incan law and rule were recognized and the allotted taxes or tribute was paid for the upkeep of the empire, its army, and its Inca.

Particularly was this the case in the more outlying districts. Although the Incan confederation and empire nominally extended into the land of the Chilean Mapuches, or as they are now commonly called, the Araucanians; into the Amazonian *montañas* of the warlike Panos, Chanos, and other tribes of the Beni and Rio Grande Rivers of Bolivia, and through the interior of Peru inhabited by the Campas and Amuenshas, as well as far beyond Lake Titicaca and into the Yungas district, the Incas left these tribes practically untouched, although they paid annual tribute to the Incan Empire.

And the Incas, even with their well-organized armies, their tremendous resources, and their superior civilization, never conquered these hordes of implacable savages. Undoubtedly they realized that it would cost more than it was worth, both in lives and riches, to subdue or even to attempt to subdue them, and they unquestionably appreciated the fact that even were these tribesmen brought under Incan rule they could not be retained there.

In other words, the Incas took much the same attitude as England has taken towards many of her colonies. Just as England permits the native princes of India to rule their own people, who follow their own religions, rites and customs as though Great Britain had no foothold in the land, so the Incas left the unconquerable Mapuches, the ever hostile Panos, the stocky cannibal Yungas, and the head-hunting Campas pretty much to themselves.

Only the Andean, the coastal, and the nearer trans-Andean tribes came wholly under the Incas' rule, and practically all of these were of two racial stocks, the Quichuas and the Aimaras, although these were split up into numerous tribes and sub-tribes, such as the Collas about Lake Titicaca, the Huancas in the central plateau, the Chinchas and Nascas in the south, the Huanucuyus, Cajamarcas, and Porcas in the north, the Chutas in what is now Bolivia, and the Chimus on the coast. It was, in fact, as diverse a population with as widely differing ideals,

traditions, physical characteristics, and other attributes as one can well imagine, and how the Incas ever succeeded in keeping it in hand is little less than miraculous. Even the dialects were diverse and innumerable, and in order to provide a common means of communication throughout the empire the Quichua language was adopted for the use of all. In what is now Bolivia the Aimara tongue predominated, and it was owing to the use of this that the Indians became known as Aimaras. As a matter of fact the Aimara dialect is one of the oldest if not the oldest in South America, a veritable American Sanskrit, whereas the Quichua is more of a hybrid and comparatively modern language. Even at the present time, Quichua is the universal dialect of the Peruvian aborigines who were under Incan rule, whereas Aimara is spoken almost universally among the aborigines of Bolivia, although in a few spots the Quichua is used.

That the Incas found it increasingly difficult to keep the various tribal elements of their empire consolidated and on good terms with one another is well known, and at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards a civil war was in progress.

But with the butchery of Atahualpa, the last Inca, by Pizarro, and the disruption of the empire, the component human parts that had formed it quickly reverted to their original condition. From the great and populous cities, both on the coast and in the mountains, the people drifted away to the original homes of their forefathers in remote, inaccessible spots. Partly this was due to the natural " homing " instinct of the aborigine, partly it was due to the long-suppressed desire for freedom and individual rights which had been taken from them by the socialistic Incas, even more it was due to intertribal enmities, while most of all it was owing to the ruthless and cruel actions of the Dons who killed, robbed, and enslaved the people, took possession of their cities and lands, and forced the survivors to flee in order to escape slavery and persecution. Almost in a day, we might say, the entire civilization and confederation built up through countless centuries was utterly destroyed and wiped out by the Spaniards.

Only the ruins of adobe buildings and masonry, the vast cemeteries, the splendid irrigation systems, the enormous burial-mounds remind us that once the land was inhabited by a teeming population with well-planned, solidly built towns, excellent roads, aqueducts, and irrigation plants, cultivated fields, and holy cities ; with impressive temples, impregnable fortresses, and truly amazing feats of engineering.

Although the empire, as such, vanished; though the aborigines reverted to barbarism if not semi-savagery in many cases; though they forgot many of the arts and cast aside the civilization and the laws of the Incas, still, even to-day, the Inca influence is strongly in evidence among practically all the tribes whose ancestors were subjects of the remarkable empire.

Practically all living Peruvian aborigines speak the Quichua tongue, as do thousands in Bolivia and Ecuador. Even in the far-off Beni, in the Yungas, in the Chanchamayo; far in the south of Chile, in the interior of Ecuador, the aborigines speak some Quichua or embody Quichua words in their native dialects. Everywhere, also, one finds striking resemblances between the arts and products of these living aborigines and those we find interred with the Incan dead.

Many still retain habits, occupations, customs, and even the dress of Incan days, while a number still claim descent from the ancient rulers and proudly call themselves "Incas." And innumerable thousands of the living aborigines have not the remotest idea to what tribe they belong, but call themselves by the comprehensive names of Quichuas or Aimaras.

To very great extent these present-day aborigines follow the socialistic customs enforced by the Incas, although to-day the socialism is confined to the limits of each village or settlement and does not extend to its neighbours. Moreover, it has become such an involved, complicated sort of socialism with so many intricacies and so many variations and exceptions that it seems hopelessly puzzling, at least to a white man, requiring volumes to fully describe and explain.

So, too, the guilds that were established, maintained, and fostered under the Incas still survive. One village or community, for example, may be wholly composed of shepherds whose flocks provide wool. The next village may be inhabited entirely by dyers or carders; the next colony may devote all its energies to spinning thread; the inhabitants of another town may weave *ponchos*, another's people may be rug-makers; others makers of caps or gloves; others tanners, and so on indefinitely. Often, one will find two little villages, almost within speaking distance of each other, and yet in one the customs, the industries, even the costumes and appearance of the people, will be wholly distinct from those in the other.

While this peculiar conservatism appears most remarkable and serves to obstruct progress, fellowship, and solidarity among the aborigines, yet it has its advantages. It results in a high perfection of skill in each particular art or industry; it forces the

1 AND 3. STREET IN LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

2. COLLAS OF BOLIVIAN HIGHLANDS

various individuals and communities to barter and trade with others, for seldom does one community produce all the necessities of life, and it places the settlements on a commercial basis. If each man or woman, or each village, raised, carded, and dyed wool, spun the thread, wove the blankets, rugs, *mantas*, and *ponchos*; knitted the socks and caps, tanned the hides, and prepared all the articles used or required by the aborigines, they would be far more poverty-stricken and even less progressive and less provident than they are. But if an aborigine, in need of a *poncho* or hat, or a woman requiring a *manta* or a petticoat, must perforce trade or purchase the desired article from the members of other tribes or villages who produce them, he or she must in turn produce some article which can be exchanged, or sold for money with which to purchase the goods desired. The direct result of this state of affairs is the aboriginal market which is universal in the interior towns and is the most colourful, interesting, and picturesque sight of Peru's hinterland. As the aborigine is a born trader, rivalling the traditional Yankee in this respect, the market is to him a delight and a recreation, as well as a source of revenue.

There are, however, certain exceptions to the above. No matter what else the aborigines may be or may do, they are always agriculturists. And to a certain extent every woman spins and weaves. But in the purely agricultural communities practically every effort and every hour is devoted to tilling the soil, and the people depend upon the market and their neighbours for the other necessities of life. About Huancayo, Ayacucho, and the northern and central districts, the specialized communistic idea is far more prevalent and more strictly followed than in the southern portions of the country, and the beneficent results of the custom enforced by the old Incas is obvious. Whereas the aborigines about Huancayo and Ayacucho are industrious, fairly well-clad, intelligent, and appear happy and content, those about Cuzco and in the south are ragged, unspeakably filthy, stupid, and appear far from happy. But even in this district much of the old regime still prevails. There are certain villages where the people specialize in wool dyeing, others where *ponchos* are woven, others where pottery is made, and so on. And wherever such customs prevail the aborigines are more prosperous and are better off in every way. Moreover, even when a village or a community produces or is capable of producing a wide variety of handicraft the weekly market is held, and barter, sale, and exchange are carried on as energetically and universally as in the market at Huancayo.

Were it not for the market, where nine-tenths of the goods are exchanged and comparatively little currency changes hands, the monotonous life of these aborigines would be absolutely unbearable. Even as it is, one marvels that they can exist under the everpresent burdens of dreary climate, mountain hardships, endless toil, miserable homes, insanitary conditions, depressing surroundings, and total lack of amusements, diversions, or mental occupations.

It is little wonder that the Peruvian Quichua of the mountains and higher trans-Andean regions is morose, timid, aloof, ignorant and dirty; that his face is seamed, wrinkled, and leathery; that always upon his features he wears a hunted, pathetic expression. Naturally docile, servile, and peaceful, the aborigines of the Quichua race had their individualities completely destroyed under the socialistic Incan rule which reduced communities to the status of human ant-hills with the individual wholly subservient to the good of the whole. Under the Spaniards they were ground down, enslaved, forced to labour like beasts and worse; they were robbed of all they possessed, treated like dogs, until they became a cowed, terrorized, almost spiritless lot. To-day they are scarcely better off. Though they nominally are free and have the same civic rights as other inhabitants of the republics, yet in many respects they actually are little more than slaves. They receive a mere pittance for the hardest labour and their white employers—both Peruvians and foreigners—trick them into being continually in debt. They can scarcely call their arid, frost-bitten lands their own. They are tempted with vile rum and are cheated and robbed when their brains are befuddled by the liquor. They are frightened and wheedled into donating far more than they can afford for the upkeep of innumerable churches whose religion they profess, but which they neither understand nor believe, and whose priests will not even give them Christian burial without pay. They are exploited at every turn; their women and girls are regarded as fair prey by every sensual official, policeman, or private citizen who can safeguard himself by bribery, influence, or power, and they are looked down upon, despised, cursed, kicked, and beaten by any and all white men, and even by the Cholos of mixed blood.

Recently, however, there has been a tendency to improve the conditions for the aborigines in Peru. Well-to-do citizens, high prelates of the Catholic Church, and government officials have formed leagues and societies for the alleviation of the aborigines' wrongs and the betterment of the race. Best of all, ex-President Leguia became interested in their welfare with the result that

vast areas of land have been allotted to them, many of their wrongs have been righted, their complaints have been heard and heeded, and justice has been accorded them. But it will require a very long time to revolutionize the old order of things. Regardless of their efforts and intentions, one small group of men will have an uphill fight to carry out their ideals, and it will be years before the aborigines in the more remote districts will find themselves in the possession of the rights and treatment due them by law. But the promise of better days for the "Children of the Sun" is a bright spot in Peru's present, and while it never can hope to wipe out the disgraceful past, yet the change of policy towards the aboriginal inhabitants of the land comes better late than never, and there may be a brighter future in store for the long-abused race.

Still, even the best-meaning men, the most active leagues, even the power of Peru's most progressive and enlightened executives, cannot modify the conditions of Nature under which the aborigines live. When we stop to consider their environment, when we see how they are forced to subsist, dwelling in huts scarcely more than kennels, exposed to bitter cold, drenched with rain, pelted with hail, chilled with snow and depending largely upon frozen potatoes for food, we can only marvel that any survive. Only by incessant heart-breaking toil can they glean their meagre crops from the stone-riddled, almost barren soil. To move in any direction they must scale precipitous heights or descend equally precipitous cliffs.

Can anyone blame them if, under such conditions, they are discouraged, improvident, and dirty, if by chewing the coca leaves they endeavour to allay the pangs of hunger that never cease gnawing at their vitals? Can anyone really blame them if, on those rare times when they can secure it, they seek to forget their lot and warm their blood with fiery rum, and drinking overmuch, become a bit noisy and hilarious; but never quarrelsome nor dangerous?

What other race, under similar conditions, would do better? How long would any other man survive under such crushing burdens without going stark, raving mad?

But the aborigine of the Andean highlands not only survives and keeps his reason, but retains health, strength, a measure of plumpness, and an optimistic contentment, or at least no resentment for his lot. The very hardships he is forced to face from birth until death have developed in him a sturdiness, a resistance, a power to endure fatigue, to be immune to cold, and an ability to be comfortable without comforts, that is absolutely marvellous.

Much that is wholly erroneous, or even maliciously false, has been said and written about these people of the Andes. Still more has been spread innocently, and probably in good faith, by persons wholly ignorant of the aborigines, or who have formed ideas and have come to conclusions through superficial observation and hearsay. Peruvians, and foreigners as well, will declare that it is wholly impossible to better them. That they prefer their filthy, squalid huts and dreary lives to clean houses and good times. That they are suspicious and resent kindness and a helping hand, and that it is a waste of time and money to do anything for their improvement. That they are naturally stupid, unwilling, and unable to learn anything. That they cannot be educated. That they possess no affection, no sentiment. That they are heartless and cruel. That they do not know the meaning of gratitude. That they normally are lazy, sodden, and bleary-eyed with rum, and that their cheeks are always distended with coca leaves. In short, that they are no better than brute beasts and with none of the redeeming qualities of the lower animals.

Nothing could be much farther from the truth. Never have I seen an Andean Quichua habitually bleary-eyed or sodden with rum. If the Quichua drinks he usually becomes a bit hilarious, wonderfully good-natured, and, if he keeps on imbibing, he becomes inordinately sleepy, and throwing himself down on the most convenient spot, is soon snoring lustily. But he is never permitted to remain there for long. No matter how much he may drink when at a *fiesta*, a market, or during some other celebration, his women remain sober and look after him. It is a common sight, at the close of some festive occasion, to see two or three Indian women half-carrying, half-supporting the head of the family, and by coaxing, scolding, and even by resounding slaps and blows, urging him towards his home. But he is not and cannot be an habitual drunkard. Rum or spirits of any kind are far too costly for the average aborigine to purchase regularly and in sufficient quantities to provide a prolonged spree.

As for the coca habit. Nearly every aborigine of the Andes, whether male or female, uses the coca leaves to stave off hunger and weariness. It is far sale everywhere—even in the Lima market—but no aborigine's cheeks are ever " distended " with it. Only a few leaves are masticated at a time and these, rolled in a tiny pellet with a dab of lime or a pinch of wood ashes, take up so small a space in the user's mouth that no one could possibly say with certainty whether or not an aborigine was chewing the leaf —that is, from outward appearances. And it is questionable if the custom is deleterious or to be condemned. The leaves

contain such a minute quantity of cocaine, and so small a proportion of this is extracted by masticating the dried leaves with lime, that it is doubtful if the users ever obtain the true effects of the drug. At any rate it does not appear to harm them in the least. They show no signs, no external symptoms of the drug-addict, and the habit is by no means fixed or permanent. If properly fed the aborigine seldom feels the desire for his coca leaves, and the Quichua servants, and those who dwell in the large towns and can secure an abundance of nourishing food at regular times without excessive labour under most trying conditions, seldom use the leaves. At any rate it is a far cleaner and less objectionable habit than chewing tobacco, and, thank Heaven, the aborigines have not yet acquired this habit from the *gringo* miners.

Neither are the Peruvian aborigines averse to improving their lot. I have noticed that, wherever and whenever they are in a position to do so, they have built better houses, have adopted doors and windows, have installed cheap but serviceable furnishings, and have improved. Where they are employed in the homes of foreigners, and are treated like human beings, they soon abandon their filthy ways, take pride in clean clothing, and better themselves in every possible manner. That anyone with the most casual knowledge of these people can accuse them of laziness seems impossible. The very fact that he manages to keep soul and body together under the conditions he faces proves the Andean Quichua the least lazy and slothful of men.

Naturally the aborigines are prone to be suspicious of strangers. Their past history has been such as to fill them with suspicion, especially towards white men. And they have become so accustomed to being cheated, abused, and exploited that they cannot believe anyone has an unselfish, honest motive in doing them a good turn. But their suspicions are easily overcome, and, once overcome, the aborigine goes as far the other way and places implicit confidence in the one who has helped him. And they never resent kindness. They may not thank one in flowery terms or with exaggerated phrases and words, for the Quichua, like other aborigines, is rather sparing of words, is somewhat reserved in his manner, and is rather like an Englishman in his ideas that it is "bad form" to exhibit his emotions and sentiment.

As far as intelligence goes, the Andean Quichuas are well above the average in brain capacity. To be sure, they are not quick to acquire certain lines of knowledge by which we, as a rule, judge our fellow-men's intellectual abilities. For countless centuries the Quichuas' minds have been developed along

certain lines, and they have had no opportunity to grasp new ideas or to acquire knowledge foreign to their ancestral and inherited requirements. But no race, not intelligent and not blessed with brain power, could have attained the culture and civilization of the Incan Empire. No stupid, unintelligent race could produce the marvellous pottery, textiles, and metal work of these people. To claim that they cannot be civilized and educated is ridiculous. In many respects the Peruvian Quichuas already are civilized. Many can read and write, most of them are, nominally at least, Christians, and from their ranks have risen many of Peru's most prominent men. Members of the Quichua race of pure blood have become jurists, merchants, doctors, artists, musicians, journalists, and scientists.

Most erroneous of all, is the popular idea that these people are lacking in sentiment, in affection, in appreciation of the finer things of life, and that they are cruel or callous. The Quichua is ridiculously, almost fanatically patriotic and fond of his own particular locality, no matter how repellent and hopeless it may be. He loves his llamas, his burros, his dogs and his fowls. There is not a domestic animal that does not have its particular " day," now usually associated with a " Saint's day " of the Church, and on these days the creatures are feasted, entertained, decorated, and treated almost like fellow human-beings. Seldom, unless driven by dire necessity, will a Quichua kill or eat any of his own live-stock. If a stranger wishes to purchase a chicken, for example, he is forced to catch or kill it himself, for the owner will not do so. And if a Quichua desires a fowl or a sheep for food he will purchase from his neighbour or at the market and will preferably purchase a fowl or animal already killed rather than destroy one of his own. And he will mourn the death of a llama or a donkey more than the average white man will mourn the loss of a near relative. He is attached to his family, and while he is by no means demonstrative, he loves his wife and his children, and seldom does he return from a journey to the nearest town without a toy or trinket, a bright ribbon or a gaudy handkerchief, perhaps some cheap jewellery or even a horrible chromo, as presents for his little ones or their mother.

Also, he will stand for hours, silent, expressionless, showing no slightest sign of appreciation, admiration, or pleasure, before a picture, a statue or a display of photographs. He will remain indefinitely, as if in a trance or under an hypnotic spell, listening to the raucous sounds of a battered gramophone or the discordant notes of a tin-panny piano. If he has any preferences

in the matter of art it is for subjects which we would deem morbid, depressing, or gruesome. He loves a crucifix, the image of a martyred saint, the picture of a soul in purgatory or in hell, not for its religious significance, but for the same reason that he loves scenes of battle or of death. This, however, is not because he is either callous, cruel, or loves bloodshed. He would never stand for the bullfights with their gored and disembowelled horses which are attended and applauded by the ladies and girls of Lima, and he is far less cruel than the white Peruvians at their best. But there is something in his make-up, or his psychology, that demands the sad and the pathetic rather than the cheerful and gay. Even his own music, played on Pan's pipes or on the indian flute or *quena*, is plaintive, wailing, often heartrending, though inexpressibly sweet and haunting, as though the notes were lamenting the tragedy of his race, the downfall of the Incas, the eternal hardships that are his heritage, and the hopeless future that seems his.

Personally I am not greatly in favour of either Christianizing or over civilizing any aborigines. From what I have seen of the "red man" in various parts of America and under varying conditions, I have come to the firm conclusion that to Christianize or civilize an aborigine merely ruins him. He usually acquires all the vices and none of the virtues of the civilized Christian, and he is never more than half-heartedly a Christian at that. His own religion is far better suited to his needs and his psychology than ours, and he is usually far more devoted to his own beliefs and has far greater faith in his own deities than we have in ours. And as far as the fundamental principles of Christianity are concerned, the pagan aborigine is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a far better Christian than those who would win him from the age-old religions of his ancestors.

But, as I have said, the majority of Peruvian Quichuas are already more or less civilized and profess the Christian faith. All they really need is to be taught cleanliness, sanitation, and practical arts and industries. There should be manual and agricultural schools established, enforced sanitation in their villages, as well as in their quarters in the Peruvian towns; there should be free and adequate medical inspection and treatment for them, and there should be means of recreation and entertainment provided for them, especially in the more remote districts. And, most important of all perhaps, Government should absolutely prohibit the sale of liquor to the aborigines and should enforce the law, not by imposing fines which are easily paid from the profits of illicit sales, but by long terms of imprisonment for violators.

It must not be assumed that all the aborigines of Peru are identical in customs, characteristics or temperament. They vary greatly according to their environment, their race and their past. Even the Quichuas, to whom practically all the foregoing refers, vary a great deal in the different sections of the republic.

In the high Andean valleys of Central Peru they are prosperous, happy, and contented, and reflect their condition and their outlook on life in their faces. They are splendidly built and vary in colour from dark olive to coppery-brown, and are a quiet, hard-working, industrious lot. In the more southerly areas, on the other hand, they are ragged, filthy, improvident. In place of smiles and grin they wear gloomy, scowling brows, their eyes are shifty and distrustful, and at heart they hate all white men. But compared to the Aimaras, the Quichuas, regardless of the district whence they come, are the best natured, the most trustful, and the most peaceful of men.

There are very few of the Aimaras within the borders of Peru, and these are mainly confined to the Lake Titicaca region and the extreme south. As a race they are quick-tempered, cruel, cantankerous, and unruly, and while they are semi- or wholly civilized outwardly, and are peaceable enough as a whole, they will never submit to the same treatment at the hands of the whites as the Quichuas.

Back in the *montaña* or tropical belt of Peru's hinterland, are still other and wholly distinct tribes. These are usually classed under the ambiguous term of "Chunchos" by the Peruvians. But as Chuncho means merely a wild or uncivilized aborigine, its application to these tribes is no indication of their racial status or relationships. As a matter of fact there are a number of distinct tribes among the so-called Chunchos, although in some respects all have similar customs, characteristics, and dialects. They are by no means nomadic barbarians, however. Even the most remote cultivate little farms and are far from ignorant of many industrial arts. They weave splendid cotton cloth, make beautiful bead and basket work, and wear curious costumes consisting of a cassock-like gown of woven and dyed cotton with a simply-made hood or head-covering, the whole so strikingly like the garb of a Franciscan Friar that there is little doubt that the Chunchos copied the garments from those of the padres.

Upon their breasts, like bandoliers slung over their shoulders, they drape broad belts of white and black seeds arranged in contrasting patterns. Necklets of teeth and seeds, of bones, beetle wings and beads are about their throats. Dried skins of bright-plumaged birds and parrot feathers fringe the edges of the monk-

1. ANDEAN QUICHUAS AT HOME

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2. AN INCAN DANCE

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like hood and the belts, and to complete the costume a crown of plaited palm is worn, at the back of which are several long, bright-coloured plumes. During dances and ceremonials they array themselves in gorgeous costumes of feathers and seeds or of ravelled palm fibre with magnificent feather head-dresses. In colour these tribes are distinctly brown, usually of a reddish yellow tint, and as a rule their features are far from attractive or reassuring, more especially as they are usually hideously painted. Their weapons are powerful bows and arrows, spears, paddle-shaped clubs of hard wood and short blow-guns with poisoned darts. Some of the more distant of the " Chuncho " tribes are, or were until recently, head-hunters who kept the heads of their enemies as trophies, shrinking and drying them like their neighbours the Jivaros, but without the skill of the latter tribe. Further south, in the *montaña* along the Brazilian-Bolivian border, are still different tribes of savages, a number of whom are of Carib stock while, in the opposite direction, about Chimbote, Salaverry, and Paita on the coast, are remnants of a very different races.

This was the district controlled by the Chimus in pre-Incan and Incan times, and whose people reached a high state of civilization and a culture which, in many of its arts and engineering feats, far exceeded that of the Incas.

To-day only scattered members of these people survive. They are short and stocky, very dark, often almost black, and few if any of them speak their aboriginal tongue, although they retain many of the arts of their ancestors.

The basketry designs and the forms of their pottery are as distinctively Incan as those of the Quichuas. Indeed, many of their earthenware objects are identical in form, shape, and style of decoration with those found in the Incan graves.

About Lima and Callao the pure-blooded aborigines are rather light-coloured and are of Quichua stock, and the majority are from the towns of the Andean foothills and the upper Rimac Valley. Few are the lineal descendants of those agricultural tribes who cultivated the fertile valley where Lima now stands, and who dwelt in the great adobe cities and the villages whose ruins are seen everywhere in the vicinity of Peru's capital.

According to the old Spanish records, there were over twenty of these populous towns in the Lima Valley when the Dons arrived on the scene. But all were ruthlessly destroyed, and to-day not an inhabited aboriginal village remains in the entire valley. The few remaining individuals, who eke out an existence by peddling fruit, vegetables, and milk, have lost all knowledge of

aboriginal arts and handicrafts, and have even forgotten their mother tongue. Though they dwell and till their farms surrounded by ruined temples and cities of their ancestors, and plant their crops where Incan farmers toiled, yet they have no traditions, no knowledge of their forefathers who were butchered and enslaved by Pizarro and his followers.

CHAPTER XXII

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMMUNISM

IN one respect the Incan Empire was unique. It was the amazing paradox of a communistic-imperialistic government. Nothing like it has ever been attempted, much less carried out, and yet it was most successful and endured for centuries. It was, in fact, the world's greatest communism, and, as far as known, the only wholly successful communistic government. Moreover, its end came not through any failure of its own, not through the dissatisfaction of the people, but through the invasion of the Spaniards.

For all anyone can say it might have endured until the present time and still might be going strong had not Pizarro and his men arrived upon the scene and destroyed the amazing social organization of the Incans along with everything else it was in their power to destroy. How long the Incan social system had been in force prior to the coming of the Spaniards, no one knows. We have no means of determining whether it was in force in pre-Incan days or was a strictly Incan innovation; but that it had been successfully carried on for hundreds of years before the conquest of Peru is certain, for only through centuries could so complete a communism have been established and carried into effect. One of its most remarkable features is the fact that the empire was not composed of members of a single race, but was a confederation of hundreds of tribes and of several races of various characteristics and temperaments; and yet one and all submitted to being mere cogs in a gigantic communistic wheel. And, what is more, they appeared contented, prosperous, happy, and progressive as such.

Under the Inca regime all individuality and freedom of thought and life and action were completely subservient to the community as an entity. From birth until death the lives, actions, tasks, social status, homes, marriages, dwelling-places, divorces, and even the destinies of the offspring, were planned, regulated, ordered, and carried out according to inexorable laws, rules, and decrees.

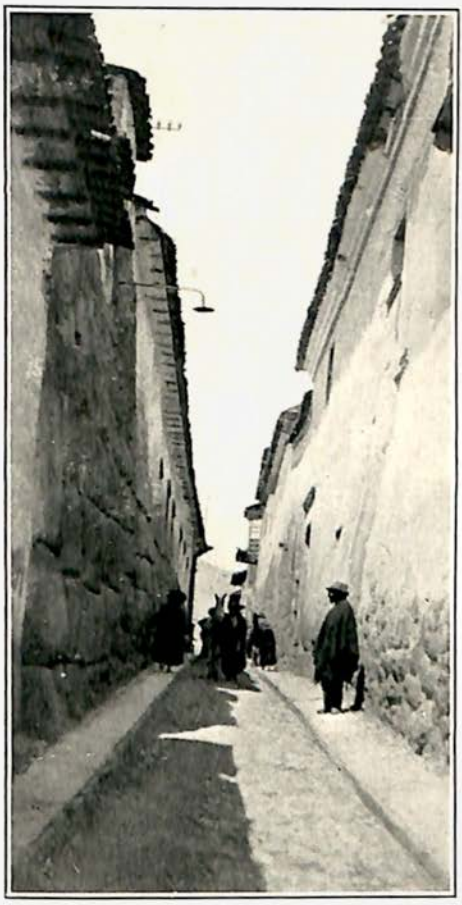
Every man, woman, and child literally was tagged, tabulated, and filed as efficiently as cards in a cabinet. The locality of a

person's residence was indicated by the design and colours of his or her garments; and at birth a man's or a woman's place in the scheme of things was at once ordained by the authorities. Every child automatically became a ward of the government when it reached the age of five years, and was reared, trained, and fitted for the occupation, the position, or the industry to which its life was to be devoted. And so accurately and carefully was the economic status of the entire population watched and recorded that never was there a shortage or a surplus of labour, of artisans, or of husbandmen in any portion of the entire empire, which composed more than one million square miles of territory and twenty million people.

Every community was planned for years in advance. Every settlement and village was restricted to a certain proportion of this, that, or the other profession, so as to maintain an absolute balance between supply and demand.

If spinners were needed the girls were trained to spin. If soldiers were required the boys were trained as warriors. If an agricultural community required additional members the quota of men and women needed was taken from another locality where there was an excess of farmers. Every man was compelled to marry by the time he was twenty-four, and every woman was forced to find a husband by the time she was eighteen. And once married neither husband nor wife had any voice as to the future of their children, or regarding divorce; for at any time, if the officials decided it was for the good of the community or the state, or if in their opinions the married parties did not conduct themselves as they should, they could divorce them irrespective of the wishes of the interested pair.

They were, however, permitted to do their own love-making. Even the Incas knew better than to attempt to regulate that matter or to make matches by law or rule; neither did they go so far as to experiment with eugenic marriages. As long as every man had taken unto himself a wife by the time he was twenty-four, and as long as there were no old maids over eighteen years of age, the government was satisfied that matters were as they should be. And even under such an absolute communism as that of the Incas romance and time-honoured customs of courtship still held their own. Even though the law forced maids and men to wed, they went about the preliminaries in quite as romantic a manner as any other young people. As a rule the girl was abducted, voluntarily on her part, by a youth, a sort of understood elopement, and hidden by her lover, who then visited her parents and paid for her with presents and *chicha* and asked the old folks'



ANCIENT WALLS AT CUZCO

1. A street with pre-Incan walls. 2. Incan and pre-Incan walls.
3. Pre-Incan (*right*) and Incan (*left*) walls at Cuzco.

consent to his retaining her. Following this was a period of eight days of " proof," a sort of trial marriage, within which time the groom could reject his bride if she failed to come up to expectations physically or in her ability to sew, weave, cook, or perform the essential duties of an Incan housewife.

As a result of this excellent plan, girls who were ugly, ill-tempered, or deficient in wifely arts and industries were soon found out and rejected; and as there was a severe penalty for remaining single, they were forced to mend their ways and to acquire a knowledge of what they lacked, or suffer the consequences.

Widows were always in great demand, and were much preferred to virgins because of their greater skill and experience. They were known as *Chuquisonkos* or hearts of gold, and never were permitted to remain widows for long, although the law did not compel them to marry a second time. Widows, however, never married widowers, though whether that was because they preferred single men or widowers preferred the unsophisticated maidens, or whether there was some law or custom preventing the mating of widows and widowers, is uncertain.

Naturally, even with the strict supervision of the government officials, there were times and places where there was a superabundance of single men or single women. When such conditions occurred the prefect or *camachicue* of the village had the unmarried boys and girls lined up in the plaza, and each male was forced then and there to choose a mate. In case a man desired some particular girl and some other chap came first in the order of drawing, he was forced to content himself with the next best. Any surplus of marriageable men or women was then sent to some locality where there was a shortage, and the same proceeding was repeated until all had been mated. Whether there ever was a final indivisible remainder—or better, an unaddable remainder—and whether, in that case, the law could be adjusted to extend the allotted time that persons might remain single, is a detail that history does not relate. But, as the marriageable age for a boy was sixteen and for a girl fourteen years, it is probable that among twenty millions of people there was never any difficulty in finding mates.

And despite the facts that marriage was compulsory and divorce was simple, there were most severe penalties provided for infidelity and other offences by married people. Adultery was punishable by death or torture or both, and misbehaviour, brutality, immorality, etc., were not only severely dealt with, but were grounds for divorce as well.

As far as the true Incans went, monogamy was the rule —the royalty and nobles being the only persons who legally could indulge in the doubtful luxury of several wives. But the Incan Empire was a confederation of many races, as I have said, and the Incas were wise enough not to meddle overmuch with ancient and time-honoured tribal customs and ways as long as they did not clash with the communistic system of government. Hence, in many districts polygamy was openly practised though technically against the law; but as far as known, polyandry existed in but one locality, and for a very limited time. This was at Torontoy, and it was the direct result of the frequent raids of the savage and hostile Amuenshas and Campas tribes, who were continually harassing the eastern frontiers. About 1499 they successfully attacked the fort of Ollantay, massacred all the men they could find or who could not escape, and carried the women into captivity. The few survivors were largely men who, with the few women who escaped, fled to Torontoy and there established a new colony. To meet the conditions that existed, polyandry was adopted, each woman having two or more husbands. And as the fugitives were closely related, these unions frequently were between brothers and a sister.

When reports of this abnormal state of affairs reached the Inca, he at once took the most stringent means to suppress the custom. Members of the colony were transported to other districts, the remaining people were forced to marry individuals brought from other localities, while most severe penalties were provided for any violation of the new order of things.

Unlike the Aztecs, the Incans did not practise human sacrifices. In fact, they were prohibited under penalty of death; and captives taken in war, instead of being tortured, maimed, imprisoned, or killed, were treated with care and consideration and were deported to some remote district, where they were given liberty and land and were transformed into useful members of the community. The same happened when—as was rarely the case—rebellions or revolts broke out. Instead of wreaking vengeance by executing or by incarcerating the malcontents, they were distributed among villages and cities that were known to be loyal, and where the deportees were among people of a tribe distinct from their own.

Man-power and efficiency were all important in the Incan commonwealth, and it required hard work and constant application to enable a population of twenty millions to subsist in a territory of one million square miles, most of which was deserts

and barren mountains. Naturally, too, there was the invariable tendency of agricultural communities to become isolated and self-contained, and as there was no money, no currency, and as everything the people required was produced by themselves or by their efforts, there was no reason for either commerce or travel. But the Incas did not overlook this and ingeniously devised a means of forcing their subjects to move about and to carry on commerce, even if such things were not essential. The industries of each village, town, or settlement were regulated by

MAP SHOWING AREA UNDER INCA DOMINION (Dotted Portion)

law, and no other trades or occupations could legally be carried on. One village might be entirely devoted to carding wool, another to dyeing the yarns, another to weaving. One hamlet might produce *ponchos*, another blankets. One settlement or community might raise potatoes only, another maize, another peanuts. And as a result, every community was forced to trade with others in order to secure all the articles required for maintenance and subsistence. Obviously, it would be most inconvenient for a man or woman to travel the rounds of perhaps half a hundred villages situated miles apart in order to obtain what he

or she might require in exchange for the articles their village produced. So the Incan government arranged for certain markets or fairs, towns centrally located, where at stated intervals the natives for miles in every direction met to barter and trade. The result was an immense national commerce and a commingling of the communities and various tribes, in addition to a holiday and *fiesta* for the people. So satisfactory was this custom or rule that it still prevails. It is not unusual to find the inhabitants of two villages a few miles apart journeying fifty miles or more to a market-town and bartering their goods with one another, to return, often side by side, to their homes, but never dreaming of strolling from one village to the other to exchange their wares.

Socially, there were no distinctions among the people with the exception of the privileged classes—the nobles, princes, officials, and priests. Aside from these members of the community, all were equal, socially and financially, if it is permissable to use that term for inhabitants of a country where finance was non-existent. All shared equally, all contributed equally to the support of the Government, the Army, the State, the Church, and the Community. At maturity every male was allotted a certain amount of land or a definite number of llamas, from which he was required to produce certain estimated results. If he failed without reason he was penalized, and neither the land nor the herds were his own to dispose of as he saw fit. All real estate and all live-stock was the property of the State, and at death a man's lands and herds reverted to the Inca, who saw that they were divided among the children or were reallotted.

On the other hand, as a man's family increased he was given more and more land or more flocks, the amount he required being adjusted to a nicety. However, there was no intention of keeping the people in a state of poverty or of limiting them to the bare necessities of life. All men and women were free to produce as much as they could, although the fruits of their labours were not wholly their own. Moreover, the able-bodied members of the community were compelled by law to till and cultivate the land, or care for and shear the flocks of those who were aged, infirm, or otherwise incapacitated, before attending to their own.

Everything made or produced was equally divided into three portions; the first for the Inca or government, the second for the "Sun" or Church, and the third for the people. But once the two-thirds destined to defray the expenses of the State and the religion were deducted there were no other demands upon the individual. There were no other taxes, no imposts, no levies. The remaining third belonged to the individual to be used as he

TYPES OF PERUVIAN ABORIGINES

1. Huanca man.

2. An ancient Quichua dame.

3. An elderly Quichua.

Chapter XXI.

or she desired. Moreover, a large part of the share allotted to the State was indirectly for the people themselves. Vast quantities of foodstuffs and supplies were stored away to be used in case of famine, plague, or other disaster; and at such times this reserve was freely distributed among the members of the afflicted communities.

From the government's share all public works were carried on; from it all the enormous expenses of the vast army, of the elaborate court, of innumerable officials, of wars, and conquests, and of the administration of the government were defrayed. From the share allotted to the "Sun" all the costs of maintaining a complex, expensive, and ceremonial religion were paid—the expenses of the priests and nuns, the upkeep of innumerable temples, and all the other incidentals of the Church. And in addition to the shares of all that was produced by the people within the true boundaries of the Empire there were enormous bounties or tributes collected annually from conquered tribes and races who acknowledged Incan dominion and yet did not form integral parts of the commonwealth. All of this tribute went to the Church and State, and very largely it was paid in gold, silver, precious stones, copper, and other riches. It was mainly from these outside sources that the Incan people secured the vast, almost incredible quantities of precious metals and the precious stones which aroused the wonder and cupidity of the Spaniards, and led to the destruction of the Incan Empire.

Naturally in a commonwealth composed of innumerable distinct races with as many distinct dialects, a common universal language was a necessity. So the Incas devised a sort of Esperanto, taking as a basis the ancient Hulla dialect and simplifying it, adding a bit of one of their own dialects here and of another there, the result being the Quichua language, which became compulsory throughout the Empire, even though the people were permitted to retain their own dialects for use among themselves.

Law and order were most rigidly enforced, and there were penalties provided for every possible misdemeanour, crime, offence, violation of laws or regulations, and even for laziness or failure to work. Often, as judged by our present-day standards, the punishments provided were far out of proportion to the offences, but, in comparison with the laws in force in Europe at the time, those of the Incas were fair and just and the punishments mild. The most serious crime of all was blasphemy directed at the Sun, the priests, or the Inca himself, who was considered divine. Death after the most fearful tortures was the

penalty for this heinous crime, which, fortunately for the people, was almost unknown; for the Incan people were reverently religious.

To offset this, and to prove there was no discrimination, equally if not more severe penalties were provided as punishments for religious persons who misbehaved themselves. A Virgin of the Sun or any nun who violated her vows was buried alive, and the town where she belonged was utterly destroyed with many of its inhabitants. A priest who failed in his duties or was guilty of extortion, or who took advantage of his position to impose upon the people, was put to death with torture, and his body was burned—the most severe punishment possible, as the Incan people believed in a resurrection and that destroying a body destroyed the soul.

Death was the penalty for murder or adultery, for incorrigibles, and for habitual offenders, as well as for cowardice on the part of soldiers, officials, or members of the nobility, all of whom were supposed to be above fear of any sort. Theft or dishonesty of any kind resulted in the offender being branded for life. Scandalmongers and liars were flogged for the first offence, beaten with a club at the second, and for the third had their tongues nailed to a board. Most petty crimes and violations of the law were punished by flogging, while in some cases the culprit was forced to carry a heavy stone wherever he went, the duration of the period varying with the seriousness of the offence. To enforce these laws a large and efficient police force was maintained, and so thoroughly was the law carried out and so exemplary were its results, that Mancio Sierra, writing from Cuzco, September 15, 1589, declared that at the time of the conquest the Spaniards never found a thief, a liar, or a sluggard in the entire Empire.

Obviously, to maintain and administer such a huge multiracial commonwealth, and to keep the communistic machine functioning smoothly and without a hitch, a vast number of officials and a most efficient and well-organized government were required. But the Incas appear to have had an almost uncanny genius for efficiency and to have been past-masters at reducing the most complex problems to most simple equations. Whatever their faults may have been, lack of initiative, slothfulness, and incompetence were not among them. As executives they equalled if they did not excel any rulers the world has ever known; and the very fact that for more than one thousand years they succeeded in maintaining the world's greatest and only successful communism—and that with no serious interruptions

or troubles—speaks volumes for their intelligence, their ability, and their originality.

Of course the universal belief that the Incas were divine had a great deal to do with their success. Men might grumble and even revolt under a ruler who was a mere mortal, but it was quite a different matter to raise a voice of protest against the rule of one who was the Son-of-the-Sun and a divinity in human form. Just how much faith the Incas themselves had in their alleged descent from the fiery planet—or rather from the deity whose visual manifestation was the sun—it is difficult to say. Very probably they actually believed themselves possessed with divine rights, just as some modern kings and emperors have claimed to be God-inspired; but it is doubtful if they actually believed themselves descendants of the Supreme God who was the basis of their religion.

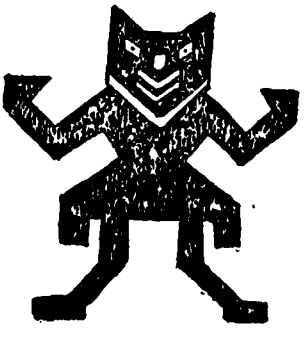
Allegory played a very important part in their lives and religion; and their myth of the first Inca, Manko-Kapak and his allegory played a very important part in their lives and religion; their myth or legend of the coming of Manko-Kapak, the first Inca, was comparable to our own imaginative and allegorical tale of the creation, and in their songs, poetry, dances, and dramas allegory was always present and very often formed the central theme.

But regardless of the beliefs of the members of the royal family as to their origin, there is no question that the people as a whole regarded the Incas as offspring of the deity and revered them as such. So, in addition to the customary belief that a king can do no wrong, the people of the Empire of Tahuantisuyo knew that a divinity could do no wrong, and hence accepted everything as their destiny under divine rule.

Though the Incas maintained a luxurious and expensive court, yet as far as we know, they were paternally benign and seldom if ever took advantage of their position or their immunity to oppress the people. Like their subjects, they were intensely religious, and even they were not exempt from laws that at times must have been onerous. The Inca and his queen were hedged about with innumerable conventions and restrictions. They were compelled to bathe and to change their costumes four times daily, and never could wear the same garments twice. The routine of their lives was mapped out by law and by age-old customs as undeviatingly as that of any member of their empire; and in time of war the Inca was compelled to take personal command of his armies and to risk his life in the front ranks like any common soldier.

Moreover, the Inca was not supreme by any means. In many respects the Incan Empire was definitely republican. The Inca, in fact, was scarcely more than a president, and he possessed no more real power in respect to most matters than does the King of England to-day. Under him was a tribunal of princes or *Apu-Auquis*, composed of men of royal blood and analogous to the House of Lords, and a cabinet of four wise men presided over by a president or chairman known as the *Apu-Tucuy-Ricac*. In Cuzco, the capital, these men were appointed by the Inca; but in the outlying provinces they were annually elected by votes of the inhabitants, the nominees being men who already had been in the Inca's service. Any unanimous decision of the cabinet was absolute, and could be revoked or altered only by the tribunal of princes. In addition to this federal government, each district had its own governor or *Curaca*, and each town or village had its mayor or prefect, known as a *Suyuyoc*, as well as a town council or board of aldermen known as *Auquis*, who served as a sort of grand jury, court, and governing body combined.

It is fascinating to speculate on what the results might have been had this astonishing communistic-imperial-republican government been permitted to continue until the present day; on the influence it might well have had upon the rest of the world had the Spaniards not destroyed it and in its place established their own despotic, mercenary, wholly selfish and corrupt form of government.



CHAPTER XXIII

OVER THE INCAN ROAD TO AN INCAN DANCE

OF all the astonishing engineering feats of the Incans the greatest and most remarkable was the great Incan Road. Nothing we moderns have ever constructed in the line of arterial roads can equal or even approach this highway that was built and was in daily use more than one thousand years ago, and which made the famed Roman roads appear like mere lanes by comparison. Over four thousand miles in length, it stretched from Quito in Ecuador to Tucuman in Central Chile, and traversed some of the roughest, most mountainous country in the world. It would be difficult indeed to find a route with greater obstacles to surmount or with greater problems of engineering to be solved. There were mountain ranges fourteen to fifteen thousand feet in height to be scaled, cañons and abysses thousands of feet in depth to be crossed, roaring torrents to be bridged, vast deserts to be traversed, morasses and swamps to be passed.

But the Incan engineers treated all such as though they were non-existent. The road, twenty-five feet in width, was carried up the loftiest ranges by easy gradients and zigzags; where precipices barred the way the living rock was hewn away or retaining walls were built up for hundreds of feet to support the roadway. Ravines and chasms were filled with solid masonry to form causeways; cañons and torrents were crossed by suspension-bridges with immense cables of fibre or wool anchored to holes cut through solid masses of rock; peaks and cliffs were pierced by tunnels hundreds of feet in length; for hundreds of miles smooth pavements of stones were laid across burning deserts; dykes were constructed across swamps and shallow lakes; and for much of its length the amazing highway was surfaced with asphalt. At frequent intervals branch roads led east and west, the eastern roads extending to the jungles of the Amazon, and the western branches connecting with a second longitudinal road, twenty feet in width, that followed the coast line for more than two thousand miles.

Throughout the entire length of the road, at distances of not more than twenty miles apart, were rest houses or *tambos*,

while at every forty miles was an Imperial Inn. The *tambos* served as stopping places for travellers and as stations for the government runners or *chasquis*, while the Imperial Inns were storehouses for food, supplies, and equipment for the army in case of war or for the relief of villages in time of famine. They also served as eating-places for the army when on the march and as stopping-places for the Inca and for officials when travelling. There was also a complete system of sentry stations, watch-towers, and forts, as well as a system of signal-fires or lights by means of which the men, constantly on watch, could transmit messages from one end of the road to the other in an incredibly short time. At the time of a revolt at Quito, news of the uprising was transmitted by means of these signals and reached Cuzco within four hours after the trouble started, and a message could be sent for the entire distance of four thousand miles, from end to end of the road, in six hours.

For rapid transportation over the road, relays of runners or *chasquis* were stationed at each *tambo*, and as no runner had to traverse more than twenty miles from his station to the next, and in mountainous districts only ten miles or less, messages or cargo could be carried with truly incredible rapidity from place to place. Thus fresh fish, caught in the Pacific, were delivered in Cuzco, over three hundred miles distant and beyond mountains fifteen thousand feet in height, within thirty hours from the time they were taken from the water, which is six hours sooner than is possible by way of the railway to-day. Fish from Lake Urubamba, caught in the morning, were served at Cuzco dinners the same evening, and fruits and vegetables from the coastal plains were delivered in Cuzco, the Incan capital, within fifteen hours after they were gathered.

Also throughout the entire length of the roads were mile-posts accurately spaced and showing the distance to the next rest-house or *tambo*. So easy were the gradients on this remarkable international highway and so evenly paved the surface that it would have served admirably for an automobile road, yet it was used solely for pedestrians and llama trains, for the Incans had neither draught animals nor wheeled vehicles of any sort.

And so well-built was the road, so perfectly drained and supported, that even to-day, after a lapse of more than ten centuries, portions of the Incas' highway is in daily use as a thoroughfare for motor-cars and trucks, while some of the tunnels now serve for the Andean railways.

Much of the ancient highway has, however, disappeared. In

places where the road was carried around steep precipices and hillsides by means of retaining walls, earthquakes and landslides have destroyed the walls and obliterated sections of the road. On many of the deserts, the drifting sands have covered the road until no traces are visible, and in portions of the country that in Incan days were densely inhabited, but which are now deserted, bridges have decayed and fallen and masonry causeways have been carried away by swollen torrents and avalanches of ice and snow during the Andean winters.

It was over this ancient road that had been trod by the feet of the Incas' legions, by the racing fleet-footed *chasquis*, by the steel-shod horses of Pizarro's army, and by countless thousands of plodding llamas and millions of the Incan people in the past, that I was to travel by modern motor-car to witness an Incan dance.

"Would you like to see a real Incan dance?" the curator of the Lima Museum asked me.

Naturally I answered in the affirmative. "But how," I asked, "is that possible?"

The Doctor's eyes twinkled and his brown face was wreathed in smiles. "Anything is possible with my people," he replied. Then, more seriously—"I don't wonder you ask. However, it *is* possible. There are some places where the Quichuas still keep up the old Incan customs."

I admit I was astonished. I thought I knew the Peruvian aborigines as well as a white man *can* know aborigines. I spoke the Quichua language, had visited the most remote districts and tribes, but nowhere had I met aborigines who retained anything more than vestiges of Incan days. Dances, yes, plenty of them; but usually more Spanish than Incan, or else local tribal dances showing no indications of Incan influence, and with costumes half-Spanish, half-aboriginal. But if the Doctor said there were spots where Incan customs still held sway I knew it must be so, for being an aborigine himself, albeit a graduate of Harvard and of European universities, he had a more intimate knowledge of aboriginal ways and life than any white man ever could hope to gain.

But still more surprises were coming my way. Not only did these people of Huarachiri—the Doctor's home town—perpetuate the ancient Incan dances, but, so he assured me, they danced to genuine Incan music, played on Incan instruments, and wore Incan costumes. The dances, it seemed, were held in a remote spot in the heart of the mountains; only the privileged few could witness them, and to reach the scene we were to travel

by automobiles over the Incan highway. In many places, during my travels, I had seen small sections of the ancient road. I had crossed frail spider-web-like bridges over yawning cañons, I had ridden and tramped over stretches of perfectly surfaced pavement; but nowhere had I come upon a portion of the almost-forgotten road that would have been passable for automobiles for any great distance. Yet my friend was assuring me that we could travel in comfort and safety for nearly one hundred and fifty miles over the Incan "King's Road" to witness an Incan dance performed by descendants of the Incans in Incan costumes—surely I was about to step back into the dim and distant past!

We started early—the Doctor with several of his assistants in his car leading the way, I with my daughter and a friend following close behind. Out from the City of the Kings we sped along one of the new concrete roads. Then, swinging east, we turned abruptly into a rutty, narrow cart-road. We bumped, slewed, and swayed over stones, into deep ruts, over dilapidated, treacherous-looking bridges spanning the irrigation canals. We passed between grey adobe walls backed by acres of white-bolled, yellow-flowered cotton, and we scattered a bevy of naked brown children as we swept through a village of wattled huts. We crossed the cattle-yard of an *estancia*, trundled through a grove of gnarled old olive trees, narrowly escaped disaster where a patched bridge gave up in despair as the cars crossed it, and came suddenly into the desert.

So far there had been no indications of the Incan road—nor for that matter any road worthy of the name. And before us, stretching in endless, rounded ridges of buff-coloured sand, was the trackless desert with the mighty Andes rising in tier after tier in the hazy background. But wheel-tracks showed in the desert sand, the Doctor's car was lurching forward half-hidden in a cloud of dust, and onward I trailed after it. Dipping into vast hollows between rounded hills, ever with a mirage of shimmering water ahead of us, we drew nearer and nearer to the mountains. Presently stony hills broke the sea of sand; they became more numerous; the desert wound between them and among them like a river of sand flowing from some unseen source in the mountains, and we began slowly but steadily to climb upward. Gradually the sand gave place to a desolate rock-strewn plain or *puna*. On every side rose the foothills, and the only sign of a road was a scarcely distinguishable twisting, turning lane where the larger, jagged fragments of stone had been removed. Constantly we were ascending until, looking back, we could see the glaring desert we had crossed like a heaving buff

ABORIGINAL TYPES

1. A head-hunter of the Peruvian jungles.
2. Yungas man, Bolivia.
3. Aimara, Bolivia.
4. Incan (Quichua) of Huarachiri.

sea hundreds of feet below us. Now the trail skirted the banks of a deep *barranca*, a dry river-bed that in winter becomes a torrent.

It was a wild, deserted, hopeless-looking, desolate land; a waste of sharp, broken, black rocks; of glaring red and yellow cliffs, of great, bare, brown mountains. We might well have been a thousand miles from any human habitations, and then—without warning—we passed through a narrow defile and came into a new world; a great valley of lush green cane and alfalfa fields, of acres of cotton and maize, with palm and fruit trees shading a cluster of thatched huts beside a burbling stream.

To one unfamiliar with Peru such magical transitions from sterile deserts or stony *punas* to fertile valleys and luxuriant vegetation, are most amazing.

Stopping at the little oasis only long enough to fill our cars' radiators, for here was the last water we should find, we drove along a rocky, rutty road, splashed—hub-deep—through irrigation canals, swung through a narrow gateway between adobe walls, crossed a field of cotton, and once again plunged into the desert. But now there was a well-defined road. The stones had been removed and laid in low walls on either side, the steep ascent had been graded after a fashion, and the road had been carried around obstacles or had been cut through the hills. We were on a branch of the ancient Incan road that had been only slightly repaired and widened to form this really excellent highway. But it was a hard pull. Although the grade was scarcely noticeable, yet it was long, steady, and really steep, and presently the Doctor's car came to a clanking, sputtering halt. In vain his chauffeur laboured, the car seemed determined to remain for ever in the desert, and the Doctor advised me to go on.

"There is only one road," he assured me. "You cannot miss it, and we'll overtake you eventually."

"But," I objected, "you may be too late, the dance may be over when you arrive. Better come along in my car—there's plenty of room."

He grinned. "No fear of the dance being over," he assured me. "It won't commence *until* I arrive. You see—well, I'm a *caçique* and the dance is in my honour. No, go ahead, we'll get this car going after a time."

It seemed a good deal like marooning them in the desert; but at last I detoured around the stalled car and went on. The Doctor had been right about the road. We were *compelled* to follow it; it would have been impossible to go astray, for the rocky, cactus-dotted wilderness of *puna* on either side of the road would have been impossible for any vehicle other than an

army tank, and even a tank would have found its way effectually barred by the first deep, perpendicular-walled *quebrada*, hundreds of which cut through the wild land.

Now the tremendous peaks of the Andes rose on every side, up and up in great ridges, jagged saw-toothed ranges and dizzying precipices; raw, bare, multicoloured, with patches of white, crystalline salt deposits giving the effect of snow-fields and with areas of cacti and bromeliads looking—from the distance—like green vegetation. Then, before us, rising abruptly from the plain, was an almost perpendicular wall of rock, speckled with great boulders, its summit seeming to pierce the sky. And up the face of this precipitous barrier ran a slender, whitish line, zigzagging back and forth—the Incan road!

I stopped the car and gazed at the incredible sight in dismay. Good heavens! I thought, can any automobile traverse *that* road? But the Doctor had assured me a car could and that his had; there was nothing to do but go on, and with a mental prayer that all was well, that my car's steering-gear wouldn't fail, that the labouring motor would not stall, and that the brakes would hold, I took the first steep ascent.

Still, it wasn't so bad as it had appeared or as I had feared. I admit, as we climbed upward and rose rapidly above the *puna* and the deserts below, that it was not altogether pleasant looking down. There was no guard-rail, no wall of any kind between us and eternity. And although there never was less than eight or ten inches between our car's outer wheels and the edge of the abyss, still, when we glanced downward from the car, we seemed actually overhanging space. Neither was the road-bed bad, in fact it was excellent—except in spots where boulders had tumbled from the slopes above and had made the passage ticklish work, or where a patch of deep, loose sand caused the rear wheels to whirl and the front wheels to slew and skid towards the edge of the precipice. But when we came to the first turn I had my doubts. It was no curve, no rounded bend, but a sharp angle, the road running bang into the precipice above and then starting steeply up in the opposite direction directly above the road we had traversed. But we made it—with a couple of inches to spare—and were on the second stage of the zigzag.

Whew! How we *had* climbed! The road we had just ascended was already hundreds of feet beneath us, and by craning our necks and looking up we could see a dozen more of the zigzags overhead. Just beyond the second turn the road widened and here, we decided, was a good chance to stop, rest our nerves, get our breaths, and eat luncheon.

Far, far beneath us the *puna* lay like a vast map, and miles away, a tiny black dot, was the other car crawling like an ant across the desert. Above us rose the sheer mountain-side with the slender white line that marked the roadway. All about us the slopes were covered with giant cacti, with cacti of every form, size, and colour ; with purple-flowered convolvulus and odorous wild heliotrope shrubs. We had climbed to more than three thousand feet, and below us, as we gazed across that wild, desolate Andean landscape, two great condors sailed in vast circles upon broad, motionless wings.

Glancing up I counted the superimposed sections of the road. " Only four more ! " I exclaimed thankfully. " That last one goes over the top."

But I spoke far too confidently. One, two, three, four more of those fearful turns were made in safety. Four more of those nerve-racking, narrow sections of steep ascents were traversed. We chugged slowly upwards towards the end of the fourth and—before us rose a second mountain higher than the first with the road still zigzagging towards the clouds.

But by now we were becoming immune to the heights, to travelling with our running-board projecting into space, to wondering whether our car would make the next turn or go over the edge, and to looking down several thousand feet to the *puna* below. I even became confident enough to speed up a trifle, but only for a moment. As we swung around a sharp curve a herd of half-wild horses and burros appeared suddenly and as if by magic, and kicking up their heels and snorting wildly, dashed along the road before us. Here was a nice complication. They would not—in fact could not—turn off the road. We were forced to move at a snail's pace for fear of bumping into them at every bend of the road, and every now and then the big grey leader would halt, lay back his ears, snort, charge towards us, and—at the last instant—decide not to tackle the car, and with a flick of his heels at the radiator would go galloping back to his harem. For mile after mile we crawled along in the trail of those beasts, expecting at any moment they would attempt to pass by us, our nerves on edge for fear the stallion might actually kick the radiator, and trying vainly—by tooting the horn and yelling, to frighten the confounded creatures from the road. But at last they wearied of the road and like wild goats went scrambling up a gulley in a shower of dislodged stones and boulders that came down in a miniature avalanche and nearly blocked all further progress.

All things come to an end eventually, however, and at last we were over the top of the ridge and travelling along a fairly level

road. Then, rounding an outjutting buttress of the mountain-side, we came to a vast, hidden Andean gorge, a wonderful scene, and knew instantly that we had reached the end of our long and thrilling journey.

With its snow-capped summit in the clouds, a magnificent conical peak soared upward like a gigantic wall. Sloping from its base was a great mass of huge, golden-yellow boulders with fifty-foot cacti like huge candelabra rising from among them. On either side was a deep cañon, and enclosed between these and jutting out in a great triangle from the foot of the weirdly coloured mass of rocks, was a level open space several acres in extent. In a sheer thousand-foot wall the earth dropped from this little plateau to the bottom of the gorge, a gorge that would have dwarfed the Grand Cañon, whose walls were ten to fifteen thousand feet in height, and so vast that the great, branching tree-cacti appeared like tiny shrubs from our aery beside the ancient Incan road.

Not an aborigine was in sight—that is, not an aborigine such as we had been led to expect we should see. Lounging on the yellow rocks were a few Cholos and Quichua men—evidently labourers on the road, and a few women, all in conventional ragged clothes. Near one side of the plateau were a few thatched huts, apparently deserted, and as our car drew up beside the road, three men came forward and greeted us. Two I recognized as Quichua boys employed by the Doctor in the Lima Museum. They asked if "*El Doctor*" was on the way, grinned when I asked about the dance, and seated themselves to await the arrival of the other car. At last it appeared, toiling laboriously up the grade far beneath us, and eventually it came to a steaming, panting halt beside us.

With the Quichua boys leading the way, we descended the nearest *quebrada*, climbed up the precipitous further side, and reached the level space. Low wooden benches covered with gay-coloured *ponchos* had been placed for our convenience, and hardly knowing what to expect, we seated ourselves.

Suddenly there was a burst of wild, strange music, and, as though conjured from the air, the Quichuas sprang from among the rocks and with wild shouts came rushing towards us. Men and women—fifty or more—ablaze with colour, gleaming with silver and gold ornaments, bare-legged, long-haired; with *llautus* or Incan head-bands about their heads, and every one dressed in the ancient costume of Incan days, they appeared to have stepped bodily out of centuries long past.

Fascinated, I gazed at them, as joining hands, singing, keeping

THE INCA ROAD

1. The old and the new. A motor-car on the Inca road.
2. Where the Inca road climbs the Andes.
3. A village on the Inca road.

step to the plaintive, yet inspiring music, they commenced to go through the intricate motions of the welcoming dance. I could not make them seem real. Every figure was an exact counterpart of those depicted on the ancient Peruvian ceramic ware and textiles. The tunics of the men—open at the neck, sleeveless—were decorated with the ancient geometric and symbolic designs so typical of Incan and pre-Incan art. Woven belts fringed with tinkling seeds and bits of bone were about their waists; garters of feathers or fringed wool were about their sturdy, muscular legs; they wore rawhide moccasins upon their feet, and strings of bones and feathers were about their necks. Each carried his woollen sling and his coca pouch. Massive silver or gold bracelets were upon their arms; golden images of the Sun-god gleamed on their chests; their long black hair hung over their shoulders, great silver *huancos* covered their ears, and upon their heads were the gay-coloured, woven woollen *llautus* with the *borla* fringe above their foreheads.

Just as Incan were the costumes of the women. The loose skirts of blue bordered with weird symbolic designs in contrasting colours, the gorgeous squares of highly decorated cloth over the shoulders, the bits of lacy, magnificently woven textiles over the head and confined by silver or ornamental fillets, and the wealth of great, silver spoon-headed or sun-headed pins, silver armlets, anklets, and necklaces were all those of the women of the Incan days. Such people Pizarro and his conquering Spaniards saw, robbed, slew, and enslaved, and as I watched them I felt that somehow, by some magic means, I must have been carried back to the time of the conquest; that I must be watching a dance in the days of Atahualpa.

Also, I saw to my surprise, that these men and women were not the squat, broad-faced, dull-eyed, stupid-looking, brown-skinned aborigines so typical of Peru. The men were fine strapping fellows, well-built, with muscular legs, with pale, almost olive skins, with lean faces, clear-cut features, aquiline noses, thin lips, and keen eyes, while many of the women were really pretty. And all had a superior, proud appearance totally different from the cringing, subservient, down-trodden Quichuas I had previously seen.

Such, I thought, must have been the dominating type in the days before the Spaniards came, and I was scarcely surprised when I learned that the dancers were of families that claimed direct descent from the Incan nobility, and prided themselves on their pure royal blood.

Back and forth, in and out, weaving, swaying, following the intricate steps of the dance to the music of the Incan orchestra, singing an ancient Quichua song, they presented a marvellous, colourful picture. Then, the dance over, they vanished behind immense boulders that served as the " wings " of their open-air stage.

As we waited for the next act, and I chatted with the Doctor and his people, I discovered that we were on most historic ground. Here, from time immemorial—in Incan days and countless centuries before—the aborigines had held their tribal dances and ceremonials. And here, in Incan days, had been a *tambo* or rest-house, one of the thousands of public way-side inns established by the Incas for the benefit of messengers and travellers along the Incan road. Here, too, had been one of the innumerable signal-towers with a watcher ever on the look-out to catch the glare of flames or the smudge of smoke from the next tower and ready to flash the signal on towards distant Cuzco. And here, in the quarters provided for them, had the *chasquis* or imperial runners waited, ready to dash off and relay messages or cargoes to the next station upon the great highway of the Incas. I scarcely would have been surprised had a panting, sweating, naked *chasqui* dashed into view on the ancient road, and I wondered what a *chasqui* would think, how he would act if, when rounding a bend, he should come suddenly face to face with our automobiles parked by the roadside.

Now a second dance was in progress ; the corn-planting dance, and so vividly was the interpretative pantomime carried out that one almost could see the freshly turned fields, the farmers patiently dropping the maize kernels into the furrows, and the women following after and with their bare feet treading the grains into the soft earth.

Dance after dance followed—twenty in all—and each symbolic and interpretative. There was the llama-shearing dance in which the dancers carried the odd spoon-bladed silver shears for the ceremonial shearing. The courtship-dance, the Birth-of-the-Sun dance, the harvest-dance, the wool-spinning dance, the cloth-weaving dance and others. But the two that impressed me the most, and that stood out pre-eminently above the others, both for their vividness and the skill of the dancers shown, were the battle-dance and the llama-marking dance. In the first, a single man supplied the music, standing—a striking splendid figure—in the centre of the dancing space, beating an Incan drum with one hand and playing upon an Incan flute or *quena*.

There was nothing of the North American Indian war-dance

about this performance. Rather it reminded one of a Russian dance, for much of the dancing was done with doubled knees, and with prodigious leaps into the air. No women took part in this dance, the men dancing in pairs, going through mimic struggles, until one combatant was vanquished. Without missing a step or a motion of the dance, the vanquished ones were bound by means of short poles to which one leg and the wrists were secured.

Did this prevent the supposed captives from dancing? Not a bit of it. If anything they danced harder, faster, better than before. On one foot, with doubled knee, they danced as I never have seen Russians dance, and leaped, twisted, and whirled in the air until, with a final roar of the drum and a piercing note from the *quena*, the dance ended and victors and vanquished dashed to the shelter of their concealing boulders.

The marking-of-the-llamas dance was the last, an exceedingly pretty and fascinating performance, but rather difficult to describe. Once a year the Quichuas—as they have from time immemorial—gather to round-up their llama herds and to mark the calves. But instead of branding the young creatures, the owners mark them by inserting coloured woollen yarns or ribbons in slits in the creatures' ears. Also, instead of roping the llamas as cattle are captured in the western round-ups, the Quichuas drive their llamas into corrals by throwing stones from slings about their heels.

In the dance each man carried a sling and each woman a small blanket or *poncho*. And as they danced, the slings and *ponchos*, held aloft by the dancers in couples, were passed and repassed, woven in and out, somewhat in the manner of the ribbons at a Maypole dance.

Wonderful skill was required; at times the *ponchos* and slings appeared intextricably mixed and tangled, but always, as the steps and motions were followed, the apparent snarls were untangled. Then, as the men whirled their slings and went through the motions of throwing stones, the women, who represented the llamas, covered their heads with their *ponchos* and rushed about in mock terror, until suddenly dropping to their knees, they spread their *ponchos* on the ground and tearing off their necklaces threw them on to the squares of cloth. With cries of triumph, the men circled about and then, tossing their slings over the women's heads, they seized the ornaments, replaced them on their captives' necks, and waving the gorgeously coloured *ponchos*, danced from the stage.

We rose to go. But we could not escape so easily. With wild

shouts, yelling, laughing, and singing, the horde of dancers rushed from their hiding-places. Joining hands they encircled us, made us prisoners and forced everyone to join in a wild, mad, joyous dance of farewell.

As we crossed the *quebrada* and climbed into our cars, the Quichuas stood in a closely-packed throng upon the plateau and, waving hands, sang the plaintive, yearning, farewell song of the Incans:

Ayhualla! Ayhualla!—Inti guard they weary journey.
Ayhualla! Ayhualla!—All my love is going with thee.
Ayhualla! Ayhualla!—Over deserts, over mountains,
All my thoughts and prayers are of thee.
All I live for, all I wait for—
Is for thee to come again.
Ayhualla! Ayhualla!—Inti guard thy weary journey.
Ayhualla! Ayhualla——!

Never will I forget the scene; the Quichuas in their gorgeous, ancient costumes and flashing silver ornaments bathed in the golden light of the setting sun, the majestic snow-capped Andean peaks beyond, the great purple-shadowed gorge below, the marvellous Incan road clinging like a slender thread to the mountain side, and the yearning chorus floating to us from across the *quebrada* where, watching our departure, were the only remaining people who bravely retain some of the customs of their Incan ancestors.

And as we commenced that long and perilous descent towards distant Lima and modern civilization, and the chant-like song faded into the distance, my mind harked back to that time, centuries ago, when the same sad song must have reached the ears of Atahualpa as the doomed monarch awaited death at the hands of his inhuman betrayers, while his faithful people, gathered outside the Inca's prison walls, sang their Ayhualla to the emperor who was about to die.

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